# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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*For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.*

## AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

THE most famous bird pictures in the world are those by America's great artist-ornithologist John James Audubon. Devoted as he was to the study of birds, Audubon was first of all an artist—ardent, sensitive, poetic—and it was this artistic temperament, united to the painstaking fidelity of the naturalist, which made his paintings of birds far surpass any others ever painted. The great work in which the plates are contained is now so extremely rare that, although we have all heard much of these Audubon pictures, few of us have had the privilege of seeing them. It is with decided satisfaction then that the FOREST AND STREAM announces that a series of half-tone reproductions of selected Audubon bird plates will be given in forthcoming issues. The plates have been photographed especially for this purpose from a copy of the original double elephant folio edition of this work, 1827–1885, in the possession of a member of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, and the results will be seen during the next few months by our readers.

The birds chosen for the illustrations include several species of ducks—including the beautiful plate of the canvasback—two species of grouse and several of the waders.

### *SNAP SHOTS.*

It is needless to say that the letter of Dr. Morris telling of the appearance of a mysterious wanderer on the Labrador coast and suggesting that his description answered to that of the Lost Man excited lively interest. That after having survived hardships almost incredible the unhappy creature should have met his end at last by tumbling from a snowed over and unsuspected house roof was quite in keeping with all that we had been told of the Lost Man's adventures. It appealed to the imagination as a fitting close of the history, because it was the last thing in the world any one would have thought of as a climax of a story of truth stranger than fiction. In reply to our inquiry, Mr. Scott, the Hudson's Bay Co.'s factor at Mingan, Quebec, tells us that the man described to Dr. Morris passed through Mingan four years ago, and was evidently of about twenty-two years of age. As the FOREST AND STREAM's Lost Man was seen in the New Brunswick wilderness by Mr. Irland in 1895, the Labrador stranger was another person; and thus in place of the original mystery solved we have a new one. The Lost Man did not end his wanderings by falling off the roof at Ford's Harbor; shall we ever solve the problem of his fate?

A meeting of Texas sportsmen will be held at Waco today to devise measures for the better protection of the fish and game of that great State. A subject of particular consideration will be the usefulness, desirability and practicability of limiting the traffic in game. Whatever may come of the conference this much will be sure, that those in attendance will have had presented to them the precedents set by other States as to the limitation of game markets, and in many instances as to the absolute prohibition of killing game for market. Texas herself must come to this eventually, and the sooner the remedy is applied the more quickly will the cure be wrought. The market hunters are barreling Texas game for the New York and Boston and other markets, and no game supply under heaven can stand that strain without extermination.

We trust that the Waco meeting may be the opening of a successful campaign of earnest and definite work. The sportsmen of Texas must understand that if their game is preserved they themselves must do the hard work. They have before them three things to accomplish: they must devise an adequate law, provide an executive warden system to make the law amount to something, and create a public sentiment which shall back up the executive agents in their execution of the law. These are three absolute essentials to an efficient game protective system, and they are in demand nowhere else to-day more urgently than in the great commonwealth of the Southwest.

Here is a man who writes from Canada to know about the FOREST AND STREAM's standing offer of a reward of $500 for a black bass of more than a certain weight; he would like to know the precise weight the bass must attain to win the $500. We have never made any such proposition. Why should we? It is not conceivable that any black bass in existence, unless it had diamond eyes, could be worth $500, not even if it weighed a ton. The big bass whose head has long been among the curiosities of this office weighed 23½lbs. He was a monster, and up to date, we believe, holds the record for weight. Our Canadian correspondent's fish would have to go above 23½lbs. to win the $500, if there were any $500 to win.

There are men who fish for the sole purpose of breaking the record in size or number. They "count that day lost whose low descending sun sees" them returning to camp or to the hotel with a lighter load of fish than some other angler brings in or has brought in. There is no question that among such fishermen more than one might be found who would very willingly give $500 and esteem it a small price to pay for the fame of having taken the record bass of the country.

But why should anyone ask for a money recompense for the biggest fish? Is not a big fish, like virtue, its own reward?

A correspondent writes from Baldwinsville, in Worcester county, Massachusetts, that several deer have been seen in the vicinity this season. This recalls the fact that the Massachusetts law omits protection of deer altogether, except in the counties of Plymouth and Barnstable. This law was permitted to lapse, we presume, because it was thought that outside of the Cape there were no deer to be benefited. Now that the game is appearing again Massachusetts should follow the example of Connecticut and provide needed legislation.

Inquiry fails to develop anything reassuring as to the results of the experiment made by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association a few years ago of importing game birds from the West. The sharp-tailed grouse have vanished, and few if any of the pinnated grouse have remained. The imported quail, however, appear to have done well in almost every case where the locality in which they were put out afforded adequate food supply. The unusual numbers of quail reported in many quarters may without question be credited to this restocking by the Association.

Read that report of what has been done by the St. Louis County Association of Minnesota. It is a record to be proud of, to arouse emulation, to demonstrate that the way to enforce the law is to enforce it.

Of late years a practice appears to have grown up in the shooting world which deserves sharp rebuke. An individual who is interested in shooting, and has much to do with shooters, writes to manufacturers of guns, shells, wads or powders and requests or demands that the manufacturer shall supply him with his product without charge. It is hinted—or openly stated—that the equivalent for this gift will be the recommendation of the product, perhaps to friends, perhaps to the members of his shooting club, or even in reports of tests made or supposed to have been made by the recipient of the goods. We are told that this practice has become very common and is on the increase. It is alleged that secretaries of gun clubs are frequent offenders in this regard, and that certain persons who write for the sporting papers obtain all their ammunition in this way; that by some persons the request for the goods is made politely and argumentatively, and by others in a very positive manner, and if denied the response contains scarcely veiled threats that the product will be decried in revenge for the refusal.

Of course such demands are mere blackmail, and should be resisted from the very start. There is no reason why writers or club secretaries or any other class or profession should be supplied with free ammunition. Manufacturers do not make their goods from pure benevolence and do not expect to part with them except for a fair price. Happily, the matter is one where the firms preyed upon have the remedy in their own hands. If they will refuse all such requests and notify their fellow manufacturers of names of persons who make such demands upon them the practice referred to will come to an immediate stop, as it should.

We of course are not uninformed of the bargains which are sometimes cheerfully entered into by manufacturer or dealer and customer, by the terms of which the seller agrees to take out a part of the purchase price in a commendatory notice which the purchaser undertakes to smuggle into his next contribution to a sportsman's journal. Then the writer, who has accumulated a new gun under these conditions, spreads himself. In his hands the wonderful arm, as he writes of it, is good for game anywhere on the horizon or above the clouds, and is altogether more of a prodigy than the fabled gun which went off of its own volition and killed the deer while the hunter slept on the runway. The buyer who bargains thus should as a rule have credit for the perfect honesty of his intention; he means to do all that the agreement calls for. That he so often fails is simply because not every editor is a fool, and the waste basket intervenes.

Dr. Geo. W. Massamore, Sec'y-Treas. of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association, advises us that under the new system of a State game warden control the laws are being enforced. There have been a number of convictions, and the deputy wardens are doing good work.

Commissioner Stanley sends us an interesting note about the black bass, which is an introduced species in Maine waters. In certain lakes which were formerly stocked with trout and into which pickerel had been put, the pickerel destroyed the trout. Then bass were introduced and they destroyed the pickerel, whereupon the trout came back again, and now trout and black bass are thriving in the same waters. This should entirely reconcile those persons who have opposed the bringing of bass into Maine.

The triple victory of Canada over the States is of a sort not to be depreciated or discounted by explanations and excuses; in each case Canada has had the best boat and in each event the handling of the Canadian crews has been of the very best. In the Canada-Vencedor match the Canadians have shown from the start the best judgment in making the match, in providing a yacht and crew and in sailing the races. In the races for the Seawanhaka cup, the challenging club has shown most commendable energy in setting afloat a trial fleet under many disadvantageous conditions, and the crew of the winning yacht have shown themselves equally skillful in the three branches of designing, construction and handling. In the canoe races the Canadians were represented by a thoroughly modern canoe, of excellent model, construction and outfit, and sailed boldly and skillfully.

There is nothing to be gained by excuses, or by attributing to a solitary mischance Canada's victories afloat; they bear on the surface every evidence of sturdy and hard work on the part of all connected with them. Not many years ago Canadian yachtsmen were held in small favor in the United States, so much so that the privilege of competing for the America's Cup was taken from them by nothing less extraordinary than the tampering with the terms of a permanent trust deed. Though thus shut out from all competition for the great yachting trophy of the world, Canada has gone on quietly and steadily in the face of many serious obstacles; with no famous designers or building yards, with comparatively little money for such an expensive sport as yacht racing, and in many cases hampered by adverse local conditions Those who are familiar with the Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence River fleet of a dozen years back will realize the progress made in the construction of such modern yachts as Canada, Zelma and Glencairn.

We congratulate most heartily our neighbor upon the progress she has made, and we welcome her as a rival even more dangerous than England, in that she is naturally far better acquainted with those local conditions which are determining factors in most yacht races. We recognize her triple supremacy this year, not grudgingly or even regretfully, but as something that will prove to the best interests of sport on both sides of the line.

The Rod and Gun Club of Massachusetts is a new institution with headquarters in Boston. It has been organized, we are assured, strictly for business, and is now ready for work. A game and fish warden has been appointed, and is equipped with a commission from the State; other wardens will be employed as funds shall warrant. We print elsewhere the notice just sent out to members that complaints made by them will be investigated; but the work of the warden will not be confined to complaints coming from members; any person having knowledge of a violation of the fish or game laws is requested to communicate the facts to the club secretary, Mr. Henry J. Thayer, State Street Exchange Boston.

# The Sportsman Tourist.

## A MOOSE HUNT IN MAINE.

[Concluded from page 161.]

*Oct. 3.*—After breakfast I told Joe to go and look over the upper dead water. He said he could not do it unless he stayed all night. I told him I could keep camp alone, so, shouldering his pack and my rifle (a Winchester .45-70, model 1886), he started on an eight-mile cruise. We arranged that if it cleared off by 3 o'clock I was to go and meet him at the dam. It was still cloudy at 3 o'clock and I did not go, so this left me in camp all night alone. I cooked my supper of venison and fried potatoes, spent the evening by poking the fire and thinking where Joe was, and turned in early. It was quite lonesome, but *I* soon fell asleep. I awoke at 12 o'clock and looked out of the tent. The moon was shining bright and the wind had all gone down. It was a perfect night, but quite o old, for when I got the pail to take a drink I found 1in. of ice in it. After breakfast I went to gather driftwood for kindlings. It was not long before I heard footsteps on the shore, and Joe came trudging up the path to the tent with a big load on his back of all the things that we both had

CAMP FREEZE-OUT.

taken over to the dead water the day before. He had seen a great many signs of moose, and had paddled up to within 15ft. of a cow and a calf moose; they were not a bit afraid of him, and simply waded to shore and there stood and looked at him. He said he would start right off again and explore the other branch of the stream, and if it was a possible thing to do we would carry the canoe and blankets in and call there for moose the next fine evening. By 10 o'clock he had started, and I was again left alone to keep camp. Joe returned the next day and said he had followed another branch of the stream and it was a good place for moose, although he had not seen any, but lots of tracks and fresh signs of moose; and he thought that we had better go in a couple of days and camp in that country.

Thursday and Friday we spent cruising around the country and enjoying camp life. Friday night was the coldest we had had; the water in the pail was frozen solid to the bottom, but we did not mind it in our sleeping bags and blankets. After breakfast we packed our luggage and enough provisions for a three days' trip, and started for the country Joe had visited a few days before. We had very heavy packs and got along very well until we came to cross the brook just below our camp. Joe had on his high rubber boots and I my hunting shoes. Joe got across the log all right, but when I got in the middle of it it commenced to slip, and in a minute I was precipitated into the muddy stream. This of course put an end to this day's trip, so we thought, but we returned to camp and I dried my clothes before the camp-fire. In a couple of hours I had the mud all scraped off, clothes changed and dried, and was again dressed and ready for business. While my trousers were drying I sat in the front of the tent wrapped in my sleeping bag, and was looking over the map of the surrounding country; Joe suddenly stopped chopping and said, "Captain, look and see how far you think it is to the next lake beyond here." I looked and said, "Compass course northeast, about five miles distant from upper dead water." "What do you say? Will we try and cut our way through the unbroken wilderness and return by the aid of axe and compass down the stream to the West Branch and home that way?" I declared that I was willing to go any place where he would go. He thought we had better start as soon as we could and camp where night overtook us, and we immediately packed our packs and again started. This time Joe carried all the duffle over the logs, and I managed to get over all right, and we were soon on our way to the unknown country. We reached the dam at 3 P. M. and paddled up the stream to the road Joe had traveled a few days before. In one hour's paddling we reached the road where we selected a camp site, and it was not long before we had up the temporary lean-to for the night. We had venison, biscuits and tea and were very much pleased with our little shanty of balsam boughs. We turned in quite early that evening and were soon sleeping before a roaring camp-fire of birch logs.

*Sunday, Oct. 13*, it looked very much like rain, but we returned to Home Camp for the tent and other things left behind. It commenced to rain just as we were unloading our canoe, but we got the tent pitched and a fire built before it rained hard. We then sat down to a dinner of venison, tomatoes, biscuits and coffee, and we ate until the pans were all empty, for we were hungry after our long carry and paddle. This camp I named Camp Cruise No. 1. While we were sitting in the tent I was suddenly surprised by hearing a cow moose call, a short distance back of the tent. Joe said it was quite a treat for me, as many sportsmen come into the woods and never hear a cow call or a bull grunt. I was not surprised to hear a call, for we were in a fine big game country and were to visit a still better one if it was possible to cut our way through the forest to the lake beyond. After supper we went down the stream in the canoe and called a few times, but got no answer, but saw two cow moose.

*Monday, Oct. 14.*—Morning came and with it showers, but it stopped raining at 8 A. M., and Joe taking the canoe and I a large pack basket full, we started on, not knowing where we would end up. It took us two hours to make the two miles carry, for we had to stop and cut tree after tree to pass over the canoe. When we reached the dam we took a short cruise up the dead water until we could go no further, but would again have to take to the road. Here we found great signs of moose. The water was still roily where a moose had just waded across, and the shore on both sides resembled a cow yard more than the heart of the wilderness. Joe thought it best for me to go back to the old logging camp and then travel back to our tent, two miles away, and fetch another load over the carry, while he went out and tried to find the lake. So we started in opposite directions and he said to me: "When you return this afternoon you sit down in the alders near the dam and you will surely see a moose before dark." He had not gone from me a minute when I heard him whistle, and I knew that it was a signal to come and fetch the rifle. As I reached the spot he pointed to a little thicket on the shore and there stood a small bull moose with small horns. He did not stand very long, although he did not see us, and I would not shoot it, as I wanted a fine head or none at all. He turned into the woods and was lost to view. We again separated and I went back to the tent and brought back a good big load of provisions.

It was nearly 2 o'clock and I thought I would go down to the stream and watch for moose, so picking up my rifle, camera, field glasses and blanket I was ready to shoot moose or take their pictures, just as it happened. I had been sitting in the clump of alders about half an hour when I saw a large bull moose push through the alders about 100yds. distant on the opposite side of the stream, so picking up my rifle and keeping perfectly quiet I waited. On and on he came, and it was a fine sight to see a bull moose coming right down the stream toward me. I first took notice of his horns, but it was a small-horned one, so putting down my rifle I took up my kodak and adjusting it waited for him to come closer to me.

On and on he came until he was within 100ft. of me, and I then thought it time to take his picture. It was very dark and cloudy, and I knew I had to take a time exposure of him. Just as I opened the shutter he moved, and I knew this picture was spoiled. I then wound on another film. While I was doing this a large cow moose came out of the alders and waded down the stream to where the bull was, so I waited and thought I would take the two together. This took a long time for them to get near enough together, but I waited, and in a few minutes they were both in the middle of the stream. I got the camera all ready, and I gave a long low moose call the best I could, and they both looked up and stood perfectly still, and I pressed the bulb and got a good time exposure.

They were not frightened at this, for they did not see or smell me yet, so they went on feeding. I did this several times, and altogether got six exposures, the last one when they were standing on the bank.

They then moved off into the woods, and I was much pleased with my afternoon's experience.

It was dusk when I reached camp. The rain was beginning and there was not a sign of a lean-to or any place to sleep. It was getting dark very fast, so I cut

THE END OF THE FIVE-MILE CARRY.

poles and rigged up the rubber blanket for a lean-to, and it was pitch dark when I began to chop wood. I then began to think of Joe, for I thought that he might be lost or darkness had overtaken him, and I was more worried about him than myself. It was now near 8 o'clock and raining, and I had just leaned the coffee-pot over the fire, when I heard the familiar whistle of Joe and knew that he would not have to lie out all night in the rain. He was very tired and had not found the lake, but had followed a northeasterly course for four miles in a very dense woods and thought he had passed the lake, and then he had taken a southeasterly course and found the stream that leads out of the lake, about a mile or two below it. He said it was a great game country. He had found two old moose horns partly eaten by squirrels and mice, and had seen a large buck deer with a fine set of horns. He said it was further to the lake than he thought, but he would try it again in the morning.

It was now raining very hard, but we managed to fry some eggs and get some supper. Our little lean-to was commencing to leak quite freely, but it was now 9 o'clock and we crawled into our blankets and let it rain. I named this camp Camp Misery, for Joe would exclaim: "All the comforts but home." Indeed it was a night of misery, for toward morning it stopped raining and turned cold, and the bottom of my blanket which protruded from the lean-to was frozen into a cake of ice.

*Tuesday morning, Oct. 15.*—We had for breakfast fried partridge which I had shot coming over the trail the day before. As soon as breakfast was over Joe started to find the lake, and I went back to the tent and brought over the two-mile trail a load of duffle. This left only two more loads to bring, and Joe and I would go the next day and bring all. It was 3 o'clock when I got back and I went down to the dam and watched for moose for about one hour, but the wind was blowing hard and it was cold and not very pleasant, so I returned to the lean-to. I had supper ready when Joe returned and was soon sitting listening to his day's cruise. He said he had found the lake and it was five miles from here, but we could make it in two or three days' carry.

*Oct. 16* brought a light rain, but it cleared off a little and we started with our first load to the upper dead

THE MOOSE WENT ON FEEDING.

water. That day we took our entire outfit from both camps to the new location, and then when it was growing dark we paddled down stream and called for moose. We saw two cows wading and feeding in the stream, and as we did not molest them they did not leave until they were through feeding.

*Thursday morning, Oct. 17.*—The ground was covered with snow, and it seemed as if one had been carried while asleep from summer to winter in a single night. After breakfast Joe went back to the stream and I packed my basket, and when Joe came along with the canoe I joined him, and we started with the first load over the trail which Joe had blazed to the lake. Joe named this trail Capt. Taylor's Carry. We traveled until 11 o'clock and then turned the canoe over and placed my pack under it. We were now on top of the mountain and halfway over the five-mile carry. We then returned to our tent for dinner.

After dinner we took another load and carried this right through to the lake; then returned to camp, reaching the tent at 5:30 P. M. very tired after our twelve-mile carry. Friday morning brought rain, but we packed up the tent and took the last load through to the lake. It was a wet, slippery carry, and Joe was much ahead of me when we reached the lake at 12 o'clock. After dinner we started back to the top of the mountain, where we had left the canoe and first load, and had everything back at 3 P. M. and pitched the tent.

Our rations were getting low and we had to be sparing of them. For supper we had bread, bacon, potatoes and tea. Supper over, we sat in the tent and talked over our trip, and I turned in for the night, while Joe was building a large fire to last all night, and the whole camp ground was a blaze of light. The night was very cold and windy, but we were soon asleep.

We had slept about two hours when I heard a rush in the tent which awoke me, and I heard Joe exclaim, "By gory, Captain," and I was quickly up and getting out of my sleeping bag. I saw a very bright light outside, which I supposed was the camp fire. Joe was out first in an instant, and we discovered that our stock of provisions, although rather small, which we had placed in a pile and covered with a rubber blanket, was on fire. Joe grabbed the pail of water, and he had first to break the ice in the pail, and then threw the rest of the water on the fire and soon had it out. This was hard luck for us, for our stock of provisions was small and we had only enough to last us until we reached the West Branch again. I named this camp Hard Luck.

Saturday morning was cold and very windy. We ate breakfast of bread, bacon and tea, about all we had left. Joe said he would have to go and find a camp and try and procure some flour and other provisions, and he started out in the canoe, not knowing where to go. I stayed and baked the bread out of the flour we had tried to save from the fire, but the coffee, chocolate and flour had all mixed together, and it looked more like graham flour than wheat. Joe returned without having found any one on the lake shore, and so we decided to break camp and proceed down the stream toward home. There was a very heavy wind blowing from the north and the little lake was lashed into a white foam, and it was very dangerous to face the storm in a frail canoe; but it was sink or swim, starve or paddle, so we decided to venture out. We placed the tent and all in the canoe and pushed off from shore. The waves rolled high and it was getting worse every minute. It seemed as if our little canoe with its heavy burden could not last much longer in this heavy sea, but through the guidance of Providence and the coolness of Joe, and his ability in using the paddle, we at last rounded the point on shore and were in smooth water behind the point. It was very cold and icicles hung all along the shore on the alders. Just below the end of the lake we pitched camp, and here we had a grand view of Mount

Katahdin, covered with snow, and the peaks of the surrounding mountains glistening in the sunlight. It reminded me of my trip through the Swiss Mountains. While we were in the tent eating supper of dry bread and maple syrup, two hunters came by. Joe recognized them and they stopped for a chat. We told them of our need of grub, and one of them told us to come up to his tent in the morning and he would give us some provisions, enough to last until we reached the West Branch. After dark we paddled up the lake and there called for moose, but got no answer, although we could hear a large bull in the brush not far away. We called and called, but he would not come out; so in the early morning we left him and returned to camp. In the morning we paddled up to the point where we had called, and there we found the reason the moose would not come out of the brush. Right on the point, and near where we had called, lay the carcass of a moose; the bull had scented it and of course would not approach.

Joe went to our friends' camp and returned with a pailful of bread. We then started for the West Branch, but we knew it would take us two or three days to get there.

It was a delightful run down the swift-flowing brook and over the rapids, but the water was very low, and after a couple of miles it got so shallow that I had to go ashore and walk while Joe poled, paddled and dragged the canoe over the rocks. As I was walking down the brook I saw a little doe cross the stream; she was enjoying herself. I did not molest her, and she trotted off into the woods. We stopped to camp at 4 o'clock, pitched tent and were soon ready for night.

*Sunday morning, Oct. 20*, we started again down the stream. I took the road and walked, for the water had dropped a little. Joe had a hard time poling through the rocks and over the rapids. At 3 P. M. I reached a deserted lumber camp and here we pitched camp. I shot a couple of partridges for supper. This I named Camp Katahdin, for from here we had a fine view of the mountain. In the evening we sat before the fire and talked over the trip and planned for the next day's work.

*Monday morning, Oct. 21*, brought with it a good snowstorm. Joe took the canoe in the stream, while I traveled through the snow and met him a few miles down the stream. The bushes and trees were laden with damp snow, and as I passed several old lumber camps it was a delightful appearance of nature. I was far ahead of Joe, for he had to stop and cut log after log to get the canoe through. We decided to pitch tent just below the little falls. We had to clean the snow off the ground and let the sun dry the leaves a little, and then I gathered boughs and built the bed, while Joe gathered wood for the fire. As we had no tea or coffee, Joe made what he called "Indian tea," that is, dry bread burned in the fire and then boiled in the teapot. It serves very well when you can't get anything else to drink. Thus we had for dinner steamed bread, potatoes, Indian tea and maple syrup. After dinner we started to go up the mountain and cruise for a caribou, but just as we were ready to start a snow squall came and we did not leave the tent for an hour. At last the squall passed over and sunshine came again, and we decided to go to Little Pond and see what was there. We stayed around the pond a couple of hours, but it was very cold and the pond was skimmed over with ice. We returned to camp and prepared for a long, cold night. It proved to be the coldest one we had had on our trip. This camp I named Camp Freeze-out, our last camp. In the morning we decided to break camp and return down the West Branch to Joe's "Home Camp," just below the Debskeneak Falls. We left our tent standing, and I took all my duffle in my pack basket, and Joe taking the canoe, we started over the three-mile carry to the West Branch. In one hour and a half we reached the river and paddled down stream, carrying around Aboljackmegus Falls and Pocquackamus Falls.

Below this we reached the delightful little birch bark camp of artist Turner, of New York city, who planned and built this little cabin, covered with birch bark on the outside and furnished within in the happiest manner, known only to an artist who loves rural life. We partook of a delightful meal with our host, Mr. Turner. After lunch I took a few photographs of the exterior and interior, and a flashlight of the artist at home in the delightful corner of his cabin. The artist had been in the woods since the early spring and intended to stay all winter, and with the aid of his friend and only neighbor, Joe Francis, although three miles away, anticipated many pleasant hours hunting on the snow before the first of January. Bidding our host good-by, and hoping we would see him again, we pushed off from his little wharf and proceeded down the river to Debskeneak Falls. It was a short carry around the falls, and we were soon in the West Branch again, and our next stop was to be at the long looked for camp of Joe Francis, on the point projecting out into the Debskeneak dead water. We reached there at 5 P. M., and how happy his family were to see our safe return, for they knew we had had a hard and cold trip. How happy his little daughter Isabelle was, and his granddaughter Cora, calling "Papa's coming!" when they first spied the canoe coming around the point, just below the rapids. I stayed at Joe's Home Camp over a week, and we took many short trips around the surrounding country.

Two days after our arrival we paddled up to the Debskeneak Pond, and there leaving the canoe on shore climbed the rocky ledges in search of a caribou. We hunted for two days without success, although seeing a number of deer and lots of caribou tracks. The third day our luck changed. We traveled in another direction, we climbed the little mountain and Joe traveled the higher ledge, while I cruised the lower ones. Joe at last scared up a large herd of caribou, and as luck would have it they of course ran in the wrong direction. One happened to single out from the rest and came within 100yds. of us. We both opened fire on him, and after putting seven bullets through him succeeded in laying him low. We returned to camp and I took a picture of the return of the caribou hunters. I spent many pleasant hours at the delightful cabin of artist Turner, and he revisiting me at Camp Joe Francis. Our most delightful evening was the birthday party of Joe's daughter Josephine. We had a card party, and the writer and Josephine defeated Mrs. Dennis and artist Turner in a game of King Pete. I left Joe's camp Oct. 30 at 6:30 A. M., and we had a rough paddle of sixteen miles to Norcross, arriving there at 11:30 A. M. After dinner at the Norcross House, and expressing my deer and caribou heads to friend Crosby, the taxidermist at Bangor, I bade my kind friend and faithful guide good-by and boarded the afternoon train to Bangor, and then over the M. C. & B. & M. R. R. homeward. Altogether I can say our trip was a most delightful one, and I thank my guide, Mr. Joseph Francis, for his kindness and for the hard labor which he went through to give me a good time. We saw altogether sixteen moose, and Joe estimates the herd of caribou at sixty or seventy. We saw a great many deer, and partridges were quite plentiful. I am pleased to say that my photographs which I took on the trip are all good, and that I am, by the aid of our esteemed journal, FOREST AND STREAM, able to illustrate this sketch, so that those who are, as FOREST AND STREAM expresses it, "chained to business and can't go shooting," may see what pleasures and difficulties can be found in the pathless woods.

CAPT. JOSEPH B. TAYLOR.

GREENBUSH, N. Y.

## ANOTHER LOST MAN.

COAL RIVER, Newfoundland, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last evening in a fisherman's cabin, while a storm was raging on the shore, the conversation turned to the subject of adventures, and some of the men present told of a man who appeared at Mingan, on the Canadian Labrador coast, winter before last, and who would give no account of himself excepting to say that he had walked there from Quebec. No one believed him, as such a feat would be practically impossible. He was clad in old, thin clothing; his torn shoes were held together with strings; he carried only a small axe; he brought no provisions and took none away, though urgently requested to do so. He would not stop but an hour or two, and then went on his way. He seemed to be a cultivated man from the few words that he uttered. In this description I recognized FOREST AND STREAM'S "Lost Man." He next appeared at Olomanosheek River, where Mr. Geo. T. McTavish, the Hudson Bay Company's factor, persuaded him to take a pair of stockings and boots.

I know the country from Mingan to Olomanosheek very well, and I doubt if any other living man has ever attempted to walk that coast. The high lands are covered so deeply with caribou moss or snow that one is quickly exhausted in walking. The valleys are filled with a snarl of dwarf tamarack and spruce that a bear could hardly penetrate. Deep arms of bays at short intervals extend for miles into the rocky coast, and there are wild rivers to cross.

This country was traversed on foot by a man who did not freeze, while thickly-clad natives were in danger. He crossed rivers and valleys where Indians cannot go. He carried no provisions, and no apparatus for obtaining fish or game. He had nothing to shelter him from the weather. Toward spring he arrived at Ford's Harbor, on North Labrador, and while walking on the snow, which was on a level with the roof of Mr. Ford's house, he fell over the front part of the house and his neck was broken. He is buried at Ford's Harbor. If you will send a copy of FOREST AND STREAM containing the picture of the Lost Man to Mr. Ford, Ford's Harbor, North Labrador; another to Mr. Nicholas Fitzgerald, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, and another to Mr. Scott, Hudson Bay Company's factor at Mingan, Quebec, they will identify the man if he is the Lost Man. ROBT. S. MORRIS.

## MR. ROBINSON'S STORIES.

As one of FOREST AND STREAM'S numerous readers I wish to thank Mr. Robinson for continuing the story of the daily doings of our Danvis friends. From the opening chapter of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" to the last line of "Uncle Lisha's Outing" the author shows a perfect knowledge of the people and events he describes. To the man born and brought up in a large city, and to whom pavements, brick walls and the noise and bustle of such places is as the breath of life, and to whom a day spent among the forests and mountains as nature made them, is as a day lost, the simple tale of life in Danvis (told even as Mr. Robinson tells it) would not be worth the reading. There are others, however, many of them readers of FOREST AND STREAM, who, scattered far and wide over various parts of the world, look back with pleasant recollections to many a quiet old-fashioned homestead among the New England hills, and in whom Mr. Robinson will arouse a feeling somewhat akin to Uncle Lisha's when he found himself transplanted in the far West, "Way beyond the 'Hio."

The happiest hours of my life have been when hunting grouse and woodcock in my native State or when tracking larger game in the backwoods of Maine—lying at night rolled in my blankets, with no shelter other than the branches of a scrubby spruce, on the edge of some Nova Scotia barren, hoping at daybreak to successfully call a moose.

I never sit down to a Christmas dinner at home without recalling a Christmas of a few years ago—a very cold day, the thermometer way below zero, the wind blowing a gale, snow flying in all directions, my Indian and I huddling on the leeward side of a large boulder on a bleak Nova Scotia barren, vainly trying to eat our frozen lunch. I could not help thinking at the time of friends at home, perhaps sitting down to an elaborate dinner. Well, I would not have exchanged places with them. Our camp on that hunting trip was certainly rather rough. From the outside it looked like a pile of brush covered with snow. A rubber blanket formed the door, the floor the frozen ground, and no roof to speak of. Yet when we broke camp for good at the first streak of light on an extremely cold morning, every one of the party with a heavy load (we carried out the best parts of three moose), and with two days' hard snowshoeing before us before reaching a settlement, we were all very silent. After crossing a lake I turned and looked back at our forlorn-looking and desolate camp with genuine regret at leaving, and wondering would I ever see it again.

As Gran'ther Hill says, "It is good fer a man's body and soul to go a-huntin', ef he don't hunt like a cussed hawg, a-gawmin' daown ev'ything he comes tu."

In these days of gold, free silver, Populists, and the Lord knows what, a chapter from "Danvis Folks" seems (to quote Gran'ther Hill again) "like a rest to the body and a divarshion to the mind." C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Aug. 26.

*The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

# Natural History.

## A BIT OF GENERALSHIP.

ED coiled, or rather folded, his three-story proportions into his usual cross-legged attitude, produced his pipe, and as the smoke began to coil upward said, "Say, what was that business about a coyote you was telling the kid about the other day?"

"You mean the coyote that caught the jack? The day you went to town for supplies I went over toward those breaks that run up into the hills from the river along by Ford's place there, to see if I couldn't get a few quail. I worked pretty well up the cañon among the plum and berry bushes, and jumped a covey that went on up toward the hills. I got a right and left as they rose, and then followed them and got nine before they scattered; so I couldn't find any more. Then I thought I had enough anyhow, so I cut across toward camp right over the hills. I went about a mile and run against a lot of fresh coyote tracks going my way, so I followed them, thinking I might get a shot, and not caring much whether I did or not. When I got to the top of that hill where the big rock is I saw the coyotes, two of them, trotting along the side-hill across the valley. I naturally watched them as they went along, running out to a bunch of grass or a rock sticking up in the snow, and then going side by side again. They had got a hundred yards or so from where I first saw them, when a big jack rabbit jumped out of a bunch of grass and bounced along pretty lively ahead of them.

"When he bounced out one of the coyotes lay down and the other loped along after the rabbit, not in much of a hurry, but fast enough to keep the long-eared gentleman from doing much sleeping all the same. I didn't understand that kind of a play, so I sneaked up to the rocks and thought I'd see it through. The rabbit and the other coyote ran along the side of the hill and circled up on to the table-land on top, and came back to within a few yards of the starting place. When they got back, the coyote that had been lying down jumped up and started after the jack, and the one that trotted him the first heat lay down and took a rest while his partner swung him round the circle; then the first coyote trotted him another round.

"They kept this game up for quite a little while, running 'first in and first out,' as the railroad men say, until they had the jack pretty warm and tired; then when he came around the last time the coyote that was lying down made a little quick spurt, got alongside, stuck his nose under the jack and tossed him into the air. He caught him on the fly as he came down, gave a little snap and a shake, and that was the last look the jack had. The other coyote was right alongside by that time and grabbed his share on the run, and a few jerks and pulls butchered the rabbit in a way that was satisfactory to both, and they had him stowed away in a few minutes and were ready for more.

"They fooled around a bit, smelling the snow and licking up the stray drops of blood, and then trotted on until I lost sight of them entirely." EL COMANCHO.

## FIELD NOTES.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In June of this year I saw a number of turkey buzzards around Big St. Germaine Lake, in Vilas county, Wis. I think they breed in that vicinity. I don't remember ever seeing them so far north before. In this section I also saw fish hawks and bald-headed eagles, and found a nest of the latter. The fish hawks were continually diving with good success, and generally went in the same direction with fish, so they probably had young to feed.

Doubtless many readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember the frame house now unoccupied and broken open on the island in Big St. Germaine Lake. In the kitchen of this house I found a chimney swallow's nest containing two white eggs. The nest was made of small twigs stuck together with a light-colored gluelike substance, and it was attached to a rough board on inside of building, about 10in. below the roof. This is the second chimney swallow's nest I have found inside of a building.

On a very rocky island in Crooked Lake I found a loon's nest containing two eggs of a dark chocolate color, with spots of a still darker brown. There was no nest at all, at least nothing had been gathered or arranged; but a soft loamy piece of ground, covered with very short grass, had been selected and worn down till the nest was on bare ground. There had been another loon's nest within a few feet of this one last year or some previous time, as the circular bare spot showed plainly; this nest was not over 10in. above and within 1ft. of the water. The arrangement gave the loon a chance to almost drop off the nest into the water and dive several hundred yards before coming to the surface at a safe distance for herself, and without giving a person any idea from where she came unless he happened to see her quietly slide into the water off the nest.

I was amused at seeing a kingbird dive into a stream nearly as deeply as a kingfisher, and saw this repeated several times. I could not see any insects it was after, and as I was within 30ft. of the bird, it appeared to me as if it was done for pleasure or for a bath. It was not a skim such as a swallow or martin makes for a drink, but more nearly like the dive of a kingfisher. I have seen kingbirds' nests on top of partly hollow cedar fence posts, in the eave trough of a railway station within a few feet of where the engine passed, and on low sweeping cedar limbs in mid-stream not 1ft. above the water. They seem almost to equal the English sparrow for adapting themselves to surroundings.

On a small island I found a very young sand snipe, a ball of down with a little dark stripe near the eye, and with a good pair of legs; it ran rapidly out on the extreme end of a bare sandpoint, and went into the water several feet from shore swimming well, and it got around me while I stood still. The old bird hovered just over it, calling out, and apparently with a broken wing; but when she saw I let the young alone and it got back on land again in the grass, her wing got better rapidly. On the other end of this island, in some brush, I found a young ground bird just out of the nest. I touched it and it partly ran and flew into water a few inches, but as soon as it felt water it got back on dry land and hurried into the

brush. In each case, although the young were just out of the nest, their instinct did not fail them at a critical time. The game bird took greater chances, but was equal to it.

Last winter I was surprised at the courage of the well-known bird commonly called the gray strike. This bird had been catching an English sparrow nearly every day during the prevailing cold spell and had a large fir tree and a thorn apple bush as his headquarters and butcher shop. Under this bush were wings, feathers and parts of many sparrows. One day, seeing him eating something that looked larger than usual, I went down to the bush and found he had one of his own kind partly eaten; the legs and tail and part of body were all that was left. If the one that was feasting did the killing it must have been an old one, a good fighter, as it showed no signs of the battle. Probably it was an up-to-date bird; in fact I think it was in its prime and I doubt if it had ever seen better days. A READER.

## LABRADOR SKETCHES.

### IX.—Sea Gulls.

[Written for FOREST AND STREAM by Count H. de Puyjalon, and translated by Crawford Lindsay.]

GULLS, with mosquitoes, fleas, bugs and unmentionable insects, are the pests of Labrador.

There are two principal varieties: the great black-backed gull (*Larus marinus*) and the herring gull (*Larus argentatus*) The Acadian and Canadian fishermen call the former *Anglais* or English, and the latter *Irlandais* or Irish.

The origin of the name *Anglais*, given to *Larus marinus*, is as follows: Many years ago, the dwellers on the coast relate, an English frigate was wrecked on a reef in the Gulf and all the crew were drowned. The sea cast up many bodies, and when the fishermen came to bury them they had to fight with clouds of black-backed gulls quarreling over the remains. These fishermen called them *mangeurs d'Anglais* (eaters of English) and this has gradually been shortened to *Anglais*.

I cannot say why the herring gulls are called Irish. Perhaps it may be a delicate allusion to "home rule," for they seem to have an autonomous government in the spruce-clad islets of Mingan.

All these gulls are bandits, and bandits of the worst kind. Their flight is powerful, their strength very great and they are always oppressing the weaker. Prudent almost to cowardice when in presence of a courageous or armed enemy, they are great hypocrites and excessively indiscreet. A fishing boat, a canoe, a tent exasperates them. If you endeavor to approach seals basking on the rocks, or a flock of ducks or geese swimming on the water, you must be careful or gulls, for if they see you they will at once give notice of your presence by the most varied and discordant cries, and, no matter how judicious you may be in your stalking, you will lose your time and trouble. The denizens of the sea and beach are accustomed to these warnings and immediately get out of danger. So it is no wonder that imprecations are hurled at the gulls and that they are unpopular on the coast.

I think that these birds never sleep. You can hear them all night long croaking, barking, howling, hooting and mewing, especially when they see a camp-fire. They imitate all the most inharmonious cries sometimes so accurately that it is hard not to believe that you are surrounded by cats, dogs, seals, owls or crows. It is impossible to put a stop to the infernal row they make. I have often got up at night and fired my gun right and left at these horrid birds, hoping to frighten them away and get some sleep. But it was of no use; a few minutes after the last detonation the noise would begin again as bad as ever.

Gulls are exceedingly gluttonous; they gobble up everything, whether fresh or putrid; they devour enormous quantities of crabs, sea urchins, lobsters and fish, especially eels, which they catch very expertly amidst the sea wrack, for they do not dive.

There is nothing more amusing than to see a gull catch a large lobster. Lobsters, as everyone knows, have two fore-claws of great strength, but so disposed that they cannot be brought above the thorax nor be put out sideways. They must therefore always keep their front to the enemy. That is why they hide under rocks or keep their bodies and tails in holes, leaving outside only the formidable claws with which nature has provided them as a means of defense and aggression and for seizing their prey. But the lobster, like others, has weak moments, and toward evening, especially in the love season, it leaves its retreat and comes out among the sea wrack carpeting the bottom of the coves, to seek the object of its affections. Then the truculent gull, which cares little for sentiment, comes on the scene at low tide. It alights quite close to the lobster, left almost high and dry, and seems entirely occupied in searching for retiring mollusks in the sea wrack. Then approaching gradually and noiselessly, it catches the unfortunate lobster by the tail and drags it as rapidly as possible to one of the innumerable flat rocks which crop up from among the seaweed all along the Labrador coast. Once there, it kills its victim by turning it over on its back and smashing in the shell by means of its bill, as hard as a miner's pick axe.

With sea urchins, crabs and small lobsters it follows the process we read of in the fables of our youth. It seizes them, flies up to a certain height and lets them fall on the rocks, when the shell is broken to pieces and it secures the contents.

To satisfy its ravenous hunger the gull not only eats crustacea, mollusks and fish; it also destroys a considerable quantity of small game. The young *moniacs* or eider ducks (*Somateria mollissima*) suffer greatly from its depredations; it gobbles them up unmercifully and in so furtive a manner that the unfortunate mother has barely time to notice the cruel fate of her progeny. When it finds a brood of these young birds it flops down close to them with as much noise as possible. The ducklings are frightened out of their wits, dive at once, and, according to their habit, disperse under water. The gull, which has very strong sight, observes them closely, and when the little palmipeds come up to the surface the gull catches them before they reach it, swallowing them under water and thereby concealing its crime, which it repeats as often as possible without exposing itself to an attack from the mother, which, although not very far-seeing, is very strong, and does not hesitate to attack it as soon as she perceives her loss.

The gull not only commits its depredations and satisfies its gluttony in the sea, it also finds its way to the lakes in the interior. It is one of the chief agents of the dispersion of fish in fresh waters. It transports, stuck to its feet by some special mucosity, or stored in its stomach, fish spawn, which it deposits or disgorges before it is decomposed or altered by the gastric juices. By this means many waters completely separated from all fish-producing sources have become stocked with various kinds of fish. It is thus also, in all probability, that some species which are exclusively salt-water fish, such as herring, or others which are partly salt and partly fresh-water fish, such as smelts, have become acclimatized in fresh-water lakes, where they seem to have undergone but few changes in spite of their difference of habitat and of successive reproductions.

The gull seems monogamous, but it is so vicious that I would not be surprised to learn that it is immoral. The black-backed variety builds on the bare rocks, or in the moss which covers them, a nest which does it but little credit, being a mere apology for a nest, in which the female lays three eggs, white or a dirty blue in color, with brown spots, especially at the bigger end. The herring gull, on the contrary, is more acute. It has abandoned the rocks on which it formerly nested and now builds its nests in the tops of spruce trees decapitated by the wind. The trees in the Mingan archipelago are covered with these birds, which, when seen from afar, look like lumps of snow.

Gulls' eggs, though rather reddish in color, are very good eating, especially in omelets. They are constantly being taken away by the fishermen of all nationalities who frequent the Gulf. This is not a very great misfortune, for there are always too many gulls, but the people here pay little heed to a trade which outsiders find lucrative, as those eggs command a ready sale for culinary and other purposes.

A day or two after they have come out of their shells the young black-backed gulls are strong enough to walk out of the nest and hide themselves in the crevices of the rocks at the approach of danger. If caught a few days before they can fly they are very good to eat when fried with potatoes. Their flesh is then very tender without any fishy or oily taste and is very much like chicken; later on it becomes tough and tastes abominably. The parent birds feed their young on fresh fish and shellfish; they never give them anything putrid and their own liking for that kind of food is acquired as they get older.

The male gull cares very little about defending its offspring; it contents itself with circling round at a great height, uttering piercing cries. The female is braver and sometimes attempts to fly at the despoiler. When their young are taken both male and female fly away in the most unconcerned manner.

In spite of the wholesale destruction of their eggs, they abound in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Some islands and headlands are literally covered with them in the laying season. They are, however, very shy and wary. They can calculate with wonderful accuracy the distance between them and the fowler, and can very seldom be shot with a fowling-piece. They are large birds—the black-backs especially, whose spread of wings sometimes measures 5½ft. from tip to tip. Their wings are used for trimming hats, and I am surprised that their feathers—the white ones in particular—are not more generally used for ornamental purposes. The thigh bones make excellent pipestems.

Gulls are very good weather prophets, and can be thoroughly relied on as such. Thus, for instance, when those which are not burdened with family cares fly away in groups to some mossy rock to spend the night, you may be sure that, whatever may be the direction of the wind at the moment they pass you, the wind will next day blow in the direction in which they are flying. When they fly high and you are far from shore look out for your sails, as you will soon have to reef them; it is a sign of a high wind. When you see them alight on the water looking for caplin, lansing or sand eels and herrings exhausted and weary from being pursued by grampuses, it means fine weather. If, on the contrary, they skim along the surface without stopping, look out for rain or fog, as one or the other is not far off. H. DE PUYJALON.

# Game Bag and Gun.

## THE IOWA FEVER.

EVERY year at just about the same time—in fact, at almost the same hour each year—some people take the hay fever. Instantly and without previous warning the attack is on in full force. Just so the Iowa fever attacks one man that I know, but fortunately the Iowa fever puts him to no inconvenience except the endurance of an unsatisfied longing that is hard to bear, but has its compensations. The attack always comes on about August 15, and takes full control of the patient for an hour or two; then the patient forgets all about it until a recurrence of the attack, which is sure to come on in a few days. The twenty-third annual attack of this fever overtook me this evening. On the cars from Chicago to Milwaukee, after a good supper in the dining car, lounging in a comfortable seat, at peace with self and all the world, enjoying a cool breeze that was infusing new life into a body almost worn out by the humid heat of six weeks just past, this man got a smell of something which made him say, "That smells like the Iowa prairies." In one minute more the fever was on. As he lay back in the chair apparently asleep he saw, first, the rolling, breeze swept prairies of Adair county—an ocean of green grass gently waving in the breeze of a cool morning; the ocean of grass dotted with a few little islands of stubble. In the morning the sun came up out of this ocean of grass and in the evening sank out of sight in its bosom. Chickens in every stubble, chickens on every hillside, flocks of chickens in every patch of corn, and two men with two guns and two dogs owned the whole, for no others were there to disturb the chickens nor to tell the two sportsmen to "git out of that." One of these men was weak, just up from an attack of malarial fever; but as he wandered over the prairie every breath of its pure air brought strength, every meal was a feast fit for the gods, every night full of delicious sleep, and with the awakening came the feeling that it was good to be alive and that life was worth living after all. These men did not have breechloaders, but just plain guns marked "W. More." Their dogs had no pedigrees, but they were industrious, were staunch on a point, and would hunt dead birds. They pointed thousands of live ones and found hundreds of dead ones.

Three weeks of this and the scene shifts to the flat prairies of Dallas county, with their hundreds of ponds and sloughs, and many large islands of yellow stubble and thousands of acres of tall corn. Chickens in the corn and stubble, and chickens in the grass, quail calling along the edge of the brush that bordered the sides of the creeks, young mallards in the tall weeds and grass of every slough and pond, teal and other little ducks wherever there was open water, geese harrowing the sky, and sandhill cranes dancing in the pastures. Every morning and every afternoon there were whole acres of mallards in the stubbles, while thousands more were on the wing in every direction. Verily it is no wonder that the sportsmen of those days gave no thought to the possible extinction of this vast horde; but they are all gone now, mostly killed, and the rest driven away, and their former homes drained of their water, and now covered with corn and cattle.

One of these men, the one who has the fever now, brought his family and lived three years on the edge of this fowling paradise. While under the delirium of the fever this afternoon he thought it was Saturday afternoon and a pair of young mallards would be good for a Sunday dinner. Looking toward the big tract of stubble that lay east of the house, he saw a few small flocks flying about over it, so half an hour before sundown he quit work and equipped himself for getting the mallards. First a powder flask that was hung bottom upward, the cord over the shoulder just long enough to let the mouth of the flask enter his hip pocket, so it would not be swinging about and was always just ready to take hold of. Next a shot pouch arranged the same way, both flask and pouch having lever nozzles, so that when the nozzle was put in the gun muzzle a quick pressure on the lever instantly delivered the charge. Next a long nankeen coat just the color of the stubble, and a cap covered with same kind of cloth, and having a cape that hid all but the front part of his face.

Now he takes the gun from the closet, wipes off the oil, inverts the flask over the muzzles, and drops 3 drams of powder into each. From one of the many coat pockets he gets two wads that he has cut from scraps of new harness leather. Drawing the ramrod, he pushes them swiftly down the smooth tubes, pleased with their smooth movement and the sharp hiss of air from the nipples, which denotes that they are clear. From another pocket come two Ely Bros. felt wads (he paid 30 cents a box for them), and these go down on top of the others. There is a small notch cut in opposite edges of these wads for the escape of the compressed air. Tapping the wads snugly down on the powder, he withdraws the ramrod, inverts the shot pouch over the muzzles, and drops just 1oz. of No. 5 shot in each. Then tearing an Ely wad in two, he pushes a half down each barrel and puts the ramrod in the thimbles. It takes some time to tell it, but the loading was all done in less than thirty seconds.

Meanwhile Flora and Sinner, the dogs, are on the anxious seat and wanting to know if they will be in it. The man says: "Flora, you can't go." Then Flora with drooping tail goes behind the house, looking back and licking her lips as though she would like to bite somebody. A wink gives Sinner to understand that he can go, but he is an old dog and knows he is not to cut any capers about it.

After leaving the house an Ely waterproof cap is put on each of the nipples, and the man takes his way along a rail fence that divides the 200 acres of stubble into two fields. He has not gone far when a puff of smoke at the further end of the field, followed by the rising of ducks from the stubble, shows that Bert Harmon is out with the old Queen's arm, "loaded with three fingers of powder and eleven buckshot." The flocks of ducks wheel and circle over the field, and man and dog crouch close in the fence corner, but not a duck comes in range. They know that that old fence is dangerous. Presently they all leave except one hungry young mallard intent on a supper of wheat; he finally settles in the stubble 200yds. away. Lying flat in the stubble, the man begins a sneak toward the duck. Whenever the duck's head is down the man drags himself along; when the duck's head is up the man is motionless. After ten minutes of tiresome crawling the man is within 50yds. Then the duck grows suspicious and stands with head and neck stretched high, and a moment later takes wing. Too far away, but—bang! and the duck comes down with a broken wing. Old Sinner bounds from the fence corner and proudly bears the duck back to the fence.

It is now sundown and no ducks are in sight. Man and dog wait in the fence corner until dusk, but not without hope, for during the afternoon the man noted a number of flocks of brant going south to feed on the stubbles of Quaker Divide, and he knows they will return to the ponds to roost. Already several have passed by out of range, but now the gabbling of a large flock is heard, and a little later they are outlined against the sky—a disorderly mob of fifty or sixty, flying low, and talking and laughing among themselves. On they come straight toward the man until within 200yds., when there is a volcanic explosion from Harmon's old Queen's arm 300yds. to their left, and they swerve away from it, going 60 or 70yds. to one side of the man in the fence corner. Old Sinner whines and the man jumps to his feet and "lets 'em have it" with both barrels. They shoot upward 50ft. and fill the air with insane screams and gabblings—all but one, which did not spring up with the rest, but, leaving the flock, flaps laboriously away to the east and slanting downward. Sinner whines. "Be quiet!" said the man sharply, and nothing was heard but the gabbling of the now distant flock. The wounded bird had disappeared as soon as it sank below the sky line. "Listen, Sinner;" and the old dog stood with high head and pricked up ears, slowly waving his tail in long sweeps that showed the pent up excitement in his mind. "There! hear that flapping of wings against the stubble? He's down, Sinner; fetch him!" And Sinner with a suppressed whine was off into the darkness, but his course was easily traced by the swish of his rapidly moving legs through the stubble. Presently the sounds denoted uncertain movements on the part of the dog, but after a few minutes came the sound of struggling wings, and soon after Sinner laid the brant at the man's feet. "Want to carry the duck, Sinner?" The dog picked up the duck, the man took the brant, and these two friends—the man

and the dog, who had been boon companions for six years, with never a quarrel between them (for the dog would not quarrel with the man)—took their way to the house. At the gate they are met by a five-year-old, who takes the duck from the dog and asks, "What else did you get? A brant! Oh, but he's a big one! Papa, old Mr. Shekels was here to see you." "What did he want?" "Said there was a lot of young mallards in the pond in by his big cornfield, and hadn't been anybody after them, and wanted you to come up there and kill them; and there was any amount of them. Are you going to take Flora or Sinner? I want you to take Flora, 'cause Sinner goes better to my wagon. When will you get me a gun?"

"Young fellow, you are too much like your father to ever amount to anything," said the man.

"That's what ma says, but I don't b'lieve it," said the youngster.

"Supper is ready," said a loving voice at the door. When the meal was finished the same voice said: "It's a good thing that you got those two birds, so we can have something to eat to-morrow."

"Don't feel like I'd want anything more for a week," said the man.

"I should think not," replied the wife.

O. H. HAMPTON.

## IN COLORADO MOUNTAINS.

### As told by the Junior of the Party.

[*Concluded from page 167.*]

Mr. C. and Wells found where a small cinnamon bear had been feeding upon the carcass of a deer the night before. On talking over the chances around the camp-fire that night, we decided that it was likely that this bear would come back to feed on the remainder of the deer, and that it would pay to set the bear trap there. Accordingly, the next morning we packed the trap on Speckles and took it to the place, fixing things so as to give Bruin a warm reception if he tried to finish his meal.

Most boys' books on the subject give you an idea that you can go out in the woods, run across a grizzly bear and have a scrap with him whenever you want, and that if you come within sight, scent or hearing he will attack you. Exactly the opposite is the case. There is nothing that a grizzly is more afraid of to-day than man. He has been hunted so steadily with modern weapons of high caliber and precision that he has become the wariest of American wild beasts and it is about impossible to find him when free. He is very swift and silent on his feet, and long before you can see him he has seen or scented you and made off.

Wells, with whom we hunted, estimates that since he began hunting in Colorado, about eight years ago, he has killed nearly 100 bears, of which a large number were grizzlies; yet of them all not one was killed running free in the woods. They all were trapped. The trap commonly used is the Newhouse trap manufactured by the Oneida Community in New York. It is celebrated for the way the steel springs are tempered. The trap is simply a pair of circular jaws, which close with a snap on anything touching a trigger between them which loosens the springs. This trap is set at the entrance of an artificial pen, into which the bait is dragged. The bear, on entering the pen, steps on the trap and is generally caught by the foot. Our present attempt was a failure, for this bear did not come back.

This was the day on which my father killed his elk. In the afternoon we were riding in single file through thick spruce timber, Johnny in the lead, I next and my father third, when suddenly I saw Johnny hold up his hand and motion for us to get off and come to him. We were by him in about three seconds and luck favored my father. In these matters, whether you get your game or lose it is a matter of seconds and of instinct rather than of reason, as you have no time to consider. I happened to come forward on Johnny's right and my father on his left. Looking down a lane in the trees, my father saw a bull elk standing about 75yds. off, head on, looking right at him. It all passed in a moment. He dropped on one knee, and raising his rifle, fired. As he fired I saw a cow elk looking at me from behind a tree, but of course did not shoot at her. The bull disappeared, and leaving me with the horses, Johnny and my father plunged forward after the bull. As he shot, Johnny said to me, "He got him all right;" but ten minutes' hunting in the brush failed to locate him. They then came back and I pointed out the direction in which I saw the bull disappear. They had been following the cows, thinking they would stay with the bull, but I thought I had seen the bull and a calf start to run straight away from us. This proved to be so, for after several minutes I heard a whoop from my father and I knew they had him, and in my joy at his success I jumped over three logs and whooped until I was hoarse. The bull was found by Brigham, Johnny's hound, and when they came to him he was lying stone dead under a big spruce, shot through the heart. He had run about 100yds. from where he was shot. He was a beautiful animal, with branching antlers, and there was great joy in camp when we brought his head home that night. We ran on the elk about half-past 4, but it took us over an hour to skin the bull and get his head off, and pack it and the meat we wanted on the horses, and as our journey home was through thick spruce for a long way, we did not make camp until after dark.

My father now had killed an elk, but had not yet secured a good pair of buck antlers, so next day he started off after deer by himself, and Johnny and I went for elk. Neither hunt was successful. My father shot a buck, but it got away. I rode all day in the thick timber without getting a shot, though I saw some cow elk and had a glimpse of a bull. I climbed Pagoda Peak, however, and from there had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. It was a beautifully clear day, and from my elevation of about 11,000ft. I could see for over 100 miles into Wyoming on the north and Utah on the west. I got back to camp first and went out to meet my father, and found him returning with three grouse, which to my astonishment he said he had killed with stones; he was pitcher on his school team when a boy. Mr. C. on this day saw several bulls, but did not get a shot.

The next day Mr. C. thought he would like to try his hand at hunting deer alone, and the outcome was very remarkable and successful, for he got two large bucks, one of which had a fine pair of antlers. This proved to be one of my lucky days. I had hunted hard with Johnny for elk all day long, seeing nothing but small deer. It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon and we had still six miles to go to camp through thick timber. We were crossing a small open park in the edge of the timber, when I happened to look over to the right and saw a bull elk come rushing out of the woods into the park. I was off my horse in an instant, and was ready to shoot before he had reached the other side of the park, 150yds. away, and here a lucky thing happened for me. At the other end of the park, near where he was going to enter the timber, there was a small opening which led into another smaller park. Just as he was about to plunge into the woods three deer came running through this opening. He was so surprised and startled by their sudden appearance that he turned and ran along the edge of the park without entering the timber. This gave me a good chance to shoot. Just as I got my sights on him he turned around and started back again, and so I shot behind him. At the shot he turned and plunged into the timber. I took a quick shot at his vanishing rump. "No catchee," said Johnny. "No catchee," I repeated. "We'll go and have a look anyhow," said Johnny. "You may have hit him with that last shot, but I don't think so." "Oh, what's the use?" I answered, "I missed him clean as a whistle." But Johnny insisted, so we rode over to where we saw the last of our elk. Johnny rode in a few steps, and then said quietly: "Well, you got him all right." And there he lay in all his glory, a beautiful young spike bull as large as a heifer. This completed our collection of elk trophies. I had killed a cow elk last year in Wyoming. My father had on this trip secured a bull with a fine pair of antlers, and this spike bull completed the family group.

We cut off the hams and skinned the head, and having no pack horse that day we hung the skin of the head and the skull with the horns high up on a tree near by. The hams we wished to save for eating, so hung one on the limb of a sapling and the other on a high stump, to save them from marauding bears, and we then took our way campward, weary, but very well satisfied with our day's hunt.

I forgot to say that on the day before Johnny and I had visited my father's elk carcass, which lay less than half a mile from mine. This was on the second morning after my father killed it, but it was all absolutely gone with the exception of some gnawed ribs and leg bones—with not enough meat left on them to feed Brigham. Remember that this had been a large elk, and yet one bear (as we learned from his tracks) had done all this gormandizing. The hunters said that the tracks were certainly those of "Old Ephraim," a very large grizzly, as well known to bear hunters throughout that region as was "Haskins's coon" in Stockton's story of the coon hunters who vainly pursued that elusive coon on many successive nights. All grizzlies are known by the generic name "Old Ephraim," but this particular bear has taken title alone to the name in the White River region of Colorado. We made up our minds to get that bear, and to this end resolved to move our camp to a place within half a mile of the carcass of my elk, and to set our trap there, so next day we broke camp and on the way stopped where the carcass lay. Ephraim had been there; the carcass had been partly eaten, and had been dragged more than 50yds. through the timber. When we looked for the hams which had been so carefully hung by us, out of reach as we thought, we found they had been torn down, and they lay together undevoured, but thoroughly mauled, 100yds. away. As the hunters say in the vernacular, the bear had "gormed" them—an expressive term, if you understand it to mean that the bear had in an evident spirit of wanton destructiveness destroyed for our uses the meat he did not want for his own. As elk meat is preferable to venison, we felt very indignant at Ephraim for his double theft, and made a solemn vow to secure his hams in exchange for those he destroyed. We set the trap very carefully, and then went and made camp in a valley below Pagoda Peak.

Early next morning Johnny went up to see if we had Ephraim—but alas! he had us. He had visited the carcass, smelt out the trap, rooted it out of the ground with his nose, sprung it and walked off safe, and doubtless smiling at us. This we were told by our guides was a trick peculiar to this particular bear. He had played it a number of times on other hunters in the past. After breakfast Wells, my father and I went up and set the trap again. Wells, who was nettled at the way we had been "played," set the trap with the greatest care, making a few changes in the surroundings, and then we went hunting, but got nothing that day.

The next morning we had "a" grizzly, but not "the" grizzly. Old Ephraim had again escaped us, and this time for good. It will hardly be believed, but the evidence of the tracks and the surroundings showed unmistakably that when the other bear was caught in the trap, "Eph" had walked in, over or by him, and taking the hams we had left with the bait, had carried them out of the pen and eaten them. We found the bones near by. The bear we caught was not extraordinarily large, but he was large enough to satisfy us, weighing about 400lbs. His fur was in very good condition. When we reached the trap we found that he had been caught by the right forefoot, and such was his ferocity that by the time we arrived he had nearly freed himself by gnawing his foot off. He was furiously angry, and his snarling and roaring were terrifying to a novice. We stood around with our rifles cocked while my father took three hasty snaps at him with his kodak. At the third the indignant bear made a jump at Johnny, who had no weapon but an axe, so aiming between bruin's eyes I shot him, putting him out of pain and us out of danger. A grizzly is, however, very tenacious of life, more so than almost any other animal, and this one, although there was a hole in his skull large enough to get two of your fingers into, did not die for fifteen minutes, although he never regained consciousness. I sat down on him, so that I can now say that I have sat on a live grizzly bear in the heart of the Rocky Mountain forests.

And then we came home and I became a schoolboy again. And now I look back on the lofty mountains, the somber solitude of the mighty forests, the mountain brooks, and the waving spruces as dreams of the past, and remember "the blazing fire at night, the sweet taste of supper, the talk, the bed of hemlock boughs, and the bear skin."

H. S. D., JR.

*The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

### Around Lake St. Clair.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—It was a large and merry party of guests that Com. Scotten took out from Detroit in his boat last week, the party being in honor of the shooters visiting Detroit at Jack Parker's shooting tournament, and comprising more than a dozen local and visiting men well known in shooting circles. The start was made early Saturday morning, and the voyage was a delightful one, with all the luxuries at hand which a well-equipped steam yacht can offer. The day passed in story telling and merriment, until the party arrived at Com. Scotten's cottage on the North Channel. Here he has an elegant cottage in course of erection, and here he keeps a vast house-boat, fitted out like an ocean liner for comfort and elegance, with over a dozen staterooms, a big dining hall, library, kitchen, observatory, etc., etc., certainly a most admirable home for a summer fishing party or a fall shooting assembly. This big boat, which is about 60ft. over all, is always the dwelling place of some of Com. Scotten's friends, and until the erection of his cottage has acted as the summer home of himself and family, the yacht Wanda making regular trips up from the city, after the half marine fashion of Detroit in the summer season. The locality is right in the heart of the best of the ducking country of the famous St. Clair marshes, and from the roof of the house-boat we could see uncounted miles of fine mallard marsh, broken up with long reaches and pools of open water. Here some fine bags of ducks are made, and there is every prospect that this fall the Commodore and his friends will have elegant sport, for the birds are reported breeding in abundance on the marsh, to say nothing of the migratory flight of deep-water fowl. There is abundance of good woodcock ground near by also. The whole region thereabout has a twang of the paddle and gun which years of fashionable settlement have not been able to eradicate, and the dwellers thereabout offer types and characters worthy of our writers who are looking for that sort of thing and not always finding it.

While our party was wandering about the grounds at the cottage and house-boat—all low "made ground," as is customary in this modern Venice—attention was called to an interesting fact. The workmen on the place had reported seeing very often a mallard hen which had her nest near the bank of a ditch close up to the house, and we were told that the nest could still be seen. We filed out over the marsh about 50yds. from the house, and there to be sure we found the nest of Mother Mallard, now, alas! deserted on account of the continual noise and frequent visits which the building of the house had occasioned. We found the nest to be merely a little gathering together of the twigs of the rushes which grew about it, the eggs being merely held above the moist earth. The reeds bent about it in a scanty circle, and the cover was slight when one came up near the nest. About half a dozen eggs remained in the nest, and some of these were broken. One of the party, Mr. Heikes, who had a camera with him, made a very interesting picture of the nest.

Our voyage over the charming St. Clair country was terminated by a run up the beautiful "Sni Carté," a rapid run down the South Channel among the ceaseless streams of shipping, a stop at historic Joe Bedore's place, and a turbulent passage across old "Lac St. Clair" in the teeth of a rattling blow which brought rain and lightning to add to the picturesqueness of a lovely locality. It seemed to a stranger that this is a very happy hunting ground for a sportsman, and of all the many lovers of the rod and gun who make the lovely city of Detroit their home, there are few who are more fortunate or more happy and hospitable than Mr. Scotten.

### A Sportsmen's Luncheon.

This social side of sportsmanship seems to gather force as years go by, which is a very pretty thing to chronicle. Here at Chicago we had this week a little instance of this. At the close of the late trap-shooting contest between Mr. R. O. Heikes and Mr. Fred. Gilbert for the E. C. cup, the winner, Mr. Heikes, invited the defeated and a number of his friends to a little luncheon. This was duly had yesterday, there being present, besides the host and Mr. Gilbert, Mr. E. S. Rice, Mr. W. L. Shepard, Mr. Charles Grim, Mr. A. C. Patterson, Mr. J. H. Robbins and the writer. Mr. Heikes is as quiet and as beaming a host as ever put foot under a board, and the affair was as pleasant as any ever was. It was a graceful and pretty thing, such a luncheon, and shows that shooting is not all there is to the sport of trap-shooting.

### Buffalo Skulls in Iowa.

It was this luncheon, by the way, or the preliminaries to it, that brought out what to me seems a rather curious fact, namely, the recent discovery in northwestern Iowa of numerous buffalo skulls. One would have thought these relics all picked up or rotted away long before this. Mr. Fred. Gilbert, whose home is at Spirit Lake, Ia., told me that the late droughty years have caused the entire drying up of many lakes and bodies of water in that region which for the generation past have been full of water. The skulls and bones were in each case found at the bottom of some such dried-up lake. A great many of them have been found, and Mr. Gilbert, pointing out an old skull of my collection which is in fair preservation, said that the Iowa skulls were quite as good as that—proof of the preservative effects of a long bath under mud and water. The animals were no doubt mired down or in some way killed at the water in the past. There is no doubt about the skulls and horns being those of the bison and not of domestic cattle.

Mr. Gilbert's father, John Gilbert, is still living. He came to Spirit Lake in the frontier days, in 1857, Fred thinks. Fred Gilbert has heard his father tell of killing two buffalo after his arrival at Spirit Lake, in Dickinson county, Ia., and he thinks these buffalo were killed in that county, though the hunt may have taken the men beyond the limits of that county. John Gilbert killed the only two buffalo seen, a bull and a cow, which were found cut off on a strip of unburned grass in a region which had been burned over by a prairie fire. The weapon used was a muzzleloading rifle. To-day there are flax fields growing over the lakes where John Gilbert once went goose hunting with his rifle, and Mr. E. S. Rice, who goes this week to the old Gilbert homestead, will be glad if they find plenty of prairie chickens instead of geese and buffalo and elk, as was once the case in the swift history of that sturdy prairie State.

### Chickens.

The chicken season draws on apace. Illinois shooters should keep in mind such points as De Kalb, Champaign, Mason City, Amboy and Ashton. There are chickens at each of these points, in greater or less quantity and under more or less difficult environments, by reason of posted land, local prejudice, etc. Before many years we shall be valuing these birds more highly than we do even to-day.

Messrs. F. F. and Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, have gone to Fox Lake, Wis., for a go at the chickens on the marshes thereabouts. Additional word comes from Horicon marsh that the chickens are abundant there, near the upper club house. The Merrill brothers will go to Minnesota Sept. 1 for further chicken shooting.

The license law of North Dakota will keep many Chicago shooters out of that State this fall.

There exists the old confusion of ideas as to the Illinois chicken date, some claiming Sept. 1 and some Sept. 15 as the legal opening date. There is doubt as to the legal validity of either date, so it is risky to take the earlier date. Besides it is more sportsmanlike to take the later one.

### A Good Special Car Party.

There is no prettier way than that of the special hunting car when it comes to taking a trip with a party for a hunt in far away country. Not all shooters are so lucky as to go in this way. Of those who are so lucky there are some who are sportsmen and some who are not. The special car party in some instances is a synonym for good living and bad shooting—in short, of butchery and not of sport. Too large bags are carefully to be guarded against always when a number of men are hunting together in a good game country. There are other and better special cars, however, and one of that kind appears pictured at the head of a letter I have just at hand from Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., whose letters have from year to year been read with interest by the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. This letter head bears, besides the picture of the car which carries Mr. Mershon and his friends, a lithographed title which reads: "The Forest and Stream Co., Limited"—a tribute to good sportsmanship which the paper long ago acknowledged. The members of the Forest and Stream Co. are Messrs. E. N. Briggs, president; W. B. Mershon, secretary and treasurer; Watts S. Humphrey, George B. Morley, H. T. Wickes, J. W. McGraw, R. D. Schultz, Frank B. Many, George Daniel Seib, H. P. Dain. Mr. Mershon writes that this good kind of special car will again carry the "Forest and Stream Co." to the West this fall. He adds:

"Ever since 1888 I have been somewhere in the Northwest, and only skipped one year, that time going to Indian Territory. It is our intention to start from Chicago about the end of the first week in October, going somewhere in northern Minnesota. We don't expect we will find game very plentiful, but we will have a good time. There will be room for you on the car if you want to go. You must understand that our main fun is derived from the sociability of the thing and getting away from business, and not that we expect or ever do get very big shooting. I don't like to take fellows along on this trip that are not contented unless they can bag from fifty to 100 birds a day. Once upon a time this would have been all right, but it would be downright butchery and extermination now.

"I found lots of sharp-tailed grouse in the Bad Lands feeding on the bullberries last fall. It was cold and late in the season, and when you stopped one of them there was a pile of satisfaction in it. They were about equal to our Michigan ruffed grouse. And, by the way, if you want to come up here the very last of November and take a few days' ruffed grouse shooting with me, I think I can give you some cream."

I should need a car of my own if I were to accept all the kind shooting invitations like the above. Not that one would not dearly love to accept each and every one!

### At Chicago.

Mr. H. R. Wills, of Alton, Ill., and his friend Mr. Eugene Lahee drifted into the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM this week, each carrying a chip on his shoulder in regard to a certain rifle championship. They asked for the Chief-with-Two-Stomachs, and that gentleman being now in New York concluded to challenge him to a match right away. Then they wanted me to shut up the office and come shoot ten hours or so with them. We compromised by an arrangement under which we preempted a gallery and began shooting at once after dinner, keeping it up till 1 A. M. the next morning, when the gallery keeper struck. As to the scores, there would not be room in the paper to print all of them, even if all of them were fit for publication. We shot for the championship of Madison street this time, and I regret to say that those gentlemen wrested away from me about all the glory I had left as a rifle shot, and, moreover, made dire and bodeful threats against the Chief-with-Two-Stomachs, holding his name and memory in very light esteem, and recalling that time when the mask was torn from the face of that consistent bluffer, and his fatal lack of ability to make good his promises as a shooter was laid bare in all its ghastliness. If I knew anybody in the country who I thought could beat these men shooting I would hire him and keep him up my sleeve, so to speak, until they blew in here again. We need more talent than this office is carrying when it comes to tangling up with them in a rifle match.

Mr. G. Harry Marlin, of the Marlin Repeating Arms Co., spent a few days in the city this week, and is apparently enjoying his robust health. Although times are reported to be hard, it would be impossible to diagnose anything but three meals a day from Mr. Marlin's appearance.

Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., a man with a million friends, was in Chicago this week, and goes West to St. Paul and Duluth. He may get a day or so with the chickens in Minnesota.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, is expected to arrive in Chicago to-day *en route* West to his ranch in the Bad Lands. He will take with him from this city a number of Chicago gentlemen, whom he will entertain at his ranch on an extended hunting trip. E. HOUGH.

1208 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

### A Maine Moose and Deer Country.

I HAVE just received a letter from A. J. Spearen, of Moro, Aroostook county, Me. He says: "I have been very busy all summer getting my camps ready, and now have comfortable camps at Spider and Musquacook lakes, and can accommodate a good many sportsmen. Shall build some small camps for still-hunting later in the season. Have just come out with a party, and we had the finest trout fishing. Game promises to be plenty. On our way to camp we saw six moose and a great many deer. C. M. S.

### Maine's Great Resources.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The fish and game in Maine never were so plenty as this season, especially the deer, which can be found in nearly every town in the State. Moose are also increasing; our wardens near the boundary report seeing many cows and one and two-year-olds, which shows that they are breeding and on the increase.

There never were so many sportsmen coming to Maine as this season. Our hotels and camps are full and hundreds are camping on the shores of all our inland lakes. Many permanent camps and cottages are being built by non-residents, to which they bring their families in summer.

Many new ponds which we have stocked are now giving us good landlocked salmon fishing; also in many of them, which were once fine trout waters, but in which the pickerel killed them off, and bass have been introduced, the trout are coming back in large numbers. The bass have killed off the pickerel, but do not seem to interfere with the trout. The best fishing I have had this year was in a lake of that kind.

We have some 300,000 Sebago salmon which we are now feeding. Shall turn them out in October, putting a large share of them in new waters—making new fishing grounds and also new attractions for sportsmen.

Maine has finally found out that her fish and game interest is one of the leading ones of the State. I have been working for it for twenty-five years, or a long time, without much encouragement, but have lived to see the day that I can say I am more than satisfied with the results.

HENRY O. STANLEY.

DIXFIELD, Me.

### Delaware River Rail Tides.

MESSRS. J. B. SHANNON & SONS, of Philadelphia, send out a card of rail tides for the Delaware River. It is high water at Washington Avenue Wharf, Philadelphia:

| | SEPTEMBER. A. M. | P. M. | | OCTOBER. A. M. | P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 7:33 | 8:18 | 1 | 8:10 | 8:44 |
| 2 | 8:41 | 9:20 | 2 | 9:23 | 9:48 |
| 3 | 9:50 | 10:20 | 3 | 10:38 | 10:49 |
| 4 | 10:54 | 11:17 | 4 | 11:27 | 11:46 |
| 5 | 11:58 | 12:00 | 5 | 12:19 | 12:19 |
| 6 | 12:12 | 12:43 | 6 | 12:38 | 1:08 |
| 7 | 1:02 | 1:32 | 7 | 1:30 | 1:54 |
| 8 | 1:51 | 2:17 | 8 | 2:17 | 2:40 |
| 9 | 2:39 | 3:03 | 9 | 3:04 | 3:28 |
| 10 | 3:21 | 3:46 | 10 | 3:51 | 4:16 |
| 11 | 4:13 | 4:33 | 11 | 4:41 | 5:07 |
| 12 | 5:00 | 5:27 | 12 | 5:35 | 6:00 |
| 13 | 5:54 | 6:23 | 13 | 6:38 | 7:01 |
| 14 | 6:56 | 7:23 | 14 | 7:45 | 8:08 |
| 15 | 8:08 | 8:59 | 15 | 8:55 | 9:08 |
| 16 | 9:20 | 9:36 | 16 | 9:59 | 10:10 |
| 17 | 10:28 | 10:40 | 17 | 10:55 | 11:06 |
| 18 | 11:26 | 11:36 | 18 | 11:48 | 11:57 |
| 19 | 12:15 | 12:15 | 19 | 12:37 | 12:37 |
| 20 | 12:27 | 12:58 | 20 | 12:40 | 1:05 |
| 21 | 1:11 | 1:37 | 21 | 1:30 | 1:42 |
| 22 | 1:51 | 2:18 | 22 | 1:55 | 2:18 |
| 23 | 2:25 | 2:45 | 23 | 2:28 | 2:47 |
| 24 | 2:59 | 3:18 | 24 | 2:54 | 3:21 |
| 25 | 3:32 | 3:50 | 25 | 3:22 | 3:58 |
| 26 | 4:02 | 4:26 | 26 | 4:06 | 4:39 |
| 27 | 4:35 | 5:07 | 27 | 4:51 | 5:24 |
| 28 | 5:16 | 5:55 | 28 | 5:41 | 6:15 |
| 29 | 6:05 | 6:44 | 29 | 6:38 | 7:11 |
| 30 | 7:03 | 7:41 | 30 | 7:43 | 8:12 |
| | | | 31 | 8:55 | 9:16 |

Table showing the difference between the time of high water at Washington Avenue Wharf, Philadelphia, and the following places. The time must be subtracted or added as follows:

| | H. M. | | H. M. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Delaware City, subtract | 0:39 | Bridesburg, add | 0:28 |
| Cherry Island, " | 1:52 | Burlington, " | 1:30 |
| Lazarette Station, " | 1:00 | | |

### Iowa Prairie Chickens.

CHARLES CITY, Ia., Aug. 25.—Our season for prairie chickens opens Sept. 10. Other years the game and fish laws have been grossly violated; many of the merchants and even county officials have been known to shoot chickens and spear fish regardless of the none too well enforced laws. This year, however, the law-abiding hunters have organized a Floyd County Game and Fish Club of fifty or sixty members. We have a game warden with a salary of $50 and expenses per month and half the amount of all fines that he has imposed; he promises to prosecute any and all violators. Thus far two parties of two men each have been prosecuted, costing each offender $15.75.

This good work has already had its effect, and reports show that prairie chickens are more plentiful and less wild than previous years. V. V. S.

### Game of Goochland County, Va.

I NOTE your inquiry about the game in this section. Our last Legislature passed a law prohibiting the hunting of quail (our partridge) for two years to come, because of their extreme scarcity, due to the bitter cold winter of '94-95. At the expiration of that time they will doubtless be plentiful in this State. Wild turkeys are rather scarce, as indeed they have been for some years past. Deer have recently appeared in this county, and are now found in fairly large numbers. Ruffed grouse are rather more plentiful than usual. Besides these we have both summer ducks and mallards, black and gray, a very few woodcock, squirrels and hares. Altogether I think our county will afford very good sport during the coming season. L.

CHAINED
to Business?
Can't go Shooting?
Do the next best thing—
Read the
Forest and Stream.

# Sea and River Fishing.

## MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

### X.—Capt. Ira Wood.

I KNEW him better in after years, for he was only a child when he left Greenbush, and while his older brother, Reuben, oversaw the capture of my first fish, as before recorded, it was some years later before I had the pleasure of fishing with Ira. Along in the early 50s, perhaps in 1852 or '53, he came from his home in Syracuse to Albany and called on me. He was then a young man of medium height, closely knit, muscular, and the owner of a deep chest voice, which was pleasant and melodious. He had been an actor, and had an engagement in the theater at Albany to play old men's or other parts, and next week I was to go with him to the theater to his dressing room. Like many other young fellows, I had thought the stage a most desirable place to strut a brief hour, although my choice did not lay in his direction. Stars did not travel with their own companies then, but depended for support on the stock companies, and as they usually had two to three different plays each week the members of the company had to study hard, and there was always an afterpiece. But this was a rare treat for me. I knew Charley Kane, the low comedian, who also tortured the bass drum in Johnny Cooke's brass band, and Shel. Hitchcock, my sparring tutor, who raised the curtain; but this did not give me the privilege of the stage door. Ira did.

The week opened with Mr. Eddy as the star. Ira played Brabantio to his Othello, but who the Iago was is forgotten. For a boy of eighteen or nineteen Ira's make-up as the "reverend signior" was excellent, and he filled the dignified part well, as many said. Eddy was an actor of the robust school of Forrest and not unlike him in manner, and would bear nothing that would even slightly mar one of his scenes. Ira also played with Mr. Eddy in Richard III. that week and afterward with Couldock and other stars of those days. I do not remember seeing him in comedy except once and that was in "The School for Scandal," but can't name the character to-day. It was not Sir Peter Teazle, nor Charles, nor Joseph Surface. Mrs. John Drew played Mrs. Malaprop, a thing that would have been forgotten but for the fact that she plays the character to-day.

One day Ira wanted to go fishing, said he had only some four hours after the morning rehearsal and did not want to put in all his time in going and coming to the fishing grounds and back. Evidently the Popskinny* was too far on the east side of the river and the Normanskill equally so on the Albany side. Fishing off the dock for such strays as might pass had ceased to be attractive as manhood approached, and after a moment of hesitation I said: "Have you ever fished for striped bass in the river here?"

"No," said he, "the only fishing I have ever done is on the inland streams and on Onondaga Lake. I don't know what a striped bass is like. If they are near here and there is a chance to get one or two let's try it. How big are they?"

"Down in salt water they grow big. Up here they run up to ½lb. Meet me at the State street bridge at any hour you name and I will be ready with everything that we need." Naturally all these conversations in the long ago are reproduced in substance in the words that memory suggests as she recalls the facts; no stenographer was present. When Ira came he found a boat hired from old John Cassidy, who had a fleet to let, and it was provided with long ropes and anchors at each end—one of those wide, flat-bottomed scows, built like the Dutchman's wife who said: "She vas so besser built for sittin' down as for runnin'"—and we rowed out of the basin under the Hamilton street bridge, for there was a bridge to the pier in those days, and out into the river opposite the foot of Dallius street, which bears another name now. We dropped anchor just on the eastern edge of the channel; I knew the ranges well in those days before bridges over the river were built, and their piers had changed the currents and filled in the creek behind the island opposite the city, where we boys fished and swam.

After dropping one anchor, we brought the boat across the current and dropped the other. There is a tide at Albany except when great freshets come down. The water in those days at ordinary stages varied from 1 to 2ft. at high and low tides, but even on flood tides there was always a current down stream, weak or strong as the tide might be flood or ebb. Therefore we could fish from the lower side of the boat, no matter how the tide was. I opened a two-quart tin pail. "What's that stuff?" asked Ira.

"That's sturgeon spawn, for bait." He made no reply, but watched the production of some linen thread and a lot of white mosquito netting, which was cut into 4in. squares. Then I rigged him a hand line with sinker, about 2ft. above which was a hook on a 1ft. snell. Above the hook was tied 1ft. of linen thread, and, putting a quantity of sturgeon eggs in a square of netting, it was fastened about the hook by the thread and cast far out down stream. I had learned this mode of fishing from my brother Harleigh, who, with Uncle John Wilson, the ship carpenter, and John Ruyter, the tanner, were the only ones who practiced it about Albany. It was an art. The fly-fisher may curl his lip if he pleases, but I am a fly-fisher to-day, and will say that to take small striped bass by this mode is more difficult than to take a trout on an artificial fly, after the novice has learned the trick of casting.

In order to explain this mode of fishing I will tell it as I probably did to Ira, premising that the mode is obsolete because the sturgeon in the Hudson are nearly obsolete; or, if not, their eggs, instead of being thrown away, as in the "good old days," are now made into caviare, which men otherwise truthful have said was a delicacy, and the Albany angler no longer fishes in this way. Perhaps the young striped bass, which only ascended the river to feed on the spawn of the shad and the sturgeon, may also be obsolete in these waters?

* I confess to not knowing how to spell the name of this creek. I have mentioned it many times in these articles and doubt if I have spelled it twice alike. It may be an Indian name or it may be Dutch. I think I have seen it spelled Popsquinnes, but can't say truly. Have expected that Col. Teller, frequently mentioned in these articles, whose large farm lies on this once famous fishing place, would call me down on the spelling of its name.

"Now, Ira," said I, in obedience to instructions under Harleigh, "hold your line taut. When you feel the lightest touch give a twitch as though you didn't want a fish to have a taste of your bait. A bass will quickly follow the hook and you will feel it again. Keep this up, hand under hand, until you either feel them wiggle on the hook or they abandon it. In either case haul in, for the bait is gone or the fish is hooked. Don't allow a bit of nibbling or the bait is lost. Snatch it from them as if you did not want them to have it, until in despair they make a rush and take hook and all. Allow no sampling and sifting of the eggs through the netting."

After a while he got the hang of it, losing much bait in the meantime, and we took quite a number of small striped bass and a couple of eels, in the only mode of taking this fish near Albany, where they were rarely found outside the channel of the river, that I knew. Fish of ½lb. were considered big ones, but Capt. John Hitchcock, a retired river man, who fished from the steamboat landing almost daily, once caught one of 2lbs. weight. While we were fishing we saw young shad, perhaps 2 or 3in. long, rising near the boat, apparently after such loose sturgeon eggs as might escape through the netting or were dropped from the boat. With destructive man in addition to all these eaters of sturgeon eggs it is no wonder that "Albany beef" is no longer found in the markets of that city. The great fish held its own for uncounted centuries against all these enemies, the greatest of which was the eel, but man upset the balance that nature had kept and the sturgeon has nearly followed the buffalo, the wild pigeon and other beasts and birds which man has pursued for market, and has not been saved from extinction by artificial propagation, as he has saved the shad and some other fishes. We did not philosophize on these things then. We were boys and life was before us. The future of the sturgeon troubled us as little as the precession of the equinoxes or the differential calculus. Boy-like, our mental vision was bounded by the year, and a year was a long time then. It was so long from one Christmas to another! A man of thirty had lived a great while, we thought, and the disrespectful boys of Greenbush prefixed "old" to the name of every man over fifty. This reminiscence is brought up by Ira's questions.

"Does old Hogeboom let the boys go in swimmin' off the dock now?"

The man referred to was a justice of the peace, an office which he held for years, but from my earliest recollection I never heard him called anything but "old" Hogeboom. Once my mother expressed surprise that I had returned from a swimming trip in the island creek so soon. "Yes'm," said I, "we on'y just got nicely in when ole Morris came down and drove us out." She said: "Don't let me ever hear you call Mr. Morris 'old Morris;' you should have said, 'Mr. John Morris drove us out.'" Therefore I said to Ira:

"No, Squire Hogeboom," with emphasis on the Squire, "doesn't allow us to go in off the village dock, but there's good swimmin' off the rafts over there by the island."

He thought a moment and said: "There's one thing sure, I've got to quit the theater or begin a course of study that I never thought of. I must learn dancing, fencing, music and a whole mess of things if I continue in it. I thought that a little knowledge of elocution was all that was needed, and I got a little of that and went ahead. It is all up-hill work, and I think it is best to quit. Reub says that old Genet gives fencing lessons yet, if he's living; is he alive?"

With mother's lesson in mind I answered: "Yes, General Genet is alive," again with emphasis on the title for Ira's benefit, "and he is the same skillful swordsman that he always was, and as he is still going around selling building lots in Greenbush, with no buyers, the chances are that he will be glad to give you lessons." If Ira was beside me now he would be reminded of his irreverence and told, what he may have learned in after years, that his fencing master was a son of the illustrious "Citizen" Genet who figured in our Revolutionary times. In after years Ira had the reputation of being a good swordsman, and while he was learning I picked up a point or two which was of service in garrison when the neck of a champagne bottle was to be severed at a clean stroke, "but I anticipate" you may be told of this when ex-President Arthur is under the searchlight.

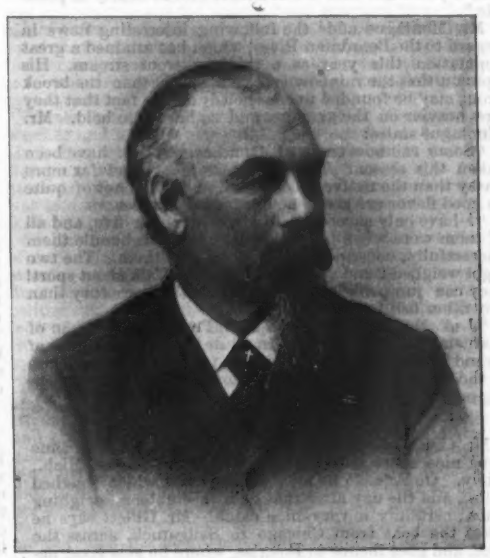
After all his lessons in fencing, and his studies in other directions, Ira shook the dust of the stage from his feet, left Thespis, Melpomene and other more or less reputable goddesses behind him and sought other fields. We did not meet again for many years. Boys do not care for each other as men do, if they take the trouble to care for any one except their royal selves, and we went our ways, but somehow we were thrown together again; perhaps by some occult fatalism of which we then, and I now, know nothing, for on a review of life to-day no man is recalled whose early ideas so fully accorded with my own. He never thought of accumulating wealth. A powerful physique enabled him to disregard all thoughts of health and a romantic disposition led him to seek adventure. Without consultation we both went away in the same year, he to the army and I to try a different but equally adventurous life.

Ira Wood enlisted Feb. 18, 1854, in the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., at Boston, Mass., for five years. He was under instruction at West Point for a while and was then employed on Fort Sumter, at Charleston; Fort Taylor, at Key West; and was discharged Feb. 18, 1859, at Fort Cascade, Washington Territory, by reason of expiration of his term of service as an artificer of Co. A, First Lieut. James C. Duane commanding. He had made application for examination for promotion to a lieutenantcy, but no examination was held between the time of application and his discharge.

At the call for volunteers after Fort Sumter was fired upon, and the regiments of State militia were found insufficient, Ira Wood raised the first company for the first regiment of volunteers that was organized in the State of New York, but by some delay at Albany other organizations were numbered ahead of it, and the regiment left the State as the 12th N. Y. Vol. Infantry, with Ira as First Lieutenant of Co. A. He was mustered into the United States service on May 18, 1861. During that year he participated in the battles at Blackburn's Ford, Bull Run and Upton's Hill, all in Virginia. He was promoted to captain, and mustered as such, to date Oct. 29, 1861. He was engaged in the following battles while a captain: Near Big Bethel, siege of Yorktown, Hanover Court House, Seven Days' battle, Gaines's Mills, Malvern Hill, Malvern Cliff, second Bull Run, Antietam and near Shepardstown. He was honorably discharged on tender of his resignation by special order, War Department, Oct. 14, 1862. On a semi-official list of volunteer captains his name appears in italics, denoting that he was commissioned, but not mustered in that grade. I looked this matter up, and take his record from a letter written by E. D. Townsend, Adjutant-General, U. S. A., to Hon. Frank Hiscock, M. C., May 13, 1878, which I have been permitted to see. The record of battles is from Col. Phisterer's "New York in the Rebellion," and accords with what Ira told me in later years. He resigned to become a field officer in a new regiment, but owing to the clamor of politicians for places for their favorites he did not get the appointment. While with the 12th a friend writes me: "The regiment was for a good part of the time commanded by Capt. Wood, the senior captain, and he was the only company commander who was present at every engagement up to the time he resigned. At Antietam he made a record with his color guard, when ordered to retreat, by backing off the field as much as possible, declaring that he preferred to take the bullets in front."

On leaving the army he was for a few years in the employ of the American Express Co., and while living in Buffalo became a captain in the 74th N. Y. S. National Guard. He then went back to Syracuse and for four and a half years was chief of the fire department of that city, resigning the position in October, 1881, to travel for an Eastern manufactory of fire hose. Upon his resignation as chief the board of Fire Commissioners tried to induce him to remain, and passed resolutions of regret. Steamer No. 1 and the Hook and Ladder Co. presented him with an elegant desk clock, with an inscription commending his mode of handling fires. Leading citizens and merchants presented him with a costly watch in recognition of his efficient service.

In 1867 Ira married Miss Brinckerhoff, of Albany, who with one son, Frederic K. Wood, survives him. He was born in Greenbush, N. Y., May 18, 1834, and died at Al-



CAPT. IRA WOOD.
From a photograph in 1884.

bany, N. Y., April 6, 1886, after an illness of only three days, caused by some bladder trouble. He was an enthusiastic Mason and Grand Army man. He attained the thirty-second degree of the Scottish Rite in Masonry, and was adjutant of George S. Dawson Post, G. A. R., of Albany. He was buried with services of the G. A. R. and with those of the Knights Templar, these organizations attending in uniform. It was also my privilege to witness the last sad rites over the friend of a lifetime, one of the bravest, truest and gentlest men that ever trod the earth.

He went to Albany in 1883 as head of a branch of the house of Pierce, Butler & Pierce, of Syracuse. Long before this his fame as a fly-caster and winner of prizes at tournaments of the State Association for Protection of Game, held at Rochester, Buffalo and Syracuse, had drifted eastward, but not until the tournament of the State Association was held at Coney Island in June, 1881, when I superintended the fly-casting contests, did we clasp hands since we parted in Albany, some twenty-seven years before.

"Why, you old duffer! You have been in a flour mill! Your hair is all white! Take off your hat and I'll dust you off!"

"Yes, that'll all come off, but your head is mildewed and you'll have to bleach it in the sun to kill the mould.'

His record in that tournament was 101ft. with a two-handed salmon rod, third prize in a class of four, but he was only second to his brother Reuben, because Pritchard, who was awarded first prize for 91ft., was allowed a number of feet on account of his using a shorter rod—a mode of reckoning that was abolished later. Mr. Frank P. Denison, of Syracuse, cast 3ft. further than Prichard, yet only took fourth prize. In "Class A," single-handed fly-casting, Ira withdrew after casting 67ft. and took fourth prize. He had not got out all the line he could handle, and Frank Endicott said that, as his brother Reuben cast before Ira and took first with 75ft., he withdrew for fear of beating his brother. This was probably the fact, because I had attended a State tournament after this where the contestants were Seth Green, Reuben and Ira Wood. Seth had a wonderful reputation as a fly-caster, and they used to report his casts without strict measurements, because his only contestants up the State were Reub. and Ira, and Reub. would not beat Seth under any circumstances; nor would he allow Ira to beat Seth. Once I stood on the casting platform. Seth had cast, and Reub. had restrained himself and was restraining Ira.

"Don't you do it, Ira," said Reub., "hold it, don't beat the old man, it will break his heart. There now! That's far enough."

"Go in, Ira," said I, "go in and win," for I never loved Seth as Reub. did; "don't let Reub. hold you back; this is a fair open contest, and you should win if you can."

He didn't win, could, but wouldn't. He listened to his brother, and if the little fly-casting tournaments of the State Association had been kept up the same old farce of "don't you do it, Ira," would have continued. After the Coney Island tournament was over "The National Rod and Reel Association" was organized, with Francis Endicott as president, and yearly tournaments were held on Harlem Mere, Central Park, New York city. Here both Reuben and Ira were freed from Reuben's worship of Green, who never cared to meet Hawes, Leonard, Prichard and the other great fly-casters, and the scores of the Wood brothers are familiar to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. After these meetings, when Ira and I got to talking over old times and swapping army experiences, something always happened to interrupt, and the loss cannot be repaired.

At the tournaments in Central Park it was a common remark how Ira was always on the casting platform untangling the lines, tying on flies and helping the men who were in the contest against him; a course so opposite to that of the "mug hunters," which the lax rules of the Association encouraged to enter the lists, that it could not have passed unnoticed. Unconsciously the subject of this sketch was exposing himself and his great kind heart to the public, and, worst of all, to one who in later years chose to write him up and show him by lime-light on the great curtain of FOREST AND STREAM.

In 1885, after I had begun the stocking of the Hudson River with salmon, Ira organized the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association, which still exists. Under date of Nov. 18, 1885, he wrote me: "I have set on foot a plan for forming a club or society, to be composed of the best men in this city (Albany), to care for the salmon which you have planted in the Hudson, and also to protect all other fish and game in this region."

In this imperfect sketch I have been greatly assisted by Mr. William Allen Butler, of Syracuse, N. Y., in gathering facts concerning Ira's life in that city. He tells me that Capt. Wood "came of good old New England stock, being a descendent of Dr. Samuel Wood, who came from England in 1634, and was one of the first settlers of Danbury, Conn., in 1696. His mother was a Breed, and her father, with three brothers and their father, fought in the battle of Bunker Hill on their own farm; their ancestor, Allan Breed, having emigrated from England in 1630 with Gov. Winthrop and the Puritans." As a boy, Mr. Butler was one of Ira's pupils in fly-casting, and speaks with great enthusiasm of his teacher when he relates their trips to the Adirondacks.

About a week before his death Capt. Wood opened a store in Albany, at 15 Green street, for the sale of fishing tackle and general sporting goods, with every prospect of success. Cut down by the reaper before he was fully ripe, those whose good fortune it was to know him intimately can say with Marc Antony:

> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man!' "

FRED MATHER.

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WANTED.—Somebody who has fished with Fred Mather to write him up just as he is writing up men he has fished with. His series of articles is incomparable, but will not be complete unless he is written up and placed with the rest of them. O. H. HAMPTON.

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## ANGLING NOTES.

### More about Texas Tarpon.

MY friend Mr. Cleveland was thoroughly inoculated with the tarpon fishing germ when he killed his first fish, and "it took." He writes me under date of July 14: "Since my first catch of tarpon I have been fishing three times, spending about three-quarters of a day each time. On the first visit after my catch of the foul-hooked fish I hooked seven tarpon, but in each instance they went into the air and got rid of my hook. One grand fellow about 7½ft. long and weighing probably 175lbs. surpassed all others in his endeavors to get rid of the hook. He not only jumped forward from me three times, with scarcely a moment between the jumps, but he concluded other tactics would be necessary to rid himself of me. His jumps were first one side, then the other, repeated four times, and in each instance jumping a little toward me, making it impossible for me to wind up the slack line. The fourth effort of this kind of springing loosened the hook and he threw it not less than 30ft. from him. His efforts reminded me of the broncbos of my boyhood days. When they failed to relieve themselves of their riders by bucking forward, they would jump first to the right, then to the left, which style of bucking was called 'laying a worm fence.' The tarpon have been in Southern waters until they have acquired the bucking habit, and it is of no use to try and save them when they have fully made up their minds to get rid of you. The second time I went out I hung three fish, but after a few minutes they got rid of me. The fourth fish I hooked about 12 o'clock and it was about an 85lb. fish. I played him for an hour and a quarter in the hot, broiling sun and had him, as I thought, so completely under control and exhausted that I concluded to take him in to the flats more rapidly than he wanted to go, and by main strength and awkwardness pulled the hook out of his mouth. On the same day I landed one of 85lbs. after less than an hour's play.

"Friday night last I went down to the Point again, but soon after arriving a great storm came up and the rain continued falling all night and until the next day at 10 o'clock. Nevertheless as soon as the rain ceased I went out. I had several gentle strikes, and at 12 o'clock hooked a tarpon of 145lbs., 6ft. 8in long, which I landed in good shape after an hour and a half of play.

"These fish are something like the ouananiche, only more so, and it is more difficult to keep the hook in their mouths after they are hooked. They have a mouth in which there are so few places that a hook can enter that it is surprising to me that I ever succeeded in placing a hook in one of these few places. The sport is grand, and I often wish for you when I am out after these fish. They remain here until September, and I expect to enjoy a great many parts of a day with them until they leave. Several friends have gone down to the Point to use my

tackle, and have lost more lines and leaders than you can imagine, besides having the rod jerked out of their hands, bending the crank of the reel and doing damage generally. They attempt to reel in the fish, and only the most expert of them can get their hand away from the crank in time, and a number of them have had smashed fingers and terribly skinned hands in consequence. The first time I hooked a fish I caught two or three heavy licks on my thumb before I could get it away from the reel handle, and it was four or five days before I could use that hand again. In fact, after I caught the first fish it was a whole week before I could get my hands into their normal condition.

"There are many amusing incidents in connection with fishing for these vicious fish, and I must tell you of one that occurred during the first few days when I was still-fishing for tarpon, and before I learned that it was necessary to troll for them. The morning of the day that I was to go down to the bay I telephoned to Mr. John Gray, the storekeeper of the place, requesting him to employ a first-class oarsman and good boat for me, and have the man procure fifteen or twenty mullet. He telephoned that everything would be in readiness and everything first-class.

"I arrived that night at 8 o'clock and asked for the oarsman. He appeared and said he had sixteen handsome mullet. I asked him if he was equal to tarpon fishing, and he said he was. Next morning at 5 o'clock I had my coffee, and before getting into the boat I looked into the well and all the mullet were dead. It is difficult to catch mullet in the daytime, but I hired two men and started them off for mullet. In two hours' time they returned with two measly little fellows, but I was anxious to fish and concluded to use them rather than wait longer, so employed two other men to look for bait and started. The boat was of hard pine, four times as thick as it should have been, and probably weighed 600lbs.

MR. CLEVELAND AND HIS TARPON.

The holes for the oarlocks were rotten, and after every other stroke on such a matter the oars would jump out. The wind was high and the current strong, and before we reached the tarpon ground I made up my mind that my man was no oarsman and knew nothing about handling a boat, and told him so. We arrived at the place to fish, and I told him to put the bow of the boat by a bulkhead and hang on to it, and as soon as a tarpon took my hook to let go, grab his oars, and pull for his life as I might direct. During the time I was sitting and waiting for a fish I continued to warn the man about being prepared to move promptly, to keep his oars at hand, and also narrated a number of accidents and sudden deaths that I had heard of while tarpon fishing; that any awkwardness on his part would not only drown me, but drown him. I did not look to see what effect my words had on the man, as I was paying strict attention to my fishing. In a short time a huge tarpon took my hook and went off at forty miles an hour. I shouted to the man to let go and pull for his life in the direction the fish was going. I must confess that I was so excited myself that I thought we were going after the fish, but soon recognized the fact that my line was leaving my reel too fast if we were moving at all. After the tarpon had taken all the line and had nearly taken the rod and reel, I gave a jerk to break the line and save my rod, and then looked around at my young man, and he was holding to the bulkhead with a death grip, and as the fish disappeared with my line for good he remarked, 'Gosh! wasn't he a big one?' You can imagine with what indignation I expressed my views of the young man as a tarpon fisherman, but his reply was such that I could only laugh. When I asked why he did not let go of the bulkhead when I told him to do so he said: 'I don't know nothin' about tarpon fishing, but I do know I ought not to have taken this job. Why, Mr. Cleveland, if I had let go of this bulkhead we would both be in the bottom of the sea by this time.' I concluded he was not the kind of oarsman for me, and packed my bag and went home.

"It excites the best of them to get hold of these big fish. I now have a sea captain to row me, a man about fifty, competent in every way to manage a boat, but he becomes so excited when rowing after a fish that he often loses his head and pulls in the wrong direction.

"I have got a fresh lot of tackle to-day and sent it down to a friend who has a cottage near the fishing ground. This gentleman, Mr. Henry Hencke, a merchant of Houston, never cared for fishing, but has been out several times with me and became so enthused that he is now the most enthusiastic fisherman I know of in this country. He goes out every day and hooks half a dozen tarpon, but as yet has not been fortunate enough to land one. He says he has become expert in using the rod and reel, but I notice he breaks every line and leader he gets, and his hand is so battered with the reel handle that he carries it in a sling most of the time. He is a man of large means and he says he will spend the balance of his life and every dollar he has until he kills a tarpon. Every time I go down and find his hand freshly battered I know he is having lots of fun, even if he gets no tarpon. He has staying qualities and will succeed in the end if he does not lose all his fingers. You will never know what real sport is until you come down here and fish for tarpon." I think the time has arrived for Mr. Cleveland to explain his mode of fishing for tarpon, as it is so unlike the style practiced in Florida. He says in this letter that he began by still-fishing before he knew it was necessary to troll for them. It seems like a waste of raw material to have half a dozen fish strike in a day and not kill one of them, and I have yet to see the objection to letting the tarpon gorge the bait and hook so that it will be hooked in the gullet below the plated mouth.

A. N. CHENEY.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

### More About the Grayling.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—I am advised of one grayling, a very large one, being taken on the Little Manistee River in Michigan this season, the only one I can trace to that stream this year. The Manistee seems better, for Mr. V. E. Montague, of Traverse City, writes me quite encouragingly of that water. He says:

"Reading in FOREST AND STREAM that you have lost one grayling, I hasten to put you on its spoor, but you had better be diligent or some one else will have accomplished its destruction.

"A party returned from the Manistee a few days ago and report having taken about fifty grayling in a week's time. They left one in the river for FOREST AND STREAM, and if you want him I will locate him as nearly as possible."

Mr. Montague adds the following interesting news in regard to the Boardman River, which has attained a great reputation this year as a rainbow trout stream. His opinion that the rainbow is a gamier fish than the brook trout may be founded unconsciously on the fact that they are heavier on the average, and so harder to hold. Mr. Montague states:

"Some rainbow trout of 4 and even 4½lbs. have been taken this season. They are more plenty and far more gamy than the native brook trout, and while not of quite so good flavor are good enough for the Joneses.

"I have only succeeded lately in hooking five, and all of them were when it was too dark to see to handle them successfully, consequently I lost three of them. The two I got weighed 2 and 2½lbs. respectively. Talk about sport! they can jump higher, faster and with more fury than any other fish I ever handled.

"J. A. Montague, his two sons, Prof. Gruson, Dean of Mathematics in the Lewis Institute, and Dr. Millner, of Grand Rapids, have just returned from a month's cruise to the Agawa River, Lake Superior, and report trout fishing only too good."

### Among the Bass.

Mr. C. R. Gillett, of this city, has been having some very nice sport with the big-mouths at Douglas, Mich., lately. On Aug. 15 he took twenty-four, which weighed 63lbs., and the day after that he took eighteen, weighing 51lbs., certainly a very nice catch. Mr. Gillett says he takes the boat from Chicago to Saugatuck, across the lake, and goes thence to Douglas, where he gets good accommodations and, as it would seem, good fishing.

Mr. E. S. Whitaker, of Carthage, Ohio, writes me a nice letter saying he is glad to see that I once in a while go fishing with his old angling companion Mr. H. L. Stanton, of the Natchaug Silk Co. Mr. Whitaker says he has fished many a time with Mr. Stanton among the Lake Erie islands and also on the St. Lawrence. He recalls that one day when a string of boats caught the total of 277 bass, weighing 407lbs., himself and Mr. Stanton were high boat. He very rightly describes Mr. Stanton as a prince of good fellows, and wishes he could go fishing with him again once in a while as he once did.

### Deep-Water Trolling Devices.

In a recent interesting article on the deep-water trolling practiced in Lake Tahoe, the writer of the same mentioned the fact that a copper fishing line was the usual thing in those waters. It may be curious information to learn that the idea of a copper line is not found alone in that region, but also much further to the East. Last week, on a trip over the St. Clair Flats in the beautiful steam yacht Wanda, belonging to Mr. Oren Scotten, a wealthy sportsman of Detroit, who had out a party of friends, I saw on board the boat some large reels of copper wire line used in deep-water trolling in the deep and swift channels of those waters. These lines were rigged for the chugs, or deep trolling devices, common in those waters, and carried a weight of lead and swivel amounting to a pound or two, besides the attached short lines which carried out the baits behind the chug, one of which baits I noted to be a phantom minnow. The method of using this deep troll is to row slowly up the stream and let the lead drag on the bottom, the current carrying out the baits, the lower of which, the phantom minnow, is called a "McGinty bait." The wire line is used because it "cuts the water better," I was told. No doubt it is less apt to snarl and snag up the ponderous and unwieldy rig to which it is attached. I could see no sport to this kind of fishing, and this was freely admitted, but it was said that this was the only way to do much with the pickerel and bass, which bite low in the swift water. The wire line was used as a hand line and no attempt was made to run it on a rod.

Singularly *apropos* of the subject of lines and rigs for deep trolling was the visit at this office the other day, soon after my return from Detroit, of a gentleman who does considerable deep trolling in the upper Wisconsin lakes for lake trout, which fish is only to be taken by such low down methods, so to speak. This gentleman is Mr. Carter, assistant engineer of the Chicago & Northwestern R. R. at Chicago, a very ardent angler and big game hunter. Mr. Carter brought up the subject himself, and told me of a certain device which he had perfected by means of which one can hook his fish deep down on a trolling chug, and afterward play him on his rod quite independently of the trolling rig. This I thought one of the most ingenious little things I have seen for many a day, and the only criticism which arises to one's mind is that it implies the use of two lines, which run down deep into the water close together and which consequently might get twisted together, in which case the device might not work very surely. In this connection it occurs to me that Mr. Carter would better take up the use of the copper line, as that would not be so apt to cling and tangle with another line.

Mr. Carter's device is that of an ordinary chugging rig, with the usual swivels for the carrying of the baited line back of the chug. This baited line, as is well known, is ordinarily attached to the chug, so that in playing a fish the whole machine, weighing 2 or 3lbs. in some cases, has to be pulled along with the fish, of course forbidding all idea of sport. Mr. Carter gets rid of this weight and plays his fish on the rod by cutting away from the chug as soon as the fish is hooked. He manages this by using no short bait line behind the chug at all, but using for that the end of his rod line. The chug is dropped down as usual, and the rod line goes down with it. At the end of the swivel where the bait line is commonly fastened he has a ring something like the standing guide on a rod, and into this he puts a little split pin with an eye in the top, which fits in loosely enough so that it can be pulled out with a sharp jerk on the rod. When the chug is dropped into the water the rod line is run through this little eyed pin, and plays freely through it. Just above the snell of the hook there is a washer fixed large enough to pass through this eyed pin. When a bite is felt the fish is allowed to go until the time for striking comes, when it is struck on the rod just as though there were no chug on at all. If the jerk on the line in doing this does not free the eyed pin, the line is tightened until the fixed washer comes up against the eye, when a pull is sure to pull the eyed pin up out of the ring which fastens it to the chug. The line is then free. The angler plays his fish as though it were struck in the usual fashion, and on netting the fish the little eyed pin of course is found resting on top of the washer, upon which it has slipped down. The pin weighs nothing, and does not interfere in the least with the sport of the rod and reel. When the bait is to be dropped again the chug is pulled up, the eyed pin again put in place and the whole is dropped down again. The pin is kept in place in the ring on the swivel by the spring of the compressed legs of the pin, but it does not take much force to free it. Mr. Carter was so much impressed with the necessity of getting rid of that chunk of lead if he was to have any fun at his fishing that he has long been experimenting with similar devices. His first idea was to free the line by means of a peculiar knot in the line, which could be freed at the swivel point by a sharp jerk, just as the eyed pin is freed, but he found that the wetting of the line sometimes tightened up the knot so it would not slip easily. This knot was in the form of a half sheep-shank, thrown over the bight of the loop through the swivel. Its tying would be difficult to describe, and it is not so efficacious as the pin and eye. The latter device is not on the market, and so far as Mr. Carter is concerned it could no doubt be made by any one who liked. It promises at least a faint amelioration of the dismal work of deep trolling.

### Kingfishers Heard From.

The camp of the Kingfishers for 1896 is, as I presume Kingfisher would say, "busted for the season." That worthy angler and his friends have passed to the South on their way home. I was so unlucky as not to meet them at Chicago, either when they were going into camp or coming out. Kingfisher leaves on my desk the following brief but speaking note, which I must accept instead of the pleasure of a personal meeting:

"*Bro'r Hough:* Called to 'shake,' but found you out. Sorry I didn't see you. Sincerely, KINGFISHER.

"P. S.—Had a good time. Caught 519 bass and twenty-five maskinonge."

### Arkansas Fish and Game.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., writes that the quail crop of his vicinity will be the best for years, and that there will be good turkey shooting also. He has enjoyed the finest sort of dove shooting and bass fishing lately with his friend John Pemberton, on the farm of the latter along the Arkansas, and says he shall soon go out and try his new Mullins "get there" metal ducking boat on the ducks and geese. That is a very happy hunting ground, central Arkansas, and long may it remain so.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

### The Canadian Salmon Season.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., Aug. 22.—One of the most successful years for salmon angling on the Restigouche has closed. Having had a severe accident early in June, from which I have not yet recovered, I only killed twelve fish. All the lower pools panned out extra well all the month of June. The upper pools never fail in July, fish gathering and lying in them until ready to spawn. There were two reasons for this catch: salmon came in force on the first of June, and the water in the river was in prime condition and the slight rains held it up, as well as slightly coloring it. Salmon were in no hurry to go on up, but played round like kittens. Fine scores were made wherever a lay spot existed. Large fish also were in order; 36lbs. was reported fifteen times, a few of 39 and 40lbs.

I see you have Mr. Mitchell's score of twenty days in June, fifty-six salmon, average 23½lbs., in all 1,247½lbs. This I believe to be the lowest record on the river, the same pools last year only getting ten fish. It is very difficult to obtain correct scores. Restigouche Salmon Club members' scores are recorded, and they are limited to eight fish per day; riparian owners can catch as many as they choose.

The Upilquitch River fished well; over 100 fish were taken by one party. The Metapedia River also had fair fishing on it and big fish. Mr. Gould and the Restigouche Salmon Club were the only parties on it. The Cascapedia Club or syndicate soon got their complement of forty fish each, some of them returning to the Restigouche to finish the season.

I cannot say the total catch of our anglers, but the guardians all unite in saying there are thousands of fish in the river; if so, I fear the fighting and continuous turning over of the spawning beds will destroy the greater portion of the ova. There will be some three millions of ova in the hatchery here this fall.

JOHN MOWAT.

## FLY-FISHING

### On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[Concluded from page 173.]

WE arose early the next morning, taking our breakfast at 5 o'clock, as we were impatient to leave and reach waters where the lovely trout abided. There was no breeze of any consequence stirring, though what little came was dead ahead.

The half-breeds gave it no attention, for they were eager for the advance that was returning them to their home. Not a golden gleam shone out, but the sky was painted in sullen colors that foretold threatening weather of the most tempestuous character.

"All aboard," shouted Kenosh, when he had the boat loaded; "we go anyhow."

It was with the oars that we went, and for about an hour the elements were quiet enough. Then came a little breeze in our teeth and harder work for the men. We soon reach a towering headland, which gives us a little protection from the increasing wind, and where a little cove was to be found on its inner shore line, which in storm afforded a snug harbor. None of us had ever seen it, and, the spirit of investigation possessing us, we concluded to satisfy ourselves as to its existence, for some day we might desire to seek its protection. We therefore followed its course to the shore, and there we were surprised at the safety afforded by the hidden cove and the immensity of the headland. Its waterline ran up almost perpendicular, and presented the most magnificent and frowning front of sculptured defacement I have ever seen. Fanciful forms of all kinds confronted us, and you could realize almost any picture in its torn and chiseled and sun-bleached face. We felt our faith in "nature's beauty strengthened, and saw more clearly that beauty is universal and immortal, above, beneath, on land and sea, mountain and plain, in heat and cold, light and darkness."

As soon as we pulled away from the massive pile we strike a breeze that has doubly increased, changing bright skies to deep mourning, and giving us savage surges that battle fiercely against the old boat. Mists begin to gather, the sea gulls pass with shrieking notes, and the forest pines in swarthy gloom bend and sadly creak.

"Shall we return to the cove?" excitedly said Ned, when he felt the full force of the northwester that was blowing his snowy locks o'er his broad shoulders.

"We go ahead. May be reach Point aux Mines," said Kenosh.

"As you like."

And then more vigor was applied to the oars, and the sea spirit in a rage rose up and buffeted us at will, deeply impressing us as to his absolute power to rule the sea. Occasionally we would seek the shelter of the little bays and headlands.

The sky grows darker and more dreary every moment, and to add to the sum total of our adverse condition a heavy fog came up and shut out the gloomy heavens and almost the entire shorelands. Now and then we got a glimpse of Maimaise Point, and that fortunately gave us our course. The wind was howling and the waves furiously lashing us, and as we saw a chance to make a mile or two with the sails, up they go, and away we speed o'er the rising sea with its passionate wail and its yearning cry.

"I wish we were out of this," said Ned.

"Here too," said I.

"Me too," murmured Kenosh.

"Will we make the Point?"

"Have to."

And the word then rang out to drop sails and take the oars, as we had made all the distance we could under canvas. In again go the oars, and it was indeed toilsome to make any headway whatever. After most exhausting work we finally dart into the little channel on a rolling comber, and the "sea spirit" feels that for once his power has been duly thwarted.

Here we have a lovely spot on the island for camping, with the woods as a shelter from the cold northwester. Every moment we were preparing camp the wind increased in violence and the waves fought the rocky ramparts with a terrible onslaught. Vaporous clouds like a mighty army of mountains came down upon us with a rapid rush, the silver-fretted sky had disappeared with its last sparkle, and like clouds of whirling snow the spray leaped up in slender columns around the resisting rocks of raggedness, while the sleep of the foliaged hills was unduly disturbed.

"It looks as if we were to be wind-bound for a couple days," says Ned.

"That about it," answers the tawny half-breed.

"A northwester, sure."

"Yes, and an ugly one," I remarked.

"And no fishing either."

"Rest assured of that."

"We can play cribbage and yarn."

"Yes," put in Kenosh, "you good at story business."

"You can tell us again about that bear you killed, from which you ran away," gleefully said Ned.

"By jing! never stop on that!"

"We must bear and forbear."

"Bear and three bear, four too much."

Ned and I laughed heartily at his misunderstanding, but did not set him aright.

For two days we remained here, but on the morning of the third ripples of sea lined in crimson joyfully greeted us, and then there was a rapid rush to leave the island for Grindstone Point, where we expected to have a day or two of infinite delight with the *fontinalis* family, and then on to the Soo with our sun-browned faces and vigorous frames like returned crusaders from the wars.

As we delightfully sailed along the rays of the burning orb shot forth on every side like blazing arrows, spreading fire and lightning up peak and summit and point. The little coves burned like altars, and in view of this crimson illumination, this apotheosis of light, this matchless morning of gladness, we felt as if we were present at the magnificent nuptials of the earth and the sun. At this period we yield to silent rapture and reflection. You think this is a marvelous fairy land, a unique spectacle, such as no king, nor anyone else, were he 100 times richer than all the Rothschilds put together, could obtain at home, and that those who wish to see it must come here, must ascend the towering hills, go away from earth and approach heaven.

Arriving at Raisaines, we saw on the pier the generalissimo and his band of tawny arabs. Coming close enough to converse, the leader sang out to us:

"I say, old man, come ashore, I'd like to have a word with you," thus repeating word for word of Ned's remark to him on the trip up.

This was monumental audacity, but it made us all smile, and then Ned replied:

"We'll settle with you next summer."

"All right, bring Polly a cracker, will you?" resounded back; and then the barefooted brigade was in high glee at the response, and their hats went up in the air as a token of triumph.

"I spank him when I catch him," said Kenosh.

"Oh, no," said Ned, "give him a cracker and let him go."

"It be whip lash cracker then."

The dusky kids were full of sportive mischief and really meant no harm nor incivility. Their raid on our cracker box, in behalf of themselves and their half-famished dogs, was simply a mere practical joke, in which they realized the largest dividends. I now smile at the amusing incident and can plainly see the roguish eye and dauntless air of the juvenile Massaniello of the North Shore.

Just before we reached Pancake Bay Kenosh advised me to try along the rocks, and as my rod was in readiness I went to the bow of the boat for casting. Ned was watching me very closely, and when he saw me raise a big trout and impale him he at once put his rod together and tried for the same game. I had a very enjoyable time with my struggling trout, giving him all the latitude he wanted. He was in no hurry, however, to surrender and fought like a Trojan for liberty. His valor availed him little, but the record he made was a noble one. At last the white and red and gold of an emblazoned side gleamed from the surface, and then drawing him to the boat the netter lifted him with profound regard from the waters. He was a full 5-pounder, and about equaled Ned's blue ribbon trout.

I was fortunate enough to secure one more, while Ned was wondering why his red-headed and big-bodied fly was not coaxing out the scarlet-hued warriors from their palace halls. After my second trout had been landed we concluded to make quarters here for the night and have further intercourse with this interesting colony that sport so lavishly in the spangled robes, and is so completely the cynosure of all.

Dinner was now our first thought, and so the boat was beached and the quarters put in good condition; but the black flies, which were in immense hordes, soon had us stamping around with a foliaged branch or two in our hands trying to decimate their ranks. To eradicate them was as much of a task as cleansing the Augean stables. It was simply impossible.

Seeking the lake soon after dinner for the continuation of the angle, it gave us immediate relief from the tormenting pests, as they never come on the water for a victim. We succeeded in deceiving two trout, and then a pelting rain set in and drove us ashore and to the flies, that fairly flayed us alive, and as a *dernier ressort* a smudge or two was started, which gave us some relief while we held to the smoke.

The next morning we realized a leaden sky with mist and fog. We however sought the "living arrows" of the stream, and on catching two concluded to return to camp and get ready for an embarkation to Grindstone Point. Although the weather was not favorable for a departure, we shoved off as soon as the boat was loaded, and had during the entire trip very disagreeable weather in consequence of dashing rains and heavy fogs, which alternated with systematic regularity. After tossing around on the lake for about three hours in our rubbers and sou'westers, we reached our desired quarters and were exceedingly glad of it.

Late in the afternoon, with the sky in a dark scowl and a damp and heavy atmosphere, we skirted along a reefy shore and were fortunate enough to return to camp with a heart of delight and six lovely trout. Kenosh said if we were willing he would salt a few of them for his keg. As we had plenty for the table we gave our consent, but I told Ned this pickling fish was not the thing, and that it should never occur again in our camp if we could prevent it, and we were sure we could.

We remained here another day, which greeted us with a southwest wind, a somber sky and a dense fog.

As soon as breakfast was served we went in search of the lurking trout, and finally succeeded in enticing four of them from their rocky lairs. After dinner we were again afloat and this time we crossed the bay and caught four more beauties, which were more than enough for our immediate wants; but as Kenosh was anxious for a few additional ones to fill his keg, we were sure there would be no waste, and as it was to be our last day's angle we were inclined to be lenient and so let him have them, but it was to be the last time that a trout was to be dipped in brine in our camp. Too much of pot-hunting in such business. Had we realized on it at first the subtle half-breed would have had a veto put upon it that would never have been set aside.

During the afternoon I had missed a response from what I thought an exceedingly heavy weight. Being anxious to secure it, I took the boat after supper, with Jo as oarsman and netter, and started out for the coveted trout. I worked with all the skill I possessed to secure that particular trout, and thrashed the waters till I was unable to see my flies, and then started for camp somewhat disappointed and wearied, for not a moment did I take for respite. My flies had fairly rained upon the water and not an inch of it remained untouched where I had made my research for the ponderous trout.

As we were nearing camp we saw Kenosh and Ned sitting on a log at the water's edge, awaiting our return, and doubtless desirous of seeing the big trout I had so proudly started to entice.

"Jo," says I, "they well have the laugh on us."

"There's trout in the boat," he significantly responded.

"Where?"

"Right under the footboard."

In a moment I had the board lifted, and there were the four trout we had caught during the afternoon. Taking the largest, a 4-pounder, I quickly slipped it over to the half-breed and then replaced the footboard. I gave him to understand that that was the trout we had gone for. He was pleased to see that I comprehended him when he spoke of the trout being aboard. When we were near the shore Ned cried out:

"Where's your big beauty?"

As Jo held him aloft said, "What do you think of that?"

"He'll do; I didn't think you would get any."

The equivocation was a decided success and saved me from one of Ned's sarcastic arrows. Kenosh, I am satisfied, saw through the trick, for I observed a little facial telegraphing between the half-breeds.

The next morning at 6 o'clock we left for Gros Cap Island, and probably the Soo, if we could make it that day. The weather signs, however, were decidedly mixed, and even Kenosh with his rheumatic bones could not say what the day would bring forth. The breeze appeared to be rising, and little wavelets were breaking on the beach. The copper tints of the sky pass into a faint pearl gray. Here and there spots appear like vanishing roses, the woods begin to darken, and up among the mountains a haze is appearing and stealing down the slopes. It is singularly significant, and I told Ned that it would not be long before the pounding waves would be at the foot of the crags. It was fully realized before we had crossed Maple Bay, but it mattered not, for the wind was behind us.

The shore was now white with foam, and the charge of the leaping crested billows as they battled against it sounded more harshly than melodiously sweet. To our dismay the wind suddenly changed and came over the bow of the plunging craft with a vigor and a stifled moan, as if the now savage sea remembered some old grief she was weeping away.

"To the oars!" cried the half-breeds, and then for four miles we tossed up and down on seas that were snowy white. Striking Goulais Bay, we enter it as a harbor of refuge, and after skirting its shore for fully a mile we at last find a place behind a fisherman's small pier that admitted of our landing. Here we pitched our tents, satisfied that we would have to remain over night.

The morning came with but little cessation of the blow, and as Kenosh declared he could cross the bay in safety, we were willing to go. Once more the camp is dismantled, and we are again ready for the homeward course. Away we went flying over the stormy waves that pant and boil and climb each dripping side of the staunch old boat, while the bright silver rolls from her plunging bow.

Just as we were congratulating ourselves on the fine speed of our craft, Jo, who had been very busy turning over things looking after something, cries out:

"An oar missing."

"How that?" inquires Kenosh.

"Must have been left ashore."

"Then we back go."

This was a grievous disappointment, for we were fully a mile on our course. There being no help for it, the boat was turned and headed for the little pier, with Kenosh fairly boiling in rage and going for his son Jo in an unmistakable language that made the poor boy fairly writhe in agony. Ned and I kept out of the strife, for we well knew that with the recovery of the oar all anger would disappear, and harmonious relations again resumed.

We were soon back, and just before the boat touched the gravelly bank Kenosh sprang overboard, taking the water as high up as his waist.

The devil was aroused in him after searching fully fifteen minutes and not finding the oar. Fortunately a young man, son of the head fisherman, on seeing Kenosh so intently looking around, asked him what he was hunting.

"An oar," he answered with frowning furrows and lips tightly clenching.

"There is one in that boat," came the response from the questioner.

"That mine," said Kenosh, as his eye fell upon it.

He soon had the oar in hand, and as he passed some fishermen, who were drying their gill nets on a big reel, he fairly made the place lurid with his emphatic denouncement of the thief that had stolen or misplaced his oar. They paid little heed to him, for they well knew that when a half-breed had his blood up it was dangerous to trifle with him. Kenosh was still in deep anger when he returned with the missing oar, and when Jo made a blunder in placing the sprit he cried out: "I break your d—m neck you do that again."

Ned and I—at the risk of having his fury spent on us—put in a good word for Jo, championing his case so strong that the fiery half-breed simmered down considerably.

When we had gone about two miles we felt the full force of the gale. Wild, sparkling crests broke around us, with the boat bounding forward like a greyhound from the slip when after flying prey. Up and down we go, from the base of the wave to the billow's crown amidst flashing and feathery foam, with the masts creaking and shaking like quivering reeds. An anxious look was on every face, with the strong arm of the helmsman holding up the flying craft on the big waves that came rushing upon us with a dull roar, as if they wished to utter to us some deep mystery. Suddenly there was a crash overhead, and on looking up the mainsail was revealed as rent from side to side, and it looked as if it would soon go into fluttering ribbons if this fierce sailing was kept up much longer.

"Ease her up," cried Ned a little excitedly.

"Me hold her where she is," responded the still maddened half-breed.

"All right, hold her for the port of perdition, if you like."

"We soon out of it."

"It don't matter whether we are soon out of it or not," came back from Ned in no pleasant tone.

Things were evidently getting exceedingly lurid aboard, though Jo and I remained serene, content to let the twain settle the sailing business or swamp the boat if they so desired.

As Kenosh said, we were soon out of it, for the towering hills in our front eased off the stiff breeze considerably, and then there was some anxiety as to whether we would make the point we had all along been striving to reach. The boat was still kept well to the wind, and soon we had the satisfaction of rounding the bay into the lake and then the wind dropped dead upon us, the gray clouds disappeared, the sun shone out in dazzling grandeur, giving us a most beautiful world, with the chasm of sky in heaven's profoundest azure, where the everlasting stars abide.

We take up the oars and pursue our way along a shore that is fairly typical of this great lake, and which I have so often described in this letter. It was only four miles to Gros Cap, our destination, but the deliciousness of the

weather, the exhilaration of the atmosphere, and the loveliness of the landscape, with the ever-varying play of light and shade, were such as to fairly enthuse and make one feel nature's love in a most passionate manner. We sat almost spellbound, watching the curving lines of the rocky formations, listening to the music of the dying waves, and anon gazing above at the rose light which gave us the floating clouds of crimson and scarlet and purple with

"the mountains piled
Heavily against the horizon of the north,
Like summer thunder-clouds."

Nearing Gros Cap we concluded to land on the main shore and there remain until our moist tents and other things were dried, and also to wash up and put on some clean linen and "city clothes," so we could make a presentable appearance at the "Soo."

The radiant orb was glowing and crimsoning everything as well as performing one of the important functions of the laundry, the drying process.

Dinner was served in a lovely grove at the noon hour, and for some time after we lazed around in the mellow sunshine, picking a few of the succulent strawberries, and then strolling into the forest, where the silence is so delightful and only broken by the melody of the sweet-throated warblers.

We hesitated to withdraw from the grand shores that had given us such great pleasure, such ruddy health, such magnificent views of tinkling brooks and mountains, and peaks and spires that burn into the very soul, never to be effaced, but to remain a memory while the vital spark remains. Then the delight of the angle, the rustle of the great forest, the gorgeous sunsets, the grand and tempestuous sea, all illustrating the fulfillment of the universal law, "That where the beauty and wisdom of the divine working are manifested, there also are manifested most clearly the terror of God's wrath and inevitableness of His power."

The word to load was at last reluctantly given, and as we stepped aboard it was our final adieu to the North Shore and its entrancements, both piscatorial and picturesque. ALEX. STARBUCK.

CINCINNATI.

### Bought Him a Ticket to Get Out.

BOSTON, Aug. 29.—Dr. Criado stopped on his way out from Round Mountain Lake to visit friends in Boston on Saturday. With his son of eleven years he has made a very fine outing in Maine. He has spent two or three weeks at the above lake, and is very profuse in his praise of the lake and its surroundings, though the fishing was not fully up to his expectations, or to what he had at the same lake a year ago. He has visited very many of the fishing resorts and small lakes and ponds in northern Somerset and Franklin counties this trip, having been absent from home five or six weeks. Tim Pond and several of the Seven Ponds have been taken in. He has also been up the Carrabasset as far as the Carry Ponds, at which point he enjoyed the fishing a good deal. From Rangeley he went to Loon Lake, and then up to Kennebago. Early in the trip he visited Flagstaff Lake and the ponds in that section. Concerning the game he is really enthusiastic. Deer he found to be very abundant at almost every point. It was nothing unusual to see dozens in a day, and once five were seen in one herd. Moose he did not see, though coming upon their signs on several occasions. He is satisfied that he was close upon an old moose and her calf at Carry Ponds by the freshness of their tracks. Partridges he believes to be fairly plenty, as his party frequently came upon them in good-sized broods. On the whole the hunting and fishing in Maine is most remarkable to him.

He believes that the sportsmen of the country do not half appreciate Maine, and he is sure that the people of the State do not begin to realize what they have got. If they did they would cease ice fishing in the winter, and would try to prevent fishing for count in any of their ponds and streams. He gives an account of most ridiculous fishing for count that came under his notice. It happened at one of the ponds near Carrabasset. One man of a party fishing there went out with a meal bag to bring home his fish in. He came in at night with the bag pretty well filled. The fish were counted, and there were over 300. Some other members of the party suggested that somebody else had once beaten that record. This the proud trout butcher could not stand, and he vowed he would try again the next day. That day he directed his guide to take out two meal bags. At night they came in with both bags nearly full. Counting the fish, there were 475. Nearly all were wasted. These exploits came to the ears of some other sportsmen, and they immediately raised the money and purchased a railroad ticket for the fellow to go home on. This was presented, or about to be presented, when the fellow got wind of what was going to happen and concluded to leave that part of the country. SPECIAL.

### The Old Boys Join the Young Boys.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have been a constant reader of your paper and I believe that I have never missed reading a copy. Many of the old writers have passed away. To-day we can see the force of their advice and meaning much better than we could at the time they were given. Then some called them "cranks."

Happening in a hotel in a country town last week, I picked up a well-worn copy of FOREST AND STREAM, and opening it the first thing that struck my eye was "The Game Has Got to Go." This article I had read many times before, and without looking I knew it was Nessmuk's. This was written thirteen years ago, but how true! That is just the condition of things to-day, not only in Pennsylvania, but elsewhere.

It is pleasant to reflect that these men have lived and let us profit by their wisdom and example. Their places are taken by others.

Last Friday evening a boy called at my house, and being shown into my office he opened up (as only a boy can that is brimful of enthusiasm) with "Have you read 'Men I Have Fished With?'" "Yes." "Who is Fred Mather?" I told him as best I could. "Did you ever see him?" "Yes, met him once." "Well, I would just like to know him; he is a dandy. And, right here, I will never raise my gun on anything but a game bird. It has made me feel uncomfortable. I wish all the boys could read that. Did you read his last article on his visit up to Warrensburgh?" "Yes." "Every one I read I think the last one is the best, and I hope he will keep on writing, and if I should ever hear that he was anywhere near here I think I would get on my wheel and ride twenty miles to shake him by the hand just once."

Now then, it isn't the young boys alone that are pleased with these articles, but many of those who are on the shady side of fifty are equally well pleased, and I express the sentiment of all the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that I know when I say that in giving us such things the FOREST AND STREAM is doing good service as a sportsman's paper. H.

HUDSON, N. Y.

### Carp in Iowa.

VINTON, Ia., Aug. 10.—I inclose a piece of the skin of a fish caught in the Cedar River. It seems to be a stranger here. The fish weighed 1lb. It was shaped somewhat like a black bass. It had a sucker mouth, a row of scales on each side of its back and belly, also one or two patches of scales on either side. When first caught the scales were of a golden color. I mistrust that it belongs to the carp family. If you can name the fish and will be kind enough to do so you will oblige me very much.

MOUNT TOM.

[The skin is that of the leather carp.]

### Tarpon in Georgia Waters.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Your correspondent, J. B. B., is right when he says that the tarpon was not scientifically identified thirty years ago, although it was not unfamiliar to laymen on the Southern coast from Georgia to the Gulf of Mexico. I have in my cabinet at present the scale of a tarpon, caught in a pound, which I brought from Savannah in September, 1860, thirty-six years ago. The fish was caught in Warsaw Sound, where it was known as a "grandecay" (*grand ecaille*), or big scale. CHARLES HALLOCK.

### Bass in Butterfield Lake.

REDWOOD, Jefferson County, N. Y., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to supplement our fishing record in Millsite Lake last week by Monday's catch in Butterfield Lake: One big-mouth black bass which tipped the scale at exactly 5½lbs.; fourteen others of same variety from 2 up to 3lbs. each, two glass-eyed pike of 3 and 4lbs. respectively, with other smaller fish. One large one was lost by parting of the line, and several others from imperfect hooking. The fishing is very fine. J. H. S.

### Bass in Plymouth County, Mass.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Aug. 23.—Mr. George A. Teele, who for the past fortnight has been camping with his family at Billington Sea, recently caught a small-mouth black bass weighing 6½lbs. Mr. Teele is a most expert fly-fisherman, and the above fish was taken with a fly tied by his daughter, a young lady who is also very fond of the sport. C. C. W.

### Raritan Bay.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Aug. 28.—Weakfish are abundant in Raritan Bay. So are porgies. Boats and bait in great demand. Sharks less numerous. Crabs plentiful and full of meat. Snappers not beginning to snap yet. Bluefish very scarce. J. L. K.

### New Jersey Fish Commission.

IN place of W. Campbell Clark, of Newark, resigned, Gov. Griggs has named John R. Kuser, of Trenton. Mr. Kuser is reported to have a sportsman's interest in the work of the Commission.

## Game and Fish Protection.

### ROD AND GUN CLUB OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A directors' meeting of the club was held at the office of the secretary on Friday, Aug. 14. As the club has now sufficient funds and organization complete, it was voted to begin work at once, and a committee was appointed to engage a suitable person as game warden, and to accept the courteous offer of Commissioner E. A. Brackett to provide with a State Commission, as deputy, any person considered suitable by the club.

The officers are: President, Wm. Minot; Vice-Presidents, Edw. Brooks, C. P. Curtis, Jr., and John Forster, Jr.; Secretary, Henry J. Thayer; Treasurer, Wm. N. Lockwood; Membership Committee, Wm. C. Thairlwall, John P. Reynolds, Jr., and Edw. M. Weld.

The following circular letter has been sent out to the members:

DEAR SIR: As above stated, the club now enters the field and is exceptionally well equipped for good results. According to the inclosed vote a warden has been selected and he will begin work on Monday, Aug. 24.

The club pays for his services (your money) and we do not wish him to waste the money in idleness, but to make each day and dollar tell.

Please, therefore, if you know of violations of the fish and game laws, notify the secretary at once, by letter or telegraph, and tell your friends to do the same.

At the same time keep in mind that rumor is not always true, and that money and time wasted on mere suspicion means also wasted opportunity elsewhere.

The club has engaged one man; if his work is satisfactory additional help will be added as fast as you add members to pay the bills. HENRY J. THAYER, Sec'y,
53 State street, Room 948, Boston.

We append the club's organization, which reads:

This association shall be called the Rod and Gun Club of Massachusetts.

The purposes of this association shall be the protection, preservation and increase of our fish, game and useful birds, and such action as may be practicable for the enforcement of the fish and game laws of Massachusetts.

BY-LAWS.

1. The officers shall be a president, three vice-presidents, a treasurer, a secretary and a committee of three on membership, who together shall constitute a board of directors.

2. The directors shall have entire charge of the business affairs of the association, except in such matters as may be specially otherwise directed by the association; the duties of the officers shall be such as usually pertain to their respective offices.

3. The membership of the association shall consist only of such persons as have no pecuniary interest which may come in conflict with the objects of the association, and no person under eighteen years of age shall be eligible.

4. Applications for membership shall be acted upon by the committee on membership. One dissenting vote shall reject. A list of the names proposed for membership shall be mailed by the secretary to each member of the association at least ten days before the committee shall act on said names.

5. The annual dues shall be $10, payable in advance, and those delinquent at the end of the fiscal year shall cease to be members and their names shall be erased from the membership list of the association.

6. There shall be an annual meeting of the association for the election of officers on the first Thursday in December, and the fiscal year shall then commence. Officers shall be chosen by ballot at the annual meeting, and shall hold their respective offices for one year and until others are chosen in their stead. Other meetings shall be as the association or board of directors may direct, and special meetings may be called by the president, or on the written application of five members, stating the object of said meeting.

7. Nine members shall constitute a quorum of the association, and five of the board of directors.

8. No alteration or amendment to the by-laws shall be made unless the proposed alteration or amendment shall have been presented at a previous meeting of the association, and shall appear in full upon the notice of meeting at which action is to be taken.

### A LIVE MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION.

DULUTH, Minn., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the St. Louis County Game and Fish Protective Association was unusually well attended, and even keener interest in the matter of game protection way disclosed than has been apparent for the past two years. The meeting was held on Aug. 6, and the following officers were elected: President, E. S. Palmer; First Vice-President, Dr. J. D. Titcomb; Second Vice-President, R. J. McLeod; Third Vice-President, Thomas Gibson; Secretary, Henry S. Mahon; Treasurer, F. H. White; Directors, Ellsworth Benham, J. W. Nelson, L. D. Hall, A. P. Wilson and T. B. Hawkes.

The report of executive officer John Green showed the following excellent record of active work and seizures during the past year:

1895.

Sept. 28.—Mounted moose head, replevined, from West Superior, Wis.

Oct. 29.—209 ducks seized, at Union Depot, Duluth.

Dec. 5.—7 partridges and 4 rabbits, seized at Union Depot, Duluth.

Dec. 6.—15 prairie chickens, seized at Messick & McCaulay's.

Dec. 20.—10,000lbs. fish, 602 partridges, 6 moose heads, 2 caribou heads, 1 deer head, and 1 case of furs, seized in refrigerator car in St. Paul & Duluth R. R. Co. yards in Duluth. The shippers were indicted and paid the State Commission a fine of $500, besides suffering forfeiture of the entire shipment.

Dec. 19.—3 moose hides, 1 deer hide, and 20 partridges, seized at Union Depot, Duluth. J. McAlister arrested for having same in his possession, and fined $60 and costs.

Dec. 23.—2 moose heads, seized at Union Depot, Duluth.

1896.

Jan. 7.—74 partridges, seized in A. Booth Packing Co.'s cold storage house.

Feb. 26.—Fish trap on Beaver River destroyed.

Mar. 2—2 gill nets, each 100ft. long, seized in Duluth Bay.

Mar. 19.—2 gill nets, each 125ft. long, and 1 fike net destroyed in Duluth Bay.

Mar. 20.—2 gill nets and 1 fike net, seized in St. Louis Bay.

Apr. 25.—2 gill nets, each 135ft. long, seized in St. Louis River at New Duluth.

June 11.—177 black bass, seized at Union Depot.

June 17.—1 box of small brook trout, seized at Spalding Hotel.

This Association was organized and began its work in the fall of 1894, with Samuel F. Fullerton as its executive officer. The work done was so effective that Mr. Fullerton was, during the following winter, appointed a member of the State Game and Fish Commission, and soon afterward became its executive agent. It was feared that after his vigorous and relentless warfare against violators of the game laws there would be a reaction, but the record of the last year shows this has not been the case.

The Association is taking hold again this year in such a way as to show that there will be no flagging in its efforts to enforce the game laws equally and impartially, and it is certainly true that public sentiment is with the Association in its efforts to a greater degree than ever before.

It is believed that the work of enforcing the game laws would be rendered much easier if associations of this nature could be multiplied and methods of work compared by such as are already in existence. Cannot this be done? HENRY S. MAHON, Sec'y.

**Game Laws in Brief.**

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

# The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

### BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates, Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 8 to 11.—Binghampton Industrial Exhibition's sixth annual bench show. C. H. Barrett, Supt.
Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show, Mineola, L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.
Sept. 25 to 26.—Stockton Fair Association's bench show, Stockton, Cal. D. J. Sinclair, Sec'y.
Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detroit, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.
Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.
Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Coutinental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 26.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.
Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

### COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Aylen, Pres.
Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.
Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D. H. G. Nichols, Sec'y.
Oct. 21.—Alfcar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.
Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

### 1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

## JOAN AND PETRINA.

ROSSVILLE, S. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The readers of what I write in biophilism will be glad to know that I have a new dog; for now I will probably not have so much to say about Phlip, whose taking from me by the poisoner so affected me that for more than a year I could not bring myself to have another dog.

But I have one now—a cocker spaniel, a beauty—a present from the kennels of Dr. Francis Wilmot Kitchel, of Perth Amboy, N. J. Her name in the pedigree book is Joan—the name by which we know her too, of course; for there could not be a neater name, and who does not know that there is bad luck in changing the name of an animal? And was there ever a lover of man or beast who was not just a little superstitious?

I hope that no bad luck may come to Petrina from the fact that we had to change her name. She came to us from one of the family of R. H. Golder, M.D. She was so small when she came that the name Peter was not known to be a misfit to her sex. When this was discovered Peter was feminized into Petrina.

A day or two after I brought Joan to the house Petrina came. We soon had proof that the dog and the cat are natural enemies—a fact of animal psychology which some are disposed to question. The first thing that Joan did when she saw the kitten was to make for her. Joan was called off, as much in her own interest as in that of the cat; for Petrina stood and showed fight so energetically that there was fear for Joan's eyes. But one calling off was not enough for Joan—she had to be called off three or four times. Then she seemed to understand that she was not only to let Petrina alone, but to be friendly with her. These advances Petrina resented in the ways in which the cat shows resentment, with spittings and strikings. This was kept up for several days. Joan was not ofscouraged, from which I conclude that the dog has less di natural enmity for the cat than the cat for the dog—though, of course, it must be taken into the account that in the activity of this enmity the cat is more apt to suffer seriously than the dog, the cat being the weaker of the two. The cat may scratch out the eyes of the dog, but in the death struggle the cat is the one who is apt to be reduced to a condition for burial.

Joan persisted in her advances, and in doing so showed, as I pointed out in an article in the *World* recently, that she is highly endowed with the faculty of imitation, for in playfully returning the spiteful strokes of Petrina the action was singularly and amusingly cat-like.

The advances of Joan were seconded. I would often hear the mistress of all of us say, "Joan, Petrina has no sense! Petrina, do you not see that Joan is trying to play with you?" Whether these words had any effect I do not know, though the lower animals understand very much more of human speech than we give them credit for understanding, but the fact is that after a week or so Petrina yielded, and now she and Joan are the very best of friends, and such constant playfellows that quiet has flown from the rectory, especially apparently at the time of the after-dinner nap.

The way in which Joan does make for Petrina; the way in which Petrina sits on her haunches and strikes at Joan; the way in which they run after each other, tumble over each other, maul each other—these ways are astonishing, entertaining—as good as a show—sometimes aggravating.

Always in them is there food for psychological and biophilistic thought. As I have intimated, the intercourse of Joan and Petrina has shown that the cat and the dog are natural or at least hereditary enemies, and that that enmity is overcome by their becoming better acquainted, especially when their acquaintance is forwarded and their confidence in each other established by the taking of a little trouble by some human being who has a regard for each of them.

Again, in their intercourse there is manifestation of reason. Time and again have I seen Joan stop in their play to drop upon one hip to scratch her ear. This would necessitate the turning away of her head from Petrina. Like a flash will Petrina take advantage of the situation and leap on Joan's back. And can any one take advantage of a situation without reasoning? The other day they in their play rushed from the dining-room through the two doors which give entrance to the kitchen across the hallway of a flight of back stairs. Petrina can recover herself more quickly than can Joan. She did so, and rushed back into the dining-room. In this she had a purpose. She hid behind the dining-room door, and when Joan came through, her mouth open and her long, silken yellow ears flopping, Petrina leaped upon her, much to Joan's surprise. Whether Petrina enjoyed the laughter which followed this feat or not, she deserved the applause which she got.

In that feat did Petrina evidence the power of reason? Does Edison love children? I vaguely remember that I have somewhere noticed that he does. If so, in playing with children I have no doubt that now and then he lies in wait for them that he may jump out and take them in his arms, laughingly enjoying their surprise. In so doing, in the lower region of play—if it be the lower—does he not employ the same faculty that he employs in the higher region of mechanics when he invents such a machine as, say, the kinetograph? And in laying a plan to surprise Joan, did not Petrina employ the same faculty which Edison would employ in laying a plan to surprise a child?

I have no doubt that when looking upon children Edison thinks of children who have gone on before and hopes that in the after life he may meet them, and imagines that now they are playing in the Eternal Home as once they played in the temporal home. So when I look at Joan and Petrina at their play I think of the dogs and the cats whom I have known as the years have gone by, imagine them playing in the Eternal Home as once they played in the temporal home, and—do I hope that I may meet them in the after life? Why not?

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

## The Dog and Man's Ignorance.

CALIFORNIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has given me much pleasure from time to time to read the comments and observations in FOREST AND STREAM upon natural history. FOREST AND STREAM gleans a wide realm and is rich in resource. I am especially pleased with those observations, sketches and anecdotes which discuss animal life, habits and characteristics, as well as with the logic and philosophy of many of your observant and talented contributors.

I think it is surprising to naturalists, as it is painful, to realize the far too general ignorance that prevails in regard to nearly all animals. While man is assumed (by himself) to be the highest and most intelligent of animals, the climax and boast of creation, how little does he know—or rather what an infinite deal does he not know—of his surroundings and fellow creatures!

These reflections, while not new to me nor to many of your readers, are reiterated here owing to a perusal in these columns of the disquisitions of A Posteriori, Rev. Charles Josiah Adams, and the papers on hydrophobia by the Philadelphia Anti-Vivisection Society.

Is it not astonishing—nay, is it not humiliating—that we know so little, almost nothing, of the dog? He has been man's closest companion, outside his own immediate species, since Abraham and Lot took possession of the world as property. With all his real or fancied intelligence, does man in 1896, A. D., know as much of the dog as the dog knows of man? If man knows as much, does he know more?

Here is this learned society, through talented physicians of many decades of experience, just now announcing that hydrophobia is a thing so rare as to be almost a myth. Scarcely a well authenticated case can be cited by all the able faculty! And yet in this enlightened and advanced era and country we have been intimidated from generation to generation with stories of mad dogs.

Every well regulated village and town in the country kills off a few mad dogs every summer. Newspapers tell at frequent intervals of the curdling antics, of the horrible doings of mad dogs. Many people and horses are bitten and die, and the policemen and constables have fearful struggles with mad dogs everywhere.

And now we are just finding out that mad dogs are about as scarce as moose are on Broadway. This is a severe blow to nursery legends. If we have no mad dogs, where's the use of having the mad stone where people can go and be cured after being bitten? How will the newspapers get along without this necessary adjunct? Both we and they will have to worry along without hydrophobia and mad dogs. If there were no mad men we could scarcely survive this loss.

Has the dog been as foolish in all these years? Has he gone about biting or tearing to pieces such individuals of the human species of animals as had gone mad? Perhaps he thought it too much of a contract.

But in all his career as a poor dumb brute, with no faculties but "instincts," has the dog ever made such an idiot of himself as to cherish a superstition from generation to generation for 1,000 years or so? No. It may be, as it seems, that dogs and the lower animals advance slowly, but they seem withal quite sure of their ground.

A Posteriori, Mr. Adams and others of us like to grope—that is conjecture. We would like to know now, after cherishing the dog for 2,000 years or so, something about him. But, alas! the dog, like nearly or like every other atom of creation, animate or inane, is beyond us still. We may be instrumental in propogating his species, may elevate him to ideal standards of excellence, may finally teach him to distinguish a portrait by its likeness to a personality, but from this will spring no fountain of wisdom.

The trend of everything with us inclines away from the natural to the ideal, speculative, artificial. In my poor opinion we will profit more in the study of the natural than in our efforts to revolutionize and improve many things as they exist. The idea I mean to express is, most things as they exist are imperfect or unsatisfactory to us because we do not understand them. Hence for so many years we have believed in the common prevalence of mad dogs and hydrophobia because we are ignorant and superstitious. The natural is usually right—artifice always questionable. RANSACKER.

CALIFORNIA.

## Entries to Continental F. T. Club's Chicken Trials.

### ALL-AGE STAKE.

E. A. Burdett's b. and w. setter bitch Anne of Abbotsford (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl).
Paul H. Gotzian's l. and w. setter dog Lawrence (Doc Quinn—Minnesota).
N. T. De Pauw's liv. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (——— — ———).
A. L. Shonfield's b., w. and t. setter dog Noble Leo (——— — ———).
A. M. Young's b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (——— — ———).
Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Boy—Bettie B.).
D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Domino (——— — ———).
D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Tony Boy (——— — ———).
D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Greenway (——— — ———).
D. E. Rose's (agt.) l. and w. pointer dog Von Gull (——— — ———).

### NORTHWESTERN STAKE.

A. C. Reid's b. and t. setter bitch Swab (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).
Thos. Johnson's b. setter bitch Psyche (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).
Thos. Johnson's b. b. setter bitch Patti (Duke of Gloster—Flora).
Thos. Johnson's liv., w. and t. pointer dog Lonsdale (Coton—Psyche).
Thos. Johnson's l. and w. pointer dog Alberta Joe (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blythe).
Thos. Johnson's b. setter dog Sancho (Manitoba Toss—Manitoba Bess).
Richard Merrill's liv. and w. pointer dog Strideamore (Strideaway—Hops II ).
Richard Merrill's liv. and w. pointer bitch Daisy Rip-Rap (——— — ———).
C. E. Dickey & Co.'s b., w. and t. setter dog Kingston (Chance—Bessie Avent).
Paul H. Gotzian's l. and w. setter dog Lawrence (Doc Quinn—Minnesota).
J. W. Penderson's English setter bitch Lady of Gloss.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

## New England Beagle Trials.

LINDEN, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Entry blanks to the New England Beagle Club's fall field trials are now ready and will be mailed to all, but should any be overlooked I will gladly forward them on application. The trials this fall should be the best ever held by the club, and undoubtedly the several classes will be well filled. There will probably be fifteen or more starters in the Futurity Stake, which will be looked forward to with much interest, as quite a number of the most noted bench and field winning stud dogs are represented, namely, Wanderer, Frank Forest, Zeno, Spark R., Ringleader, Clyde, Diamond Forest and several others.

The trials will be held, as usual, at Oxford, Mass., and from all accounts rabbits are more plentiful than ever. The club headquarters will be at Hotel Bacon, where first-class accommodations can be had for about $1.50 a day, and it is a well-known fact, as hundreds can testify, that Mr. Bacon never allows any one to go away hungry. The accommodations for dogs this year will be first class, as the club has secured a building about five minutes' walk from the hotel, light and comfortable, which will be partitioned off so each handler can have his dogs all by themselves and under lock and key if he wishes.

Messrs. Quynn and Turpin, the judges selected, are well known to nearly every beagle breeder in America as thorough sportsmen, and it is unnecessary to state that the best dogs will be placed at the head, no matter who owns or handles them. All prize money will be paid immediately after the judges give their decision, same as last year. A long list of special prizes will be donated by the members, which will be published in the sporting press at an early date. One of the most pleasant features of the trials will be quite a delegation of the celebrated Maryland beagle breeders, who will be on hand to attend the trials for the first time, and without doubt the New England boys will give them a hearty greeting.

W. S. CLARK.

## Union Field Trials Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the fact that the Presidential election occurs on Tuesday, Nov. 3, the Union Field Trials Club has decided to begin its trials on Monday, Oct. 26, at Carlisle, Ind. This will enable patrons, handlers and spectators to attend the trials and get back home in time to vote. It will also enable handlers to run their dogs in these trials and get to the Eastern Field Trials Club's trials in time to give their dogs several days' work on North Carolina grounds before the Eastern Derby starts.

The grounds at Carlisle have been secured free of cost, and as the officers and judges donate their services, and the cost of running in these trials is only $15, we anticipate a large entry, thus insuring prizes of sufficient size to be worth contesting for.

The trials will be judged by Mr. Royal Robinson, who is an ardent admirer of both pointers and setters, and Mr. S. H. Socwell, who does all of his shooting over a pointer; we therefore feel justified in saying that the best dog will win, regardless of breed. The entry blanks are now ready for mailing. The entries to the Derby close Sept. 15, with $5 forfeit and $10 to start. The All-Age entries will close Oct. 15, with $5 forfeit and $10 to start. The breeds will run together in both stakes.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas

### A Rabbit Hunt.

CENTERVILLE STATION, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take great pleasure in reading FOREST AND STREAM. I am a farmer and a lover of a good dog and gun. I have never read of many rabbit hunts, so I thought I would try and write of one.

We were having a real blizzard and, as I looked out of doors, I thought writing would be a good occupation to pass the time away.

Herman M. and Gus J. left New York city on the 3 P. M. train for Centerville, Sullivan county, and arrived there at 7 P. M., where I met them with my team one evening last November. Gus brought his dog Bobbie with him. Bobbie is a son of my dog Sport, and when they get after a cottontail something is bound to happen.

The next day proved to be one of those beautiful days of early November, just the kind of a day to make a man feel like going hunting, and the dogs were feeling fine. They seemed to know what we intended doing.

We started out south of the house, across the lake, to a side hill covered with blackberry briers and bushes. Bobbie started the first one and Sport joined in with him. Up over the hill they went. They ran him a half hour, when Gus and I heard Herman's gun crack and he called out, "All right!"

Gus and I started up the hill toward Herman, when out jumped a rabbit. Gus and I both scored a miss, but I rolled him over with my second barrel. We started on. The dogs having heard us shoot came running toward us, when up flew a brace of partridges, which came within gunshot of us. Gus and I both shot and down fell the pair of plump birds. Gus said this is fun and no mistake.

Herman called and wanted to know what all the shooting meant. When we got to where he was we had a little talk as to which way we should go on separating. Before we got through talking the dogs had another rabbit going, and after we shot at it three times it got into a woodchuck hole in safety. We called to the dogs, and while they were coming down the hill they started another one, which went toward Herman and fell dead when his gun cracked. About the same time a partridge flew up and Herman shot that also.

It was then 11 A. M. We hunted the rest of the hill, and when noon came we counted five rabbits and three partridges. We halted by the side of a convenient haystack and discussed the experience of the morning, eating our lunch and smoking our pipes. After spending an hour in rest we proceeded toward the east side of a small swamp to kill some more rabbits and possibly another partridge.

The dogs soon had another rabbit on the jump. It was a cunning old buck, one that fooled the dogs as well as ourselves. The leaves being dry made it hard to keep the track. We each had a shot at the old fellow, when finally he stopped to Gus's second shot, at long range through thick bushes along the edge of the swamp. When at a spring near by the dogs flushed a woodcock—a late stayer. We marked him down, and after we three hunted and hunted that woodcock and tried to raise him again we had to give him up, for the dogs had another rabbit started.

We scattered out along the edge of the swamp and Gus had the pleasure of knocking him over.

As we went on a little further we came to an old wood road, and up flew a fine old cock partridge. Our three guns spoke as one, and down came one bird. We all claimed him, neither being aware that the other had shot. After an explanation we opened our guns for proof, each showing an empty chamber. We had a good laugh and went on, for the dogs had another rabbit started. Each went on a run to get in good position to shoot it. Gus happened to start one out of the thick weeds and grass and neatly knocked him over with a well-directed shot and then went on to his position, the top of an old stump. Soon afterward we heard Herman's gun crack twice, and he called out, "All right."

It was then near 3 P. M., and the rabbits had commenced to run about to feed, and the dogs soon had another one going that took refuge in an old stone row one-fourth of a mile from where he was first started. But another one was soon started, and I soon ended his career after having to fire the second time.

It was then most 4 P. M. In the next hour we shot three more rabbits. As it was then near night we started for home, having shot twelve rabbits and four partridges.

We arrived home a half hour later and we each had a good appetite for the steaming dinner that awaited us. We spent three such days, and then my friends went home so well pleased that they were coming again before the season closes. TIMM.

### Queens County Agricultural Show.

MR. MORTIMER informs us that Mr. Leslie A. Burritt, of Bayonne, New Jersey, will judge Boston terriers at the Mineola show, and Bedlington terriers will be judged by Mr. R. F. Mayhew.

The American Spaniel Club offers the Lawrence trophy for the best brace of cocker spaniels, any color. This in place of the Bell paintings, which have been withdrawn.

Entries are already being received in good numbers, and there is every indication that all classes will be well filled.

Exhibitors are again notified that puppy and novice classes will be opened for any breed where there are not less than three entries for each class, and we again remind them that entries close Sept. 8, with James Mortimer, Secretary, Hempstead, L. I. Entry fee, $2.

### Dachshunde at Montreal.

BLACK LAKE, P. Q., Aug. 28.—Would you be kind enough to rectify an error in the Montreal premium list respecting dachshunde: "There will be but one challenge class for dogs and bitches together, but two open classes for dogs and bitches respectively, which, moreover, will be divided if five or more of any color or variety are entered, so that the classification is practically the same as in Kingston or Toronto." L. A. KLEIN.

Mr. J. W. Gross, Harrisburg, Pa., writes us as follows: I would like to have the pedigree of the beagle dog Rip Van Winkle, owned some time ago by Tom Buck, of the Blue Ridge Beagle Kennels. Can any reader of FOREST AND STREAM kindly furnish it?

## TECHNICAL TERMS.

FOR the benefit of those who may not be completely *au fait* with all the technical expressions used in works and conversations on the subject of the dog, the following alphabetical list is appended. Such a list has already been published in Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog;" but this list is by no means complete, and considerable additions have been made to it in the dictionary below, while certain terms, which it contains, have been omitted, as their meanings are obvious.

*Apple-headed*—Is a term which signifies a skull round, not flat, at the top—a feature which is seen, in its most marked form, in toy terriers.

*Babbler.*—A dog which is noisy, and apt to give too much tongue at work. A spaniel is often said to be a "babbler" when it gives tongue while belonging to one of the mute breeds. It is not a compliment.

*Belton.*—A name applied to the Laverack setter. A "blue Belton" is a setter flecked with blue; a "lemon Belton," similarly with yellow.

*Blaze.*—A white streak up the middle of the face of some breeds, such as the St. Bernard, collie, or fox terrier.

*Blenheim-mark*—Is a mark on the skull of the Blenheim spaniel in the middle of the blaze, and of the same orange color as the body color of this breed of spaniel.

*Breeching.*—The hair on the backs of the thighs. Thus, a schipperke may be described as being "well breeched," or having "good breeching," signifying that it is strongly feathered on the back of the thighs. A Manchester Black and Tan terrier may be said to have no tan "breeching," or that it is black—as it should be—and not tan at this place. Sometimes a Manchester terrier may be said, briefly, to be "breeched," and this means that it has the objectionable tan behind the thighs.

*Brisket.*—The portion of the body in front of the chest and below the neck.

*Brush.*—A term signifying the tail; often used in the case of dogs having heavily-coated tails, as the collie.

*Butterfly-nose.*—A spotted or patched nose. The term is not used in the case of young puppies, whose noses will frequently be spotted or patchy as the color gradually changes from white to black; it is applied to adult dogs whose noses have arrived at the color they will always be. A "butterfly-nose" is most frequently seen in white dogs, such as the white English terrier, which have to be pure white for show, and the absence of color tends to produce white skin and parti-colored nose.

*Button-ear*—Is the term applied to that form of ear which falls forward, hiding the whole of the inside, as the ear of the fox terrier.

*Cankered mouth*—Signifies that one or more of the canine teeth is in a cankered or diseased condition.

*Cat-footed*—Means a dog with short, round feet, the knuckles being also high and well rounded. It is the opposite conformation to what is known as the "hare-foot," which will be defined in its proper place. The "cat-foot" is a much admired and desirable form of foot in a fox terrier, foxhound, and in fact most breeds. In a few breeds, such as the greyhound, setter and others, it is a matter of opinion.

*Character*—Is a term applied when a dog exhibits in a marked form the points and characteristics of the breed to which it belongs. Thus it may be said a dog abounds in terrier "character."

*Chest.*—The chest of a dog is not merely such portion of the chest as can be viewed in front, but that part of the dog which extends from brisket to belly.

*Chippendale.*—A bull dog is sometimes said to be "Chippendale-legged," that is, its forelegs, viewed from the front, resemble those of a Chippendale chair in shape, being far apart at the shoulders and bowed in to be much closer together at the pasterns.

*Chop.*—The upper lip. A good deal about the "chop" may be heard in a description of a bull dog in which the "chop" should be thick and deep, hanging over the lower jaw at the sides.

*Clean-shoe.*—A dog, such as the bloodhound, may be described as being able to hunt a "clean-shoe" or "clean-boot" when it is able to track a man by scent, without the aid of aniseed or other strong smelling applications to the soles.

*Cobby.*—A term applied to a short-backed, compact, well-ribbed-up dog, as the pug.

*Collar.*—A band of white around the neck of the St. Bernard, and an admired point.

*Couplings.*—The space between the tops of the shoulder blades and of the hip joints. Thus, a dog is said to be long or short in the couplings according as this space is one or the other.

*Comb fringe.*—The fringe of feather on the tail of a dog, such as the setter.

*Cow-hocked.*—A dog is said to be "cow-hocked" when its hocks turn in inwards—a very undesirable conformation in any breed.

*Crest.*—The upper portion of a dog's neck.

*Cushion.*—A term applied to a feature in the face of the bull dog. It is a good point to be able to say a bull dog is well "cushioned up," or possessing the necessary amount of "cushion" in the skin of the face behind the chop.

*Dew-lap.*—The pendulous skin under the throat of a dog. It should be absent in many breeds, as in the terrier or greyhound, but very marked in others, as in the Basset hound.

*Dew-claw*—Is an extra claw found on the forelegs of all breeds, but on the hindlegs of only certain breeds, such as the St. Bernard.

*Dish-faced*—Is a term applied to a dog whose face turns up somewhat at the nose; that is, when the nose at the nasal bone is higher than at the stop. Pointers are not unfrequently "dish-faced."

*Dome-skulled*—Signifies when a dog's skull is dome-shaped at the top, as in the case of the bloodhound.

*Dudley.*—A "Dudley" is a dog with a flesh-colored nose. A dog with such a nose has often also light-colored eyes and a generally pinkish yellowish countenance, when it is called "Dudley-faced." The name originated from Dudley, in the Black Country in Worcestershire, from which neighborhood a number of Dudley-marked dogs were said to have come.

*Double-nosed.*—Occasionally a dog, particularly the bull dog, exhibits a split septum or nostril, giving the appearance of a double nose, hence the term.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A. K. C. and Suspensions.

AT the forthcoming meeting of the A. K. C. it seems that a sense of common justice should impel the delegates to reconsider the Bell case, for as it now stands it has the appearance of vindictive discrimination.

In the matter of making illegal entries, the City of the Straits Kennel Club were principals in the matter equally with Mr. Bell, the one making the entries, the other accepting them; and both, so far as the evidence shows, entering into the affair with open eyes; yet the club is given a fine of $25 or a suspension of sixty days in midsummer, when its club functions are dormant and suspension at that time has not even the dignity of an inconvenience; while Mr. Bell for the same offense is suspended for a year, and suspension to the individual is a much greater hardship than it is to the club, since it carries with it disqualification of the offender's dogs. The A. K. C. laws should not be fish for one and flesh for another. They should be just for all alike.

The goddess of justice is portrayed as being blind, thus her justice is dealt out even-handed to the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak alike; but in this special case of A. K. C. justice the goddess seems to be one-eyed and one-armed, and one-eyed justice is not of the kind to win the confidence and esteem of the dog world, or for that matter any other world.

There seems to be a regrettable absence of backbone in the A. K. C. management. The delegates lead up with much bravery and parade of knowledge to a point where decisive action is necessary and their courage fails, or expediency interposes, and what appeared to be a brave parade with a purpose ends in an inglorious fizzle. Several such cases can be recalled where much ado ended in nothing.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The Canadian Kennel Club will hold its annual meeting in the Board Room of the Industrial Exposition, on the grounds, Toronto, Tuesday, Sept. 8, at 3 P. M. A meeting will be held on the same date, in same place, at 1:30 P. M.

The many dog fanciers who will be at the coming Providence show may be interested to know that the club grounds, kennels, etc., of the New England Kennel Club at Braintree, near Boston, will be open to visitors. The manager, Mr. James E. Green, will be glad to show the kennels, etc. The latter now contain about sixty dogs, from St. Bernards down to the smallest kind of toy terriers. The arrangements for trap-shooting are excellent and the sport is well patronized. On Wednesday, Sept. 9, the members and their friends will meet at the club grounds and the traps will be kept very busy during the afternoon. It is the intention to have sweepstakes, and friends of members who wish to try their luck at the traps will receive a hearty welcome.

## KENNEL NOTES.

**Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

BRED.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's Ruby Girl, English setter bitch, July 13, to champion Count Gladstone IV.

## Wheeling.

*Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.*

### WHEELING TO FISHING WATERS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the summer I do a good deal of fishing in the waters about New York, and I have found the bicycle of great service in getting to and from the fishing points.

Last Sunday I took a run down on Staten Island. This is a favorite trip with me, as the roads are exceptionally good, and the treatment accorded to wheelmen by ferry and railroad is all that could be asked.

The fishing just now is good at all points on the south shore from South Beach to Tottenville, and one in search of a day's sport cannot well go astray.

South Beach is a favorite point for a great many fishermen from New York, as the trip is very inexpensive and as they can generally count on a mess of fish if they know how to catch them. There are several docks toward the Narrows end of the beach and one long pier at the other end. From this latter weakfish may be caught, and earlier in the season a great many fluke were taken. Just now the porgies and small snappers are beginning to bite here, as at other points on the south shore. Boats may be had if wanted, and such bait as clams and killies is generally obtainable. Other bait will have to be brought from the city, and this rule obtains at the other fishing points on Staten Island, though occasionally sand worms can be bought, and if one is not above it he can dig them for himself at low tide. It is always, however, the safest plan to bring one's bait from the city, and in the end it always avoids much annoyance.

Beyond South Beach are Gifford's, Huguenot, Prince's Bay and Tottenville—all good points for the salt-water fisherman. The further one goes from New York, the less he is bothered by other fishermen, and as a rule the fishing improves.

At all the places named above one will find boats, which can be hired reasonably. If the fisherman wants to make a record it is a good plan for him to be on the ground the night before, so as to insure an early start.

All these points, with the exception of Tottenville, are some distance from the Rapid Transit Railroad, but hacks connect them with the trains as a rule.

For the wheelman the route, after leaving the ferry at St. George, is to follow the shore road through Tompkinsville to Clifton until near the station, where a turn to the right is made into the Richmond road, which will carry him through to New Dorp, about six miles from the ferry. This part of the route is cut up with trolley lines and is not so good as further on.

At New Dorp turn sharp to the left, leaving the Richmond road and striking into the Tottenville turnpike,

which runs to the extreme end of the island. The road runs near the railroad the whole distance and crosses it several times. At frequent intervals are cross roads running down to the sea, and these are all ridable except in very wet weather.

Last Sunday I rode through the village of Pleasant Plains, which is about fourteen miles from the St. George ferry, and just beyond the point where the road crosses the railroad track. I took a side road running through the Mount Loretto grounds. Mount Loretto is a Roman Catholic orphan asylum, where there are reputed to be upward of 2,000 boys and girls. The buildings, including a large church, whose spire is a landmark for the surrounding country, occupy a little eminence about a mile from the village. There is a macadam road, I believe, running the entire distance from the main road to the salt water, but I did not strike this. The road I followed was well graded, and by keeping to the side paths the riding was excellent. This road passes close to some large barns, near which it forks, one branch running each side of a lighthouse built upon a promontory which rises 75 or 100ft. sheer from the water. I should have taken the right hand fork, as I found out afterward, but instead I chose the other, and soon found myself on the beach, with the waters of that part of the Lower Bay, known as Raritan Bay, lapping at my feet.

The point which I desired to reach was a dock running out from the Mount Loretto grounds, and this I could see about half a mile below. The tide was out and the walking along the beach fairly good, though too soft for wheeling. So I started down the beach around the lighthouse promontory, pushing my wheel ahead. When I had covered half the distance I came across three boats just making a landing. At this spot some blankets and pieces of canvas were laid out smoothly on the beach above high water mark, and from these and other indications I concluded that the party now putting ashore had camped on the spot the previous night to take advantage of the early fishing.

I met them as they came ashore, and found that they had more fish than they knew what to do with. These were, however, mostly sand porgies, which the fishermen reported to be biting voraciously. They had been out on the "middle banks," where a number of other boats could then be seen at a distance of about two miles from shore.

Refusing their kindly proffered offer of some fish, I pushed on to the dock, on which I could now see several men fishing. I found that they were pulling in the porgies at fairly regular intervals, though there was no sign of larger fish.

The dock or pier on which I soon found myself is the first of three which put out into the bay at close intervals. The other two are reserved for the exclusive use of the asylum, but fishermen are permitted on the first. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the fathers at the asylum are good fishermen, and almost any other day one could have seen some of them enjoying the sport from the middle pier. It was once before my privilege to fish from this pier, after an unsuccessful morning near Tottenville, in company with two of the priests, and more thorough sportsmen than these modern exponents of St. Peter would be hard to find. They took a keen pleasure in what they were doing that was good to see, and they proved their skill by hooking a fish every time their lines were baited. They had a man along with them to cut bait and attend to their lines, and if this fellow carried all the fish they caught back to the Asylum I guess he would rather have let some of the orphans go hungry.

Last Sunday I had a light split-bamboo bait rod along, and though I only caught small fish the sport was interesting enough. The porgies are running large this year and are unusually plentiful already, while snappers skim along just under the surface of the water in frequent schools.

Soon after I reached the dock some of the other fishermen began catching weakfish, and one man caught four nice fellows in about an hour's time, using shedder crabs for bait.

This dock is used by the boys from the asylum as a swimming place, and during the course of the afternoon we saw a long column of them marching down, two abreast, for their daily dip. Some who could not swim stopped at the sand beach, but the majority of the boys came out on the dock, attended by a single priest. They were very orderly in undressing, and evidently had been drilled in this respect; for all disrobed in the same manner, first taking off their nether garments and then slipping on bathing trunks before discarding their shirts. One of the boys had lost an arm and another a leg, but both could swim like fish. Soon the water was full of boys, so that the slower ones had hard work finding clear places where they could jump or dive in safety; but all their kicking out and splashing did not stop the fishing at the end of the dock, and several weakfish—than which there is no shyer fish in salt water—were taken at this time.

Some of the orphans begged hooks and sinkers and began fishing themselves, with good success; but others, probably newer arrivals, showed great ignorance on the subject. A little coterie of two or three boys of this class were very much excited when they saw the weakfish coming in, and debated among themselves as to whether the red spotted fellows were not sharks. Presently a whistle sounded from the beach, and the boys fell in line, and, marching back to the asylum, the wharf was again left to the fishermen.

A little before 6 I concluded I had had enough sport for the day, so I searched out a secluded spot near the lighthouse and had a dip in the cool salt water. Afterward I pedaled leisurely over to the railroad station at Pleasant Plains and took the train back to New York. My ticket cost 25 cents and the wheel was carried free.

J. A. C.

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A recent issue of the Mattawa, Canada, *Tribune and Nipissing Register* carries a curious advertisement, that of the Hudson's Bay Co., which sets forth the excellence of a certain make of bicycle. It says: "The bicycle is no longer a luxury, but a necessity." It would seem so when the very type and synonym of Arctic traffic is to be supplemented by the flying safety express. One does not at first think of the upper Canadian country as the natural home of the wheel, but it seems the latter is to know no geographical limit. And the advertisement of the Hudson's Bay Co. always bears the suggestive headline after its title: "Incorporated 1075."

## HOW TO CARRY A GUN.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your Wheeling notes that you ask the best way to carry a gun on a bicycle, and I inclose cut showing my way of doing it. Had I thought that such information was wanted I should have been more explicit in describing my method of doing it in my plover shooting notes, published several weeks ago. I know that some sportsmen carry their guns across their shoulders, with and without case, but I prefer to strap mine on the wheel, with the barrels of the gun along the upper frame tube and with strap at each end around the saddle and handle bar tube. I also fasten a strap from the carrying handle of the case to the lower frame tube to keep the gun from swinging against my leg. In going from one field to another along the road I remove shells from the gun and carry the gun in my right hand, guiding the wheel with my left hand; but for a longer distance, when I wish to ride faster, I prefer to have the gun in its case strapped to wheel.

J. L. DAVISON.

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BOSTON, Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Aug. 22 I see you ask the question, "Which is the best way to carry a gun on a bicycle?" The inclosed sketch is my method. I have strapped a .32-40 Winchester on one side and a 12-gauge shotgun on the other, and ridden thirty-three miles, with no inconvenience whatever, except, perhaps, two bright bands on the bar where the enamel was worn off by the slipping of the straps.

S. POKES.

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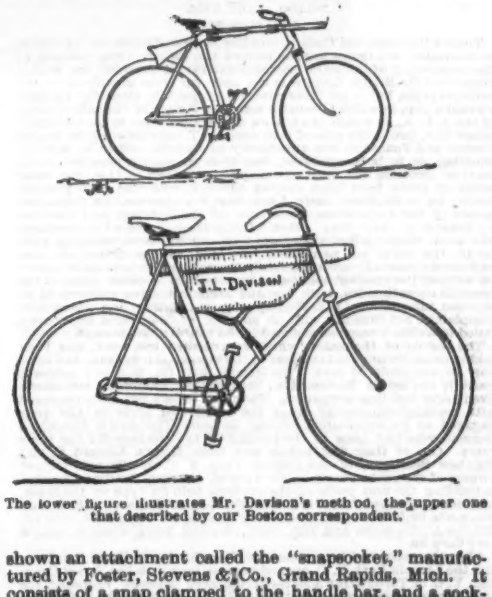
HOLLAND, Mich., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been somewhat of a question to me how to carry a gun on a bicycle. A shotgun is too heavy to comfortably carry slung from the shoulder, and if strapped to the frame the gun case wears off the enamel, and the gun is in such a position as to chafe the person and makes pedaling awkward and disagreeable. A few weeks ago I was




The lower figure illustrates Mr. Davison's method, the upper one that described by our Boston correspondent.

shown an attachment called the "snapsocket," manufactured by Foster, Stevens & Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. It consists of a snap clamped to the handle bar, and a socket attached to the fork. The gun is held in a nearly perpendicular position, muzzle down, and can be instantly removed by pushing it forward. This method of carrying the gun has the advantage of the others in that the gun can be carried loaded (or can be loaded very quickly) when wheeling in places where shots at game are had from the road. The sockets are made in different shapes to carry double or single-barreled guns; your fishing rod or umbrella can also be carried in it.

I carry my Winchester .22 very readily in it, and frequently ride along the streets in the outskirts of the city, and shoot English sparrows from the electric light and telephone wires. The sparrow has not yet learned to fear a man on a wheel, for one can ride up to them, dismount, remove the gun from the snap and shoot, before they know what is up.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL.

## HOW THE OLD BIRD WAS OUTWITTED.

FITCHBURG, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had been located in a small village in Connecticut about a year before I got the bicycle fever, and I don't know as I should even then have owned a wheel if I hadn't thought it would bring the hunting grounds nearer my door. My time for gunning was limited to morning and evening hours and Saturday afternoons, and I lost much precious time in getting to and from the "good places." So I bought a wheel and soon learned to ride. Every morning, with gun swung across my back and the best dog on earth trotting on behind, I went wheeling out of town for an hour or so with the birds.

About a mile out of town the road ran between two small pieces of woodland, crossed a little brook and turned a sharp corner down a hill, at the foot of which was a small swamp. In this piece of woodland there lived an old partridge, full of years and cunning. One fine morning as I was wheeling along this road I made his acquaintance. My first impression of him as he ran across the road in front of me was that he was a mighty fine bird, and just as Geeth drew up stiff as a stake at the roadside, where he disappeared, I tumbled off the wheel only to hear a whir and roar of wings as the old fellow left for other fields and pastures new. I knew in about what direction the bird had gone, and after about a five minutes' walk got another point in the swamp at the foot of the hill; but the place was too thick, and I only heard that awful roar of wings as my friend said good-bye again. By this time it was the hour for me to get back again to my work, and so I wheeled into town, resolved on getting that partridge next morning. Daybreak found me on the road, and our performance of the day before was repeated, and I became convinced that I had a very cunning bird to deal with, for when the dog made his point each time the old bird would run until the edge of the woods was reached, when it would get up with a mighty whir of wings, fly back through the thick woods and dive into the swamp at the foot of the hill. I dubbed the bird Old Noisy, and for two weeks each morning I tried in every way to get a shot until Geeth and I were about disgusted.

One night, after I had gone to bed, I planned our morning excursion, and hit upon a scheme that meant sure death to Old Noisy. I had noticed that almost invariably the bird would dive into the swamp at the foot of the hill at one particular spot, and to reach which he had to fly across the brow of the hill possibly 50ft. in the open. On reaching the ground next morning, I called Geeth to heel, while I arranged my wheel for a quick mount, and without taking my gun from my back sent in the dog. Everything worked like a charm. Geeth hadn't gone 20ft. from the road into the brush before I saw him stop and make a grand old point. Making a quick rush for the wheel, I put up my feet on the coasters and went flying down the hill. The bottom reached, I tumbled off: jumped the fence at the roadside just in time to see Old Noisy set his wings and come sailing over the hill. I knew then that he was coming to his death, and at the crack of the smokeless cartridge I saw him fold up those noisy wings and come bouncing on the grass at my feet. Geeth too heard the gun, the first shot I had ever fired at the bird, and he came barking his congratulations, while I stood cap in hand all unstrung by the exciting ride and successful shot. I am sorry to say I ate Old Noisy—a poor ending to so cunning an old bird—and I have wished many times he was back at his old tricks, while I might have the fun all over again. My wheel, my dog and my gun became inseparable companions; they used to ask me to go with them on their excursions many times that year, but we never got any birds that seemed to quite so well fill our game bag as Old Noisy.

H. W.

## NOTES.

The sportsmen of all ranks and walks are taking to the wheel. The famous target champion, Rolla Heikes, is an ardent admirer of the wheel for sport or exercise, and attributes much of his present good form to his season's exercise on wheelback. After his late winning in a hard race at Chicago Mr. Heikes took a day off for a long ride west of Chicago. Gilbert, Budd and other well-known trap-shooters also ride, and like the exercise.

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It is a well-known fact that wild animals and birds will frequently permit the close approach of a man on horseback or in a wagon, at times when easily alarmed by the sight of a man on foot. Mr. Baumgartel in his note on carrying a gun points out that this unconcern, at least as regards English sparrows, applies to the bicycle as well as other vehicles. All of which goes to show that the advantages of the bicycle from the sportsman's point of view are not easily exhausted.

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Packing on the bicycle is a question of interest to men who camp out. If a gun may be carried into the woods, why not supplies and a tent? A well-constructed case fitting the frame will serve for a great many articles whose dimensions in one direction are not over 4 or 5in., and the handle bars and rear fork offer other opportunities for packing. A rider weighing 150lbs. should be able to carry 40 or 50lbs. of dead weight on his bicycle, without danger to himself or the wheel.

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Of course the cooking outfit would have to be condensed into the smallest limits, and everything including the tent be made with a special view to lightness and portability. Then too the bicycle itself would have to be humored over rough roads, and where the rider had to get off and walk he would probably find it no easy task to push it with its load, as those who have taught other persons to ride will understand.

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Such a trip could most profitably be made by two or more sportsmen in company. Blankets and tent and outfit in general would then do double duty, and individual loads would be reduced. Possibly an arrangement for clamping two bicycles together side by side could be used to advantage on the return for bringing out the trophies of the hunt.

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Lieut. Moss, of the regular army, in making his three days' scouting trip from Fort Missoula, Montana, demonstrated to a remarkable degree the packing capacity of the bicycle and its ability to stand rough usage. His party numbered seven, and the avarage weight of riders and packed wheels was 232lbs. Assuming that the stripped bicycles weighed 28lbs. apiece, they carried more than nine times their own weight over one of the roughest countries on the continent without breakdown or serious mishap.

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The Boston *Herald*, which has come to hand since writing the above, has the following note on the subject of camping trips:

A traveler lately returned from the West reports that cyclists of that region are just now taking extended camping trips. Wisconsin and Michigan, he says, are full of them, roving around with their outfits strapped to their wheels. The regular triangular case to fit into the diamond frame is used, and if there are a number in the party the camp implements are distributed among them and carried with ease. Some also carry light knapsacks, and what seems a difficult way of transporting camp outfits becomes in reality efficient and labor-saving. Small tents of light gossamer or silk, which fold up into an exceedingly small package, are used. The cyclists are also provided with rubber capes, which completely protect them from the rain when riding. Fishing tackle is easily carried, and the wheelmen on that account make fishing their favorite sport, though some of the more daring are seen with shotguns strapped to their wheels. It is astonishing into what regions of poor roads, but good camping, these novel tourists have penetrated. No one has ever seen them cross an unbridged river, but they undoubtedly have some way as clever as their other methods. They often take their wheels to the nearest railroad and ship them to some point where they meet them by boat, for canoeing is by no means impossible for camping cyclists. The movements of these wheelmen show that camping has been reduced to a science to be enjoyed by all classes of sportsmen.

Judge Thompson, of Louisville, Ky., recently rendered the following decision in the case of a wheelman arrested for riding on the sidewalk where the street was in bad condition. He said:

"In these cases the burden is on the defendants to prove that the road is actually in such condition as to render it unsafe for his bicycle to pass; this is not in justification, but in mitigation of the offense, for even where such condition exists it gives him no legal right to ride on the sidewalk except by rule of necessity, which must be justified in each case by the fact, and then it does not authorize him to ride at all if the sidewalk is occupied by pedestrians; he should dismount and pass the obstruction on foot wherever the sidewalk is frequented by pedestrians. In the business part of the city—crowded thoroughfares—he has no right whatever to ride on the sidewalk at any time, nor for any purpose.

"Women and children, and old and infirm persons, have a right to pass along the sidewalks not only free from danger of collision with bicycles, but free from apprehension from such danger.

"The proof, I think, shows conclusively in these cases that the roadway was in an unsafe condition for bicycles to pass, by reason of its being out of repair and being deluged with water so as to render it dangerous, even impassable, to this vehicle, and that the neighboring streets were in no better condition, and it does not appear at what rate of speed the defendants were riding, nor whether the sidewalk was or was not occupied by pedestrians; under these circumstances I think it would be unjust to assess a fine in this case, and they are dismissed.

"I think it the duty of the city to regulate the sprinkling of the streets so as to keep them reasonably safe for the passage of this vehicle, as well as others."

WHEEL ON THE BRAIN.

"Mr. Starr," said the manager, "you positively must quit letting your mind dwell so much on your wheel."

"Eh? Why?" asked the tragedian.

"Perhaps you are not aware of it, but in the third act, where you should have cried, 'Ye gods, I am stabbed!' you shouted, 'I am punctured.'"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE FAIR SCORCHER.

A willowy form,
A steed of steel,
A firm control
Of the whirling wheel.

A glint of ribbons,
Of hose, of lace,
A healthy glow on
A pretty face.

A graceful movement,
A bewitching smile—
And the girl is down
The road—a mile.

*Salt Lake City Herald.*

# Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

SEPTEMBER.

S 5. Stamford, An., Stamford, L. I. Sound.
5. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 5. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
7. New York Y. R. A., An., New York Bay.
7. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 7. Lynn, open, Lynn, Boston Harbor.
M 7. Old Colony, open, Nahant.
S 7. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
7. Hempstead, open.
7. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
10-12. Cleveland, open regattas, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
12. Beverly, 8th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
12. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 12. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 12. Sea Cliff, special, Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
12. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
12. Chicago, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
16. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
16. Hempstead, closing day.
19. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

## A NEW CLASS OF SAILING CRAFT.

THE steam or power craft is displacing the sailing yacht more rapidly each year, and it is hard to say where the injury to yacht sailing is the most felt, in the abandonment in favor of steam yachts of 500 to 1,500 tons of a comparatively limited number of large yachts, such as the schooners Intrepid and Lasca, or in the rapidly increasing use by yachtsmen of limited means of small power craft such as the naphtha, the alcohol and the kerosene driven launches and even cabin yachts. In the case of the very large craft there is a certain compensation, small, it is true, but still better than nothing, in the prevailing fashion of carrying a fleet of small sailing craft at the davits; the large English steam yachts are all thus equipped, and the fashion is likely to become popular in this country as well. It is a good thing in that it at least keeps up a love of sailing and adds to the racing fleet in the smaller classes. Several yachts of this type have been seen here in the last two years, notably the Payne ½-rater Sagamore, carried by the yacht of that name; the 1-rater Wave, carried at the davits of Sapphire, and the 1-rater May, both built by Sibbick, that swung from the davits of White Ladye last year.

The Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. have now nearly completed a sailing yacht that will have her moorings at the davits of the steam yacht Intrepid as soon as her owner, Mr Lloyd Phoenix, returns for his Mediterranean cruise. The yacht, which was designed by W. P. Stephens, is intended for afternoon sailing, fishing, etc., when the steam yacht is at anchor, and will not be raced, but the dimensions are fitted for the 20ft. racing length class. She is 19ft. on the waterline, with 3ft. overhang forward, giving a handsome stem of the Queen Mab style, and 4ft. aft, making 26ft. over all. The beam is 7ft. and the draft of hull 11in. The lines are round and full, but very fair throughout. At the expense of the extreme lightness considered necessary for a racing craft, the hull has been made specially strong, as it will swing from davits, the links being of necessity very near the ends; and every effort has been made to finish the yacht in a style that will fit with her larger consort. The hull is double planked, the bottom painted white above the water and green below; the plankasheer, wales, transom and deck fittings are of teak, the wales ornamented with trailboards and gold stripe. The deck is of white pine, laid after the Scotch fashion, with seams payed with marine glue. There are two watertight bulkheads, both double-skin, spaced 7ft. apart; with deck hatches to the end compartments. The frames are of oak crooks with intermediate frames of steamed rock elm. The centerboard, of the knife pattern, is of ¾in. Tobin bronze weighing about 160lbs. and the rudder is of the same material. The yacht will be sloop rigged, with 380sq. ft. of sail, or considerably under her allowance for racing at the top of the class. A short bowsprit is carried, the inboard end secured by a handsome casting of manganese bronze, forming bitts for the anchor line and also carrying the forward lifting eye for the davit hook, all in a single piece. The spars are hollow, mast 20ft. deck to hounds, boom 21ft. 6in., gaff 13ft. 6in., bowsprit 3ft. outboard. The sails are of 5oz. cotton. The backbone of the boat consists of an edge keelson extending as far fore and aft as possible and deep enough to form the greater part of the trunk, there being a mortise through it for the centerboard. In addition the oak keel is specially stiffened in the wake of the lifting links at each end, and numerous small braces are used, from the bilge clamps to the deck beams, making a very strong hull. The rig, boom and gaff mainsail and jib, is fitted to unship and stow quickly, the mast being stepped in a tight copper tube. The builders have exerted themselves in turning out a specially fine piece of work both in general construction and finish.

## Canada-Vencedor Matches.

TOLEDO, LAKE ERIE.
*Aug. 24-25-26.*

THRICE this year has Canada met the representatives of the States on the water, and thrice has she proved the victor. This reversal of the usual order of things in international racing between the United States and the British Empire is not only far from gratifying to the national pride, but in all three contests of the 15ft. class for the Seawanhaka cup, in which Glencairn was the Victor; in the sailing races of the A. C. A., in which the honors of the year went to the Canadian canoe Mab, and in the race of last week at Toledo between the yachts Canada and Vencedor, the superiority of Canada, either in boat, in handling or in both combined, has been so plainly manifest as to leave NO grounds for cavil or complaint. Added to this, the three series of races have been carried through with the best possible feeling on both sides; there have been no protests, no fouls, the labors of the committees have been of the lightest; and there is no reason to fear that either of the three defeated contestants will next winter inflict their woes on an innocent yachting public in the form of pamphlets. So far as the principals and yachtsmen generally are concerned, the various contests have passed off without the smallest shadow of trouble. As is usual, some of the journals on both sides, both log and technical, have endeavored to provoke international ill feeling by empty boasting and groundless complaints; but thus far with no success, as they have apparently failed to waken a responsive chord in the hearts of yachtsmen.

The history of the match, which was decided last week, has been told in detail throughout the year in the FOREST AND STREAM, and need only be recapitulated here. The Racine Boat Co. is a new concern, recently started in Racine, Wis., that city of numerous but short-lived yacht building companies. The new concern has been managed with considerable energy from the start, and early in the year engaged as its superintendent and designer Theodore S. Poeckel, a German who had been in the employ of the Herreshoffs for some years. One of their first orders was from Messrs. Edward C. and Matthew Berriman, of the Lincoln Park Y. C. of Chicago, former owners of the centerboard cutter Valiant. Messrs. Berriman decided in building the first yacht of the extreme bulb-fin type on the lakes, practically a copy of Howard Gould's 20-rater Niagara. The design was made by Mr. Poeckel, the leading dimensions being 65ft. over all, 45ft. l.w.l, 19ft. beam and 10ft. draft; the hull being shallow, with a very deep fin.

After the yacht had been commenced on this basis, Com. Berriman and the Lincoln Park Y. C. opened negotiations with the Royal Canadian Y. C. of Toronto for a series of matches between Vencedor, the new Chicago yacht, and a yacht of the R. C. Y. C. fleet. The R. C. Y. C., after carefully considering the challenge, replied in substance that, while willing to race, it had in its fleet no yacht of sufficient size to meet Vencedor, and that it was not willing to build for one special match a yacht which from her size would have no class in the Lake Ontario racing, and from her draft could not be used at all on the Lake. It offered, however, to make a match with a yacht of its largest existing class, 42ft. racing length, provided the measurements of the challenging yacht were limited. The Chicago yachtsmen accepted this compromise in a very liberal spirit, and finally a meeting of the joint committee of the two clubs was held at Detroit on May 9, at which the following agreement was drawn up:

1. L. P. Y. C.'s Representative.—The Vencedor, representing the Lincoln Park Y. C., is to be the boat spoken of in the negotiations for the race, and referred to in the recital of conditions as to the size in the letter from the R. C. Y. C. to the L. P. Y. C., dated Feb. 28, 1896.

2. R. C. Y. C.'s Representative.—The boat which shall be chosen to represent the Royal Canadian Y. C. shall be either the yacht Zelma, of Hamilton, or a boat of a similar size now under construction, but not yet named, the name of the yacht selected to be communicated to the L. P. Y. C. at least one week before the race.

3. Size of Vencedor.—The Vencedor's length on l.w.l shall not be less than 43ft., and her corrected length—to be ascertained as hereinafter mentioned—shall not exceed 45ft.; but should it be ascertained on measurement that this length is exceeded, double time allowance shall be given on such excess, but in no event shall such excess exceed ½ft.

4. Size of R. C. Y. C. Representative.—The boat which shall be selected by the R. C. Y. C. and its representative shall if possible not exceed 42ft. o.l., but in no event shall it exceed 42½ft. o.l.

5. Sailing Rules.—The sailing rules and table of time allowance shall be those of the New York Y. C., 1896, except where herein otherwise specified.

6. Place and Date.—The races shall be sailed on Lake Erie, off Toledo, O., the first race to be sailed on Monday, Aug. 24, 1896.

7. Number of Races.—The match shall be decided by the winning of two out of three, or three out of five, races, as may be agreed upon, the number of races to be determined before June 1 next.

8. The races shall take place on succeeding days, Sundays excepted.

9. Courses.—First and third races, equilateral triangle. Second, to windward or leeward and return. Third, to be either triangular, or windward or leeward and return, as shall be determined by the toss of a coin, and in the event of only three races being sailed the course for the third race shall be determined in the same way, the length of the course to be logged in the presence of the scrutineers.

10. Length of Course.—The triangular races shall be twice round a 12-knot course, making 24 knots, and the windward or leeward races shall be 5 knots to windward or leeward and return, twice round, making 20 knots. The boats shall be sent round the triangular course in such a way as to give one leg to windward. All buoys to be left to starboard in the windward and leeward races.

11. Mode of Starting.—All races shall be started at 11 A. M., and the start shall be a flying one. At 10:30 A. M. a time gun shall be fired and an American ensign hoisted on the committee boat, which shall display no other flags than signals to the yachts. At 10:50 A. M. a preparatory gun shall be fired and the American ensign lowered. At this gun a blue Canadian ensign shall be hoisted in the triangular races if all buoys—including the starting buoy—are to be kept on the starboard hand, and a red Canadian ensign hoisted if all buoys are to be kept to port. In the windward or leeward races the blue Canadian ensign shall be hoisted if the first course is to windward, and the red Canadian ensign if the first course is to leeward. At the expiration of ten minutes exactly the Canadian ensign shall be hauled down and a third gun fired as a signal to start, from which gun the time of both yachts shall be taken. No time to be allowed for crossing the line. Should the gun miss fire the lowering of the flag and one lone blow of the whistle shall be the signal.

12. Recall.—A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is made will be recalled by five short blasts of the whistle and the hoisting of her national flag.

13. Time Limits.—Any race not sailed in five and one-half hours by the winning yacht shall be resailed.

14. Racing Committee.—A racing committee of three—none of whom shall be interested in either yacht—shall be appointed on or before July 10 next, and they shall act as judges and timekeepers and settle all disputes.

15. Protests.—Protests shall be made to the racing committee in writing within six hours after the finish of the race.

16. Postponements.—The racing committee shall have power to postpone any race and may do so whenever in their judgment the demands of fair play shall make it seem right and proper.

17. In case of an accident to either vessel prior to the preparatory signal she shall immediately signal to the racing committee, who shall have the power to postpone the race if the accident is in their opinion sufficiently serious to warrant such a course, or if an accident occurs during a race she shall have sufficient time to make repairs before being required to start in the next race.

18. Scrutineers.—A scrutineer shall sail on board each yacht representing the other competing yacht, and said scrutineers must be members in good standing of some recognised Great Lake yacht club and must not exceed in weight 175lbs.

Each scrutineer shall make a declaration of the sailing of the yacht upon which he is placed within twenty-four hours of the termination of a race, which report shall be rendered to the racing committee. Scrutineers shall be chosen by the three members of the joint committee acting for each of the clubs represented.

19. Crews.—This clause to be completed not later than July 10, 1896.

20. Measurement.—The measurement of the rules for racing length to be made in the manner set forth in the rules of the Lake Yacht Racing Association for 1895-1896, these measurements to be made not more than two days before the race by the scrutineers representing the competing yachts, who shall jointly certify to the measurement of each yacht. A report of the measurement of each yacht shall be made to the racing committee at least twelve hours prior to the sailing of the first race.

21. Measurement Protest.—If through protest the measurement of any yacht be called in question, the racing committee shall remeasure such yacht, and the result as ascertained by it shall be final.

22. Charts of Course.—Charts of the course and instructions shall be given to the competing yachts not later than 7 o'clock on the morning of the race.

23. Sails.—The rule of the New York Y. C. as to sails shall not be taken to exclude clubtopsails.

24. Boats.—No boat need be carried on decks.

25. Alteration to Measurements.—If any yacht by alteration of trim or immersion by dead weight increase her load waterline length or in any way increase her spar measurements as they were taken, she must obtain a remeasurement before starting in the next race.

26. Mutual Agreement.—These conditions may be altered or amended by mutual agreement at any time.

Clause 19 was finally settled by limiting the crews to ten each, of whom eight must be Corinthians.

The racing committee as finally chosen included Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., New York; H. C. McLeod, Minnetonka Y. C., of Chicago, and E. H. Ambrose, Royal Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton. Mr. Cromwell, one of the older members and once the secretary of S. C. Y. C., has had a long experience in yachting, both in racing and in committee work; being chairman of the race committee of the club in 1895-96, which had charge of the establishment of the Seawanhaka cup and the arranging and carrying out of the races with Messrs. Brand and Duggan. It would be hard to find a better man for a position of this kind. Mr. McLeod is an old yacht sailor and racing man and a very clever amateur designer; when residing in Halifax some years ago his name was familiar to our readers through the yacht Lenore, designed and successfully raced by him. Residing now in Chicago, he has a new yacht on Lake Minnetonka, built this year by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. from his own designs. E. H. Ambrose is a young lawyer of Hamilton, Ont., a pupil of Mr. Jarvis in the old White Wings, and for some years a hard worker on the committees of the Royal Hamilton Y. C. and of the Lake Y. R. A. The scrutineers, a Western term unknown on salt water, the representative of one yacht aboard another in a race, were for Vencedor Benjamin Carpenter, of Chicago, and for Canada George E. Evans, of the R. C. Y. C., one of Toronto's best sailor men, long time secretary of the Lake Y. R. A., and one of the founders of that organization. The timekeeper, Joseph Ruff, is an old Chicago yachtsman, who has acted in that capacity in innumerable races.

The first step of the R. C. Y. C. was to form a syndicate, which included Æmilius Jarvis, stock broker, of Toronto; George Gooderham, president of the Bank of Toronto, and head of the firm of Gooderham & Worts; George H. Gooderham, son of George Gooderham, a member of the firm of Gooderham & Worts; J. H. Plummer, general manager of the Bank of Commerce; James Ross, of Montreal; F. J. Phillips, of the Canadian Manufacturing Co. and the Consolidated Plate Glass Co.; S. F. McKinnon, wholesale merchant and an ex-president of the Toronto Board of Trade.

Mr. Jarvis has long shared with Mr. Allan Ames, of Oswego, the honor of being the best amateur skipper on Lake Ontario; in fact it is doubtful whether the Lakes from the St. Lawrence River upward can produce their equal, either professional or Corinthian. Mr. Jarvis, while a skillful helmsman and a clever hand on deck or aloft, perhaps excels as a disciplinarian and a manager of his crew, a point to which in no small degree the success of Canada is due. His races in the old Whistlewing and White Wings were won with young Corinthian crews, often against men of far greater age and experience. The latter yacht, during his ownership one of the most successful in the history of Lake Ontario yachting, was raced by a crew of young men who at the start knew next to nothing about yacht racing. Her waterline was 43ft. 6in. and she carried one paid hand as boat keeper. She was in commission as soon as the ice was out of Burlington Bay in the spring, and out for a sail every day after business hours, her mooring being within easy reach of the center of the city, Hamilton. She sailed back and forth about the Bay, her crew being drilled in reefing, setting and taking spinaker, topsails and jibtopsails, and all the maneuvers of racing until every man knew what his work was and just how to do it. By the time the Lake races began this green crew, of which Mr. Ambrose was a member, was ready to face any crew on the Lake.

No designer has been held in higher favor on Lake Ontario than Will Fife, Jr., and his work in the old Cyprus and newer yachts down to Yama, Zelma, Vox and Vedette gives good grounds for this high esteem. Very naturally Mr. Jarvis, to whom the management of the defense was almost wholly intrusted, went at once to him with an order for a racing cutter of Yama's and Zelma's class. The new yacht Canada, fully described and illustrated last week, was turned out with unusual expedition, considering the character of the work, the special racing build of hull and spars. The frame was got out at Fairlie and set up under the designer's eye, shipped to New York and then to Oakville, near Toronto, and set up anew on the lead keel, already cast and awaiting it. The work was hurried, but not at the cost of quality, and though begun long after Vencedor, Canada was ready before her. The new firm encountered the usual difficulties and delays, and as the result Vencedor was unable to sail any preparatory races, and came to Toledo an untried boat, and with a crew able enough in its individual components, but lacking the necessary training. Canada, on the other hand, sailed several trials with Zelma, an excellent trial boat, and also made the round of the Lake Erie regattas on her way to Toledo.

The crews of the two yachts were: Vencedor—Com. E. C. Berriman, Capt. I. G. Barbour, John Connors, Lewis Bernard, Ralph Hoagland, Ed. Andrews, Al. Johnson, R. D. Potter, William Miller, Henry Miller.

Capt. Barbour was last year one of the quartermasters on Defender. Mr. Potter is the owner of the fast Lake Erie yacht Sultana. Messrs. Miller hail from Rochester and own the 25-footer Nox, built by themselves from a design by Will Fife, Jr., and successfully sailed by them for several seasons. The renowned Kid Wilds and another crack sailor were originally on the crew, but were debarred as professionals under clause 19.

Canada—Com. Æmilius Jarvis, G. D. Bolton, W. H. Parsons, J. H. Fearnside, Sydney Small, W. S. Clouston, W. J. Moran, Ed. Roach, W. M. Fertile.

Mr. Clouston, owner of Chaperone, hails from the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, and Mr. Fearnside from the Royal Hamilton Y. C.

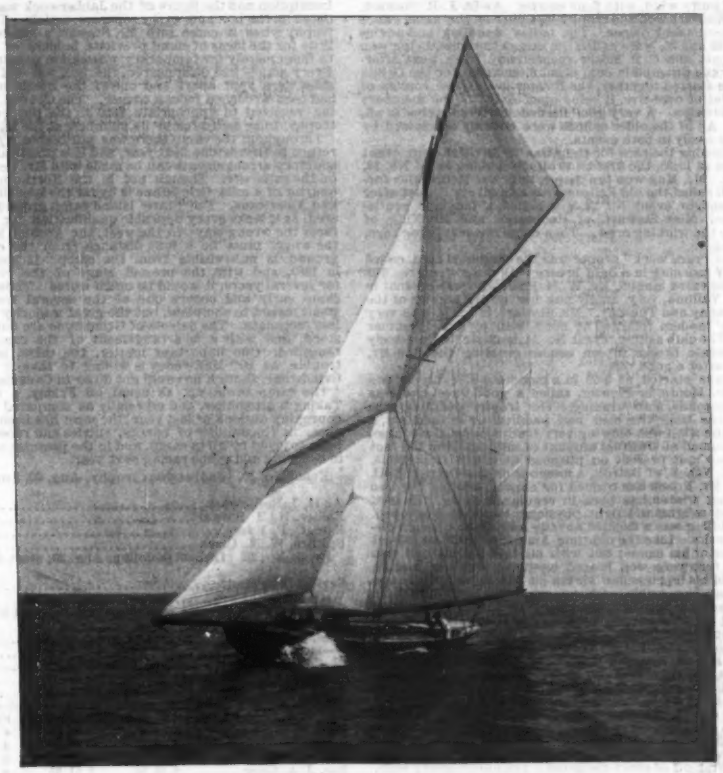
The prizes for the race were a $500 cup made by Tiffany & Co. and a purse of $1,500 contributed by the citizens of Toledo. It was agreed before the race to divide the purse, the winner taking 60 per cent. and the loser 40 per cent.

After careful preparation in the dock both yachts were measured by the scrutineers on Aug. 23, the result being:

| | *Vencedor.* | *Canada.* |
|---|---|---|
| | *Feet.* | *Feet.* |
| Length over all | 69.73 | 52.21 |
| Length on waterline | 43.00 | 37.04 |
| Boom | 46.90 | 42.85 |
| Gaff | 27.80 | 24.42 |
| Hoist | 36.80 | 34.55 |
| Racing length | 45.53 | 41.78 |
| Allowance | Allows | 4m. 45s. |
| Sail area (sq. ft.) | 2,273 | 2,164 |

Vencedor's sail area includes her large clubtopsail.

The first race was set for Monday, Aug. 24, by which time Toledo was filled with a crowd of eager yachtsmen from New York, Chicago, Toronto, Cleveland, Detroit, Racine, Montreal and other cities on the lakes and seaboard. The steam yacht Sigma



CANADA, DESIGNED BY WILL FIFE, JR., 1896.

carried the committee and the timekeeper. The course was a triangle outside of Maumee Bay. A large fleet of steam and sailing yachts got under way early in the morning from the anchorage off Riverside Park and made for the start, six miles away, as best they could in a calm. Com. Jarvis was at the tiller of Canada and Capt. Barbour steered Vencedor. When the starting gun was fired promptly at 11 o'clock, there was no wind at all to speak of, but Vencedor trimmed down for a beat and managed to get across the line, Canada soon following, both with club and jibtopsails set. While the pair moved very slowly, Canada managed to take the lead in a very few minutes. For an hour the two did little more than drift; then the breeze gathered a little strength from the east. Canada set her balloon jibtopsail and began to draw ahead, Vencedor being almost becalmed.

At 1:13:40 Canada luffed around the first mark of the triangle, having taken 2h. 13m. to sail the four miles. Vencedor was still a mile astern, and did not round until 1:40:55. The wind had shifted enough to tempt her to set her spinaker, but she gained nothing by it. The wind was ahead on the second leg, but Canada held to her ballooner, going off on starboard tack. She made little progress, however, and at 3 o'clock, when she was about a mile from the second mark, the race was declared off.

Tuesday morning brought a breeze of about nine miles per hour from S.S.E., on the starboard quarter over the first leg of the course, the red ensign being set to signify that all marks were to be left to port. Both yachts were out early and ready before the preparatory signal was given at 10:50. There was a large attendance of sailing and steam yachts about the line, but the two racing boats were not hampered by the outside craft.

Again Vencedor led across the line at 11:00, Canada crossing at 11:01:15. Spinaker booms were down on starboard side and balloon jibtopsails set; Vencedor did not set her spinaker at the start, but Canada broke out hers as soon as she was over the line. In the light air Canada moved the faster and carried way enough to luff out and blanket Vencedor and soon to run by her to windward. The American boat was not napping, and at once luffed across Canada's stern and broke out her spinaker, but the wind was too light for her and she could not hold her more nimble rival; Canada held her course and gained steadily. The greater part of the first leg was little more than a drift. Canada opened a good lead and then Vencedor closed up a little as they neared the first mark. Canada, as in all the races, carried a balloon foresail and made excellent use of it. The first mark was timed:

| | Turn. | Elapsed. | Gain. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Canada | 11 56 10 | 0 56 10 | 0 01 30 |
| Vencedor | 11 57 40 | 0 57 40 | |

The second leg was started with a little more wind, Vencedor picking up, but as the wind fell Canada again ran away from her, having a long lead when the second mark was turned:

| | Turn. | Elapsed. | Gain. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Canada | 12 44 00 | 0 47 50 | 0 07 50 |
| Vencedor | 12 53 20 | 0 55 40 | |

Before reaching the mark Canada shifted to working forestaysail and baby jibtopsail for the beat in. She made a hitch by the mark on port tack for three minutes, and then came about for a long starboard tack, heading S.W. Vencedor held a long port tack after rounding until 1:15. The latter part of the leg was made in a fresher breeze from the south, and Vencedor gained a little, though still hopelessly astern. The end of the first round was timed: First Round.

| | Turn. | Elapsed. | Gain. | Elapsed. | Lead. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Canada | 2 05 00 | 1 21 00 | | 3 05 00 | 0 08 50 |
| Vencedor | 3 13 30 | 1 20 10 | 0 00 50 | 3 13 30 | |

The second round started with a moderate easterly breeze and a promise of better time. The yachts made the first mark on a reach, the times being:

| | Turn. | Elapsed. | Gain. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Canada | 2 20 00 | 0 54 00 | 0 00 55 |
| Vencedor | 2 48 25 | 0 34 55 | |

Canada handled her spinaker sharply and soon had it drawing to port, but Vencedor was slower; the second leg was run in slower time than on the first round, but Canada made a big gain, the times at the second mark being:

| | Turn. | Elapsed. | Gain. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Canada | 3 20 00 | 0 51 00 | 0 04 25 |
| Vencedor | 3 48 50 | 0 55 25 | |

The last leg, to windward, was made by Canada under a large jibtopsail, she set her baby at the turn, but soon shifted to the larger sail and footed faster, though not pointing so high. The final times were: Full course.

| | Finish. | Elapsed. | Gain. | Elapsed. | Lead. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Canada | 4 19 08 | 0 49 08 | 0 04 00 | 5 19 08 | 0 17 59 | 5 14 23 |
| Vencedor | 4 37 07 | 0 53 17 | | 5 37 07 | | 5 37 07 |

The superiority of Canada in very light airs and even in ordinary racing weather was fully established by the two days' trials. The result was exactly what might have been expected from the dimensions of the two craft, assuming that each designer had done his work equally well. It was evident that at some certain strength of wind the larger hull with smaller sail plan would overpower the other, and many confidently expected that this point would be reached at a comparatively early stage of the game within the limits of a good wholesail breeze. The American contingent prayed loud and long for wind, and for once their prayer was granted. Wednesday morning brought a 20-mile breeze from S.W., with a short and ugly chop, the sky being cloudy and overcast, with rain at times. The breeze brought not only hope, but absolute confidence to the Americans, but it did not seem to worry the Canadian crew. The course was 5 miles to leeward and return, sailed twice. The start was not made until 11:30, and Vencedor again, for the third time, led over the line, Capt. Barbour making a very clever start, crossing on the gun and breaking out balloon jibtopsail and spinaker. Canada was half a minute later, and when she broke out her light sails she showed spinaker, No. 1 jibtopsail and a jib-header, while Vencedor was carrying a clubtopsail. Again Capt. Jarvis tried to blanket Vencedor, but this time in vain; the latter had her breeze and was making the most of it, gaining all the way to the first mark, where the times were:

| | Turn. | Elapsed. | Gain. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Canada | 12 10 29 | 0 40 29 | 0 01 30 |
| Vencedor | 12 09 00 | 0 39 00 | |

The wind had hauled a little to the west toward the end of th round, so that the way home was not dead to windward. Vencedor started with lower headsails and clubtopsail, while Canada set a baby jibtopsail and held to her jib-header. With a nasty squall of rain and more wind with it Vencedor walked off in a lively manner, carrying her sail easily; she started on the port tack, and held it for some time. Canada started on the starboard tack, and held it until nearly 1 o'clock, when she was able to fetch the mark with a short hitch. Vencedor made several tacks and when she neared the mark she was unable to distinguish it, as there were three boats together, all flying the American ensign. Uncertain as to which was the mark, Capt. Barbour after several short tacks rounded the three boats, losing both time and distance and wasting a couple of precious minutes. The weather boat of the three was not the mark boat as it proved, and Vencedor had overstood considerably. Canada profited by the error of the leader and rounded the right mark with not 1ft. to spare, making a material gain on her rival. The times were: 1st Round.

| | Turn. | Elapsed. | Gain. | Elapsed. | Lead. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Canada | 1 00 41 | 0 50 21 | | 1 50 41 | |
| Vencedor | 12 59 15 | 0 50 15 | 0 00 06 | 1 29 15 | 0 01 26 |

The second round started with the wind still strong and more to the west, making a broad reach, both carrying balloon jibtopsails. As they went to windward the breeze increased until first Canada and then Vencedor lowered ballooner, finishing the second half of the leg without them. The weather mark was timed:

| | Turn. | Elapsed. | Gain. | Lead. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Canada | 1 35 10 | 0 35 29 | | |
| Vencedor | 1 33 30 | 0 34 15 | 0 01 14 | 0 02 40 |

The last leg was no longer a beat, but a close reach, Canada setting her baby jibtopsail. Vencedor gained nearly a minute, but she fell nearly half a minute short of her allowance, Canada winning the race and the match by 26s. The full times were:

Entire Course.

| | Finish. | Elapsed. | Gain. | Elapsed. | Lead. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Canada | 2 14 35 | 0 38 25 | | 2 44 35 | | 2 40 26 |
| Vencedor | 2 11 04 | 0 37 34 | 0 00 51 | 0 41 04 | 0 03 31 | 2 41 04 |

The yachtsmen were tendered a reception and ball in the evening by the yachtsmen of Toledo, and the cup and money were presented.

The following challenge was issued immediately after the race, but has not yet been accepted by the R. C. Y. C.:

"ON BOARD YACHT VENCEDOR, Toledo, O., Aug. 26.—*W. T. Boswell, Commodore Royal Canadian Y. C.:* Dear Sir—On behalf of Edward C. and Matthew Berriman, and through the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, you are hereby challenged to sail a series of three matches, best two in three, on some neutral waters during the yachting season of 1897, under the New York Y. C. rules so far as they will apply, the arrangements governing such matches to be made by a committee of three representing the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, and a like number representing the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, they to choose a seventh member if necessary; the competing yachts to measure not to exceed 43ft. on the load waterline."

## Beverly Y. C.

240TH RACE—MARION—AUG. 15.

MR. BREWER'S unnamed boat in fourth class cats has been measured and takes second prize, sailing at 19ft.

Mr. Hanley's unnamed boat has been ruled out for not being measured (though given the chance) for a week, and being then in very different trim from that in which she sailed on Aug. 15.

The second class sloop prize is awarded to Alma.

The 241st race, fourth championship, was sailed off the club house Aug. 22 in a good S.S.W. breeze. Courses for second and third classes 11¼ miles, fourth class 8¼ miles, fifth class 5¼ miles.

Judges, T. S. Edmonds, A. H. Hardy.

The start was a good one. Grilse at first seemed to have it, but made poor work of shaking out a reef and handling length, and lost a good deal by a fluke on last leg.

Elsa and Imp by winning the third leg for the pennants become the champions of their classes for 1896. Linotte gets a leg against two for Anonyma and one for Surprise. Sally does the same, as against one for Grilse and two for Heiress. Meiro takes a second leg, tieing Colymbus, who has two.

Linotte, Meiro, Sally, Elsa, Imp take first prizes; Bernice and Grilse second prizes.

No new boats get any allowance, and all new boats, including 999, are figured at class maximum.

Mist sprung her mast on the way to the club house.

SECOND CLASS CATS.

| | Length. | Elapsed. | Corrected. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Linotte, W. P. Wilson | 35.10 | 2 01 21 | 1 53 56 |
| Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr. | 35.06 | 2 07 24 | 1 54 59 |
| Surprise, Jas. M. Codman | 34.08 | 2 13 15 | 1 58 54 |
| Anonyma, L. S. Dabney | 34.09 | 2 17 12 | 2 02 50 |
| May King, D. L. Whittemore | 36.00 | Broke down. | |

THIRD CLASS CATS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Meiro, D. L. Whittemore | 30.03 | 2 13 03 | 1 58 56 |
| Bippican, W. H. Davis | 32.03 | 2 17 22 | 2 00 11 |
| Colymbus, Alfred Winsor | 31.06 | 2 19 09 | 2 00 50 |
| Doris, John Parkinson | 31.00 | Withdrew. | |

FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sally, W. S. Burgess | 19.00 | 1 49 05 | 1 32 19 |
| Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis | 19.00 | 1 52 55 | 1 36 07 |
| Heiress, Geo. G. Amory | 19.00 | 1 53 05 | 1 36 17 |
| 999, R. Brewer | 19.00 | 1 53 10 | 1 36 22 |
| Silence, J. Crane, Jr. | 19.00 | 1 54 56 | 1 38 08 |
| Fin, Howard Stockton | 17.09 | 1 55 12 | 1 36 36 |
| Ghuss, Lawrence Brooks | 18.09 | Not timed. | |

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elsa, H. & F. Burgess | 19.00 | 1 32 30 | 1 35 39 |
| Coquette, H. Parker | 18.01 | 2 01 11 | 1 43 07 |
| Howard, H. O. Miller | 18.00 | Withdrew. | |

FIFTH CLASS CATS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Imp, Geo. B. Dabney | 14.05 | 1 20 50 | 1 05 13 |
| Hebe, John Parkinson, Jr. | 14.04 | 1 21 55 | 1 06 59 |
| Vif, A. Winsor, Jr. | 15.00 | 1 29 31 | 1 13 47 |

# Canoeing.

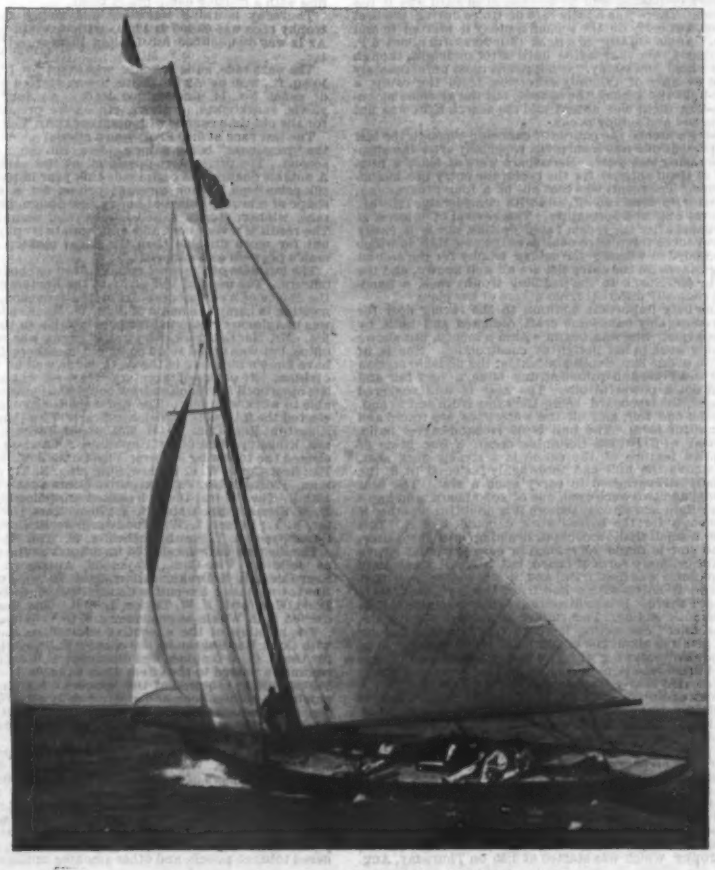
## AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

### Seventeenth Annual Meet.

GRINDSTONE ISLAND, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

*Aug. 14-28.*

Now that the meet is over, it is safe to say that it has been an all-round success and in some respects a surprise. There has been no general response on the part of the old members to the announcement of a meet on Grindstone, and it has failed to bring out what we hoped for, but did not expect—a reunion of many who have not been seen at an A. C. A. meet for some years. At the same time there has been a very pleasant gathering of the older men, and the register shows the names of Whitlock, Burchard, Ford Jones, Paul Butler, Barney, E. B. and J. G. Edwards, J. N. MacKendrick, Stephens, Parmele and Mrs. Parmele, E. W. Brown, Peebles, Moore, Dodd and others of the earlier camps. Beside these are many who have attended enough meets to be known and to know others of the A. C. A., and the proportion of absolutely new and strange members is not so large as in some previous meets of recent years. The camp has been a very quiet one, both as concerns unreasonable noise and all-night riot, and reasonable noise and excitement during lawful hours; but it has been to all appearances a very pleasant and sociable one, and one that will be remembered with pleasure for its many good things and few drawbacks. There has been an absence of grumbling and complaint, dis-



VENCEDOR, DESIGNED BY THEO. POECKEL, 1896.

proving the remark so often heard that A. C. A. members, as a body, are grumblers and kickers; and proving what we have always claimed that with a reasonably good campsite, mess, transportation and general arrangements, no special luxuries or attractions are necessary, and men are ready to accept such discomforts as are clearly unavoidable. This year there has been no attempt on the part of the officers and committees to provide special attractions of the vaudeville, summer hotel or excursion order; they have confined their labors to the providing of ordinary camp conveniences, and their efforts met with a general appreciation.

The well known camp site on Grindstone is after all the best the Association has ever known; in climate the St. Lawrence River surpasses the Hudson and lakes George and Champlain, and is quite equal to Long Island Sound—in fact, to the majority of members, unused to salt water, it is far preferable. While the scenery is but second to some on Lake Champlain, he must be hard to please who asks anything better than the outlook to the west from Grindstone Hill, whether at sunrise, sunset, midday, or by moonlight; and this is but one of a thousand beautiful views within half a dozen miles. The transportation this year, both from Gananoque in Canada and Clayton in New York, has been excellent; a small local steamer runs to Gananoque, and a small cabin launch, the Pastime, has been specially chartered to run between Clayton and the camp, making reasonably close connections with all trains.

The camp ground is just the same as of old; it has some disadvantages, and it does not possess all the combined advantages of every other spot that the A. C. A. has ever visited; at the same time it is free from the many complaints so justly lodged against Croton Point, Willsborough Point, Long Island in Lake George, and other old camps. Its two important drawbacks are the absence of trees on the east hillside, facing Eel Bay, the sailing course; and the distance of the Ladies' Camp. In spite of the heat at midday, many still camp about headquarters on the east shore, where the main camp was in 1894-5-6; but those who want shade can find it in the beautiful grove along the north shore. In the event of a contingency which is perhaps remote, but which has been generally and favorably discussed during this meet, the establishment of a permanent camp, and that on Grindstone Island, it is possible that some rapid-growing trees might be planted along the east shore on the hillside, giving shade in a few years. The general arrangement of the camp would also be improved if the wharf could be removed to a position near the willow trees toward the Ladies' Camp, the mess shed, kitchen and store being located here, where in fact the former two now are, with the headquarters just north of them. In most details—nature of soil, convenient beach, absence of tide, sailing waters and winds—Grindstone offers all that can be desired or expected

The mess this year, served at the charge of $1 per day, has been most satisfactory; the manager, Mr. McElveney, is the leading caterer of Albany, and consequently is able to avoid the great cause of failure in so many messes—an ignorance of how to cater for a camp of this kind. The bill of fare and the service, with neat young girls for waiters, is very good indeed. One source of the general satisfaction with this camp is that all hands have been well fed from the start.

The camp is a fairly large one, the register showing 201 up to Aug. 27; the main camp numbers seventy-five tents, and there are at least thirty more in Squaw Point; and, strange to say, there are over a hundred canoes along the shore. The camp began well, with a number under canvas on the first day, and up to Thursday of the second week but few had left. Quite a number came in for a day or two, but the mess tent attendance has averaged about 150 per day. The camp has depended entirely on itself, the men have gone off but little to the surrounding summer resorts, and there has been no troublesome influx of excursions, tourists or outside visitors. Many have availed themselves of the facilities offered by the numerous small steamers and have made day excursions to Kingston, Gananoque, Alexandria Bay and among the islands. All outside attractions in the form of hotel hops, hotel prizes, etc., have been absent, but not missed. The fishing is good. Mr. W. B. Wackerhagen's catch of a 35lb. muscallonge was exceptional, but many have found good sport, and fish has figured frequently and acceptably on the bill of fare. No other location has ever offered half the choice of short day cruises by canoe, and some have enjoyed them. The amusements of the camp have been of the quietest and most prosaic kind. Seavey visits the meet no more, though many had hoped that another Grindstone camp would bring back the Patriarch of the original Squaw Point, but he did not come. There have been no sea serpents, no outdoor performances of "As You Like It," no storming of Sebastopol, no Indian war dances. The camp-fires too have been in no way remarkable. Miss E. Pauline Johnson, last seen at Brophy's Point in 1893, has been again in camp, and of course has been in demand at every camp-fire; but apart from her recitations there has been nothing new. There are fewer banjoes, guitars and mandolins than usual, no new songs and no new singers. At the same time, the society in camp has been sociable and friendly, with no formality, every one disposed to enjoy as fully as possible what is pleasant and to ignore the minor discomforts, and this has made pleasant social gatherings at night. Whether it means much or little, the liberal display of broken or empty bottles witnessed several years since at Willsborough has been conspicuously absent this year. It may be only that men have profited by the serious accidents due to broken glass, or that the camp regulations are more carefully observed; but it is also the case that the noise and disorder of many previous camps have been comparatively unknown this year. Apart from one occasion which called for the exercise of authority to suppress an all-night noise, the camp has been quiet and well ordered.

The usual routine has been changed this year by the calling of several races during the first week, and as the others were run off very quickly the racing was over, with the exception of four events, by Tuesday night, something never before known.

The weather through the entire meet was good, it was very hot at first and rather too cool at times afterward, but these same conditions prevailed throughout the country; the camp was cooler in the hot spell than New York or Boston, and at no time afterward was it too cool for a fine swim. There was a little rain at times during the first week, quickly over, but early on the second Sunday it started in and rained until noon. Again on Aug 26 a light thunderstorm about 6 P. M. turned into a steady rain that lasted until after midnight, though the next day was warm and sunny. It happened most unfortunately that this was the evening of the only excursion from the camp, a moonlight search-light run among the islands, but the glorious moonlight of the preceding night was absent and the search-light was not appreciated on the wet and sloppy decks.

To those who have watched the course of canoeing through the last three meets, the present one was a surprise, especially after the absolute failure of the racing last year. Here there were at least a hundred canoes, half of them entered for the races, the entry list including over fifty names. The result was that out of a long programme, thirty events, all but two were run off, and with considerable interest on the part of contestants and spectators This revival of interest is not a little remarkable after the recent rapid decline, nor is it easily explained. Of new canoes there were none save the new Mab, in which Mr. Archbald succeeded in winning the sailing trophy for the second time. The sailing canoes on the entry list are all well known, and the new canoe, used by Mr. Noack in the paddling trophy race, a handsome craft, is not radically different from others of her class.

The new Mab, the only important addition to the racing fleet for some years, is a remarkably handsome craft, designed and built by H. Gilbert, of Brockville. She was begun within a month, but shows no evidence of hasty work in her design or construction. She is, of course, 16 × 30, with about 18in. depth amidships; the midship section has a good deal of dead rise and quite a strong bilge, a very fair and taking section, but not a powerful one. The keel is well rockered and there is no sheer, the freeboard being the same from end to end. The deckline is round and fair, and all the waterlines are round and full, giving a beautiful form. The hull is of ribband-carvel build, planked and decked with British Columbia cedar, a fine piece of planking. The main feature of the canoe is a strong deck seat, placed very high above the hull and thoroughly fastened to it, the hull being especially strengthened to carry such a seat. The seat itself is 5ft. 3in. long, and two were used, one of solid board and one a tain built box, very light and strong, though it is doubtful whether it is really strong enough for the severe work demanded of it. This seat is placed over a small shallow cockpit, draining into the centerboard trunk. The slot is made very long, in case it should prove necessary to use the ordinary form of board, but a small steel plate of the Linton Hope form was first tried, and it worked so well that it has been retained. It hoists with a line from the fore deck, as is usual in this forms of board. It is so fitted that it may be shifted aft in the trunk at a moment's notice. The rudder is a fixed steel plate, with a "Norwegian tiller" connecting it with a very long and strong thwartship tiller, pivoting about the mizzenmast tube. The rig is of the ordinary "Pecowsic" batswing with two battens, the sails of Union silk. The forward mast tube is placed close to the stem, and being rather shallow, is carried nearly 3in. above deck, and reinforced by a turned modern block about 6in. in diameter and 2½in. high. The hull itself is very handsome; but its shipshape appearance is completely spoiled by the high deck seat and this awkward turret on the bows. The bottom was in excellent condition, hard and polished, something unusual in a boat just in the water for the first time. Mr. Archbald has had to sail her with no previous trial.

Two of the regatta committee, Messrs. E. B. Edwards and Butler Ames, were present, and Vice-Com. R. D. McVean was pressed into service in the absence of the third member. The usual triangle was buoyed off in Eel Bay, with the start off the main wharf. The mile and half mile paddling courses were laid off from the dock in the direction of the ladies' camp. The first race called was event No. 10, the Jabberwock trophy which was started at 3:35 on Thursday, Aug. 20, in a fresh and puffy wind, with four entries. As Is, J. R. Stewart, won, and as Mr. Stewart won the trophy last year in the same canoe he becomes the permanent owner. The ladies' paddling and novice paddling, events 22 and 25, were called the same afternoon, being won by Miss Lillian Scott and C. P. Moser respectively The next afternoon the race for the Champlain cup, event 8, and that for the Orillia cup, event 9, were started together, the former over three rounds of the triangle, the latter over five, it being open only to the members of the Northern Division. A very good fleet of starters, twelve in all, crossed the line. All of the older canoes were entirely outclassed by Mab, and she won easily in both events.

On Saturday morning the race for the Atlantic Division cup, event No. 30, was started at 10:35, the first two rounds making event No. 13, the novice sailing. Mr. May won the latter, and Mr. Moore the former. Mr. Dunnell sailed the old Eclipse with a small rig. Just after noon the mixed tandem, event No. 24, was called, a lady and gentleman in each canoe. Miss Stewart, of Rochester, and Mr. King, of Toronto, made up the winning crew. Then came the swimming race, won by A. A. Conger.

The first event of "race week" proper was the combined race, called at 10:35 on Monday morning in a light breeze. As the committee was unable to secure an extra launch, Mr. W. H. Post, who was present in the steam yacht Vailima, very kindly put her at the service of the committee for Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Stewart, in As Is, won very easily. The ladies' tandem followed at noon, won by Mrs. Plummer and Miss Smith. The club sailing, event No. 11, was started precisely at noon in a moderate breeze, fifteen canoes crossing the line Mr. Butler won easily after a good race.

The unlimited was started at 3:05 in a moderate S.W. breeze and smooth water. Mr. Moore, in Pioneer, sailed a good race, and was beaten by but 30 seconds, Mab winning. The trophy paddling was called at 5:30; by the time the men had paddled up to the start, a mile along shore, the wind was blowing very fresh against the course. This race had awakened an unusual amount of interest from the fact that there was a new man present on purpose to win it if possible. This was Mr. W. C. Noack, of Detroit, a member of the Detroit B. C. and the W. C. A. Mr. Noack has trained for canoe paddling for two years, and since last winter has been in regular training. He is of medium height and weight and light physique, but well developed. His position in paddling was a decided novelty and created much discussion as to its merits. Like the old-time American paddlers, he sat straight on the floor of his canoe; but with all this his method was entirely new. His feet were well braced against a foot rest, and he sat with a thwart of his open canoe across his thighs, so that he was braced in a way that is possible with no other position. His four rivals paddled in the kneeling position. Mr. Noack was well off at the start, swinging his arms with no body motion; he took the lead of King and opened out clear water at the half mile, finally winning easily. As far as the merits of the two positions are decided by the result of this race, it must be said that while Mr. Noack had a very fine paddling canoe, built by English, and kept her in perfect condition, he had probably trained more thoroughly and carefully than any of the others; he saved in body windage through the lower seat, and he rolled his paddles, the blades being quartered, two very important details in a race against a strong wind. The times are not reliable for a record, the course being logged and not measured: the work was done as carefully as possible, but the log is not sufficiently accurate for the laying off of short distances. The hurry-scurry race, won by Conger, finished the day.

The first race on Tuesday was the record paddling, event No. 2, won by J. W. Sparrow in Eel. The open paddling, event No. 15, was won by F. A. C. Bickerdike; the decked tandem, event No. 16, by King and MacDougal; and the open tandem, event No. 17, by Scott and R. Bickerdike. The "tail end" race, No. 27, was a novelty, it was paddled down wind with the paddler seated in the bow of his canoe; Mr. F. A. C. Bickerdike won after a very amusing race. The paddling upset was won by Mr. King.

The trophy race was called at 3:05, with 13 starters a very good field, all things considered. Mab led over the course and won by nearly two minutes from Bug, but this gain was made mainly in the first round. The wind was moderate throughout the race, but in the first round it was lighter than in the next four, falling a little on the sixth. On the first round Mab gained 1m. 15s., on the second 19s., on the third 19s., holding her own on the next, then losing 28s., and on the last regaining all but one of them. Mab sailed very fast indeed on the reach, but Bug did the better windward work; in particular she cut the marks better except at the finish. At the end of nearly every round Mab failed to fetch the buoy and had to make an extra short tack. The race was a very pretty one, and as it was within plain view of the camp it was watched with interest by all hands. Unlike Stave Island, Long Island and Willsborough, the sailing and paddling courses this year were plainly visible from the main camp. The last race of the day was the club four, with but two crews entered; the Toronto crew winning.

Wednesday was clear, with a light wind in the morning, and the record sailing race was called, but by 10 o'clock there was a reefing breeze from S.W. Only two out of the five record men started, though all were ready at the wharf. As Is and Beta were both reefed when they crossed the line at 10:35, on a reach for the south buoy, the marks being left to port. They staggered along, taking some bad knockdowns, and at the end of the first round the race was called by the committee, Mr Stewart, who was a long way ahead, being declared the winner. This gave him 10 points in the record to Mr. Hale's 5, the other three not being placed.

Just before 6 P. M. a light thunderstorm passed over the camp, clearing for a time, only to be followed by an intermittent downpour that lasted well into the night. Many of the campers had arranged to go on a search-light excursion through the islands, and they took the steamer during one of the clear intervals about sunset only to be greeted by a heavy shower as soon as the boat had started. They returned to camp about 11:30, voting the expedition anything but a success, and in envy of those who had passed the evening under the tent flies with a rousing camp-fire in front.

Thursday morning was clear and sunny again, and the Dolphin trophy race was called at 10:30, with five starters in a light breeze. As Is was disqualified for fouling Pioneer, giving the race to the latter.

The next race, called at 2:30, was event No 12, with sail limited to 100sq. ft., won by As Is. With it was started a special race, in place of event No. 14, unclassified craft. As none of the latter—canoe yawls, sneakboxes, cruisers, etc.—were present, a class was made for the old-time canoes with open cockpits, Eclipse winning.

The last race at 5:30 P. M. was a special event, passenger paddling, the "passenger" being a man. Mrs. Plummer won, with Miss Swift second. The prizes were presented at the camp-fire in the evening. A notable change has been made this year in the abandonment of the silk prize flags, so long given as prizes, for a special trophy in the shape of a bronze shield of handsome design, bearing the name of the race, winner, etc., in raised letters, and mounted on an oak board. The result is a very neat and appropriate trophy of no intrinsic value, but far more durable than the flags; making a lasting record of a man's prowess as a canoeist.

The business of the meet was confined exclusively to the election of officers. The meet of 1897 going to the Northern Division necessitated the choice of a commodore from that division, and at the division meeting in camp the name of John W MacKendrick, of Galt, Ontario, was unanimously selected for presentation to the executive committee. Mr. MacKendrick, who was in camp, was reluctant to accept the office, but was urged to do so by old members from the States who have known him long in the A. C. A., as well as by those of his own division. No choice of secretary-treasurer was made, the matter being left open until Mr. MacKendrick could find some one so situated as to be able to work with him. The Northern Division at the same meeting elected the following division officers: Vice-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston; Rear-Com., D. H. McDougall, Toronto; Purser, W. H. Macnee, Kingston; Executive Committee, J. Lawless. The Atlantic Division elected the following officers: Vice-Com., J. E. Murray, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rear-Com., W. E. Barlow, Sing Sing, N. Y.; Purser, H. W. Fleischman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Executive Committee—Thos. Hale, Jr., J. K. Hand. The Central Division elected the following officers: Vice-Com., H. M. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y.; Rear-Com, George J. Keyes, Rochester, N. Y.; Purser, L. W. Woodward, Gouverneur, N. Y.; Executive Committee—A. T. Smith, Rochester, N. Y., H. C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

The Eastern Division elected its officers at the division meet in June, as follows: Vice-Com., Raymond Appleonio, Winchester, Mass.; Rear-Com., L. S. Drake, Auburndale, Mass.; Purser, F. J. Burrage, Newtown, Mass.; Executive Committee: H. O. Wiggin, Boston; A. W. Dodd, Hartford; F. W. Taylor, Lowell. The Board of Governors re-elected R. J. Wilkin as chairman and C. V. Winne as secretary

The meeting of the executive committee took place on Aug. 24, with Com. Huntington in the chair. The question of proper security for the A. C. A. trophies was discussed at unnecessary length, and a resolution passed to the effect that suitable bonds to the amount of $500 should be required of the winners. Mr. MacKendrick was nominated for commodore and unanimously elected, the selection of the secretary-treasurer being deferred. The question of camp site was informally discussed, the preference being unanimously for Grindstone Island.

The Central Division has had since 1889 the Jabberwock trophy, presented by Geo. A. Warder to the division, to be sailed for at the meets by members of the division only; and to become the permanent property of the first man who should win it for two years in succession in the same canoe. The trophy, which cost over $300, was unique in its way, a smoking set, consisting of a box about 8×10in. of burnished copper. The various compartments contained two handsome pipes, a meerschaum and briar, a cigar holder, an elegantly embroidered tobacco pouch, and other smoking appliances. The lid bore an inscription and the figure of the Jabberwock was carved or embroidered on the box and every separate article. The conditions of the trophy when it came into Mr. Stewart's hands last year spoke but little for the ideas of some previous holders of what was intrusted to them merely for temporary possession pending the final winning. Every article had disappeared, the box was not only empty, but the sides were split apart, and one of the handsome Jabberwock claws had been wrenched from a corner. The Central Division at its meeting resolved to appropriate $350 to the purchase of a permanent trophy, to be sailed for by its members at the meets.

Throughout the camp there was noticeable a general disposition to return to Grindstone next year, and it is practically settled that if satisfactory arrangements can be made with Mr. Delany the camp will be on the same site. Though not in the Northern Division by nearly a quarter of a mile, Grindstone is by far the best site for both Canadians and Americans. The Stave Island camp ground is not to be considered, as it lacks every desirable qualification for an A. C. A. camp; it faces the wrong way—to the west; the ground is rough and uneven, the wharf must be a long distance from the camp, and the sailing ground is not visible from the camp. It was a very poor spot in 1889, and with the present stage of the river, as it has been for several years, it would be much worse. Those who can get to the camp early and secure one of the several rocky points will have small reason to complain, but the great majority of campers must be less fortunate. The defects of Grindstone are now thoroughly understood, and with a re-arrangement of the camp may be partially remedied. One important matter, the mess, is likely to cause no trouble, as Mr. McElveney is willing to take it again next year at Grindstone, though he could not do so in Canadian waters.

The camp broke up, as usual, on Friday, a few remaining over. Taking it altogether, and especially as compared with the rather discouraging outlook of last year, the meet has been a success in attendance, in the number of canoes, entries and races, in the way it has been enjoyed by all in camp, and in the promise of a renewed interest in canoeing and canoe racing next year.

Event No. 10. Jabberwock trophy, Aug. 20, 3 miles; start 3:35:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| As Is, J. R. Stewart | 0 42 08 |
| Zaidee, H. M Stewart | 0 47 51 |
| Kite, C. P. Moser | Withdrew. |
| Spitfire, W. M. Clark | Capsized. |

Event No. 22. Ladies' paddling, Aug. 20; start 4:51:05:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Sevilla, Miss Scott | 0 01 35 |
| Wish Miss Stewart | 0 01 55 |

Event No. 25. Novice paddling, Aug. 20; start 5:15:15:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Kite, C. P. Mosher | 0 06 35 |
| —— G. A. Howell | 0 06 37 |
| ——, A. M. Lindsay | 0 06 38 |
| Osceola, A. W McAdam | 0 06 40 |
| Hordbuck, E H. Holbrook | Withdrew. |

Event No. 8. Champlain cup, distance, 4¼ miles; start 3:17:

| | 1st round. | 2d round. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mab, C. E. Archbald | 3 32 00 | 3 47 50 | 4 02 45 | 0 45 45 |
| Foggy Dear, H. L. Quick | 3 33 00 | 3 49 20 | 4 05 40 | 0 48 40 |
| As Is, J. R. Stewart | 3 34 40 | 3 51 41 | 4 06 44 | 0 49 44 |
| Bee, J. A. Gage | 3 33 10 | 3 51 35 | 4 07 10 | 0 50 10 |
| Pioneer, F. C. Moore | 3 34 10 | 3 51 45 | 4 07 33 | 0 50 33 |
| Wasp, Butler Ames | 3 33 40 | 3 51 38 | 4 08 20 | 0 51 20 |
| Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr. | 3 36 05 | 3 54 50 | 4 14 35 | 0 55 35 |
| Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell | 3 36 20 | 3 55 25 | 4 13 40 | 0 56 40 |
| Bee II., F. R. Gilbert | 3 36 15 | 3 55 15 | 4 14 05 | 0 57 05 |
| Bug, Paul Butler | Withdrew disabled. | | | |
| Chiquita, D. S. Goodsell | Withdrew. | | | |
| Crescent, C. Cartwright | Withdrew. | | | |

Event No. 9 Orillia cup; start 3:17. Sailed at same time as event No. 8; 7¼ miles. First three rounds as in event 8.

| | 4th Round. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mab | 4 17 45 | 4 33 52 | 1 16 52 |
| Bee II. | 4 26 45 | 4 58 53 | 1 41 53 |
| Crescent | | | |

Event No. 13. Novice sailing, Aug. 22, 3 miles; start, 10:35:

| | 1st round. | Finish. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kitt, L. H. May | 11 00 19 | 11 19 54 | 0 44 54 |
| Bee II., F. R. Gilbert | 11 03 22 | 11 24 00 | 0 49 00 |
| Random, W. M. Stanley | 11 05 38 | 11 28 52 | 0 53 52 |
| Zaidee, W. H. Burtis | 11 13 21 | 11 30 25 | 1 04 25 |
| Garganey, A. M Lindsay | Disabled. | | |
| Bo Peep, E. M. Underhill | Withdrew | | |

Event No. 30. Atlantic Division cup, Aug. 22, 6 miles; start, 10:35:

| | 1st Round. | 2d Round. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Points |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pioneer, F. A. Moore | 11 03 08 | 11 20 09 | 11 44 33 | 1 09 41 | 1 |
| Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell | 11 06 45 | 11 24 43 | 11 50 29 | 1 15 29 | 2 |
| Torment, J Mowbray | 11 01 10 | 11 20 20 | 11 48 00 | 1 13 12 | 3 |
| Kitt, L. H. May | 11 00 19 | 11 19 54 | 11 47 38 | 1 12 14 | 4 |
| Beta, T. Hale, Jr. | Disabled. | | | | |
| Foggy Dew, H. Quick | 11 04 56 | Withdrew. | | | |

Event No. 24. Mixed tandem, single blades, Aug. 22, ¼ mile; start, 12:40:15:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| R. O. King-Miss Stewart | 0 06 51 |
| D'Arcy Scott-Miss Scott | 0 06 54 |
| J. M. MacKendrick-Miss Wilkinson | 0 07 06 |
| J. E. Plummer-Miss Plummer | 0 07 09 |
| H. M. Carpenter-Miss Smith | 0 07 25 |

Event No. 29. Swimming, 100yds.:

| | |
|---|---|
| A. A. Conger | 1 |
| D'Arcy Scott | 2 |
| J. R. Stewart | 3 |
| C. P. Mosher | 4 |
| C. V. Winne | 5 |

No. 1. Combined, Aug. 24, 3 miles; start, 10:35:

| | 1st Round. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Points |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| As Is, J. R. Stewart | 10 57 30 | 11 24 01 | 0 49 01 | 5 |
| Kite, C. P. Mosher | 11 00 31 | 11 29 21 | 0 54 21 | 4 |
| Eel, J. W. Sparrow | 11 00 50 | 11 30 05 | 0 55 05 | 3 |
| Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr. | 10 59 30 | 11 30 46 | 0 55 46 | 2 |
| Garganey, A. M. Lindsay | 11 10 21 | 11 47 14 | 1 12 14 | 1 |

Event No 23. Ladies' tandem, ¼ mile, Aug. 24:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Plummer-Miss Smith | 1 |
| Miss Scott-Miss Stewart | 2 |
| Miss Schuyler-Miss Wilkinson | 3 |

Event No. 11. Club sailing, Aug. 24, 4½ miles; start 12:01:

Vesper.

| | 1st round. | 2d round. | Finish. | Elapsed. | Place. | P'ts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bug, Paul Butler | 12 20 10 | 12 37 00 | 12 55 05 | 0 54 05 | 2 | |
| Wasp, Butler Ames | 12 20 15 | 12 40 02 | 12 58 50 | 0 57 50 | 3 | |
| Bee, J. A. Gage | 12 20 20 | 12 40 00 | 1 02 00 | 1 01 00 | 6 | 37 |

Yonkers.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Foggy Dew, H. Quick | 12 20 50 | 12 40 30 | 1 01 52 | 1 00 32 | 5 | |
| Chiquita, D. Goodsell | 12 25 00 | 12 40 30 | 1 04 00 | 1 03 00 | 7 | |
| Beta, T. Hale, Jr. | 12 23 45 | 12 45 50 | 1 06 45 | 1 07 45 | 9 | 27 |

Irondequoit.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| As Is, J. R. Stewart | 12 21 45 | 12 41 02 | 1 00 05 | 0 59 05 | 4 | |
| Kite, C. P. Moser | 12 25 10 | 12 51 00 | 1 14 35 | 1 13 35 | 10 | |
| Gull, H. D. McVean | 12 28 40 | 12 53 35 | 1 16 00 | 1 14 00 | 11 | 23 |

New York.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pioneer, F C. Moore | 12 19 50 | 12 36 30 | 12 55 00 | 0 54 00 | 1 | |
| Kismet, W. L. Brownell | 12 45 55 | Withdrew. | | | | |
| Random, W. Stanley | Withdrew. | | | | | 15 |

Brooklyn.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell | 12 22 55 | 12 44 25 | 1 04 40 | 1 03 40 | 8 | 8 |
| Garganey, A. Lindsay | 12 22 50 | 12 43 30 | Withdrew. | | | |
| Kitt, L. H. May | Withdrew. | | | | | |

Event No. 5. Unlimited sailing, Aug. 24, 6 miles; start 3:05:15:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mab, C. E. Archbald | 3 24 00 | 3 46 55 | 4 06 50 | 4 29 15 | 1 24 00 |
| Pioneer, F. C Moore | 3 27 30 | 3 47 38 | 4 10 45 | 4 32 45 | 1 24 30 |
| Bug, Paul Butler | 3 26 00 | 3 47 37 | 4 11 08 | 4 30 15 | 1 25 00 |
| As Is, J. R. Stewart | 3 28 15 | 3 48 15 | 4 09 45 | 4 30 17 | 1 25 02 |
| Wasp, Butler Ames | 3 28 25 | 3 49 15 | 4 11 00 | 4 31 10 | 1 25 55 |
| Foggy Dew, H. Quick | 3 27 00 | 3 49 50 | 4 14 20 | 4 33 00 | 1 26 45 |
| Eclipse, F. L. Donnell | 3 29 05 | 3 48 40 | 4 14 30 | 4 32 55 | 1 27 40 |
| Bee, J. A. Gage | 3 28 27 | 3 49 10 | 4 14 25 | 4 33 15 | 1 28 00 |
| Chiquita, D. Goodsell | 3 31 45 | 3 51 35 | 4 15 57 | 4 34 10 | 1 28 15 |
| Torment, J. Mowbray | 3 32 06 | 3 55 00 | 4 16 30 | 4 34 30 | 1 29 15 |
| Gull, H. D. McVean | 3 34 45 | 3 57 35 | 4 18 20 | 4 39 06 | 1 33 55 |
| Kitt, L. H. May | 3 28 50 | Withdrew. | | | |

Event No. 4. Trophy paddling, Aug. 24, 4½ miles; start 5:32:30:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| W. C. Noack | 0 11 40 |
| R. A. King | 0 12 06 |
| D'Arcy Scott | 0 12 20 |
| R. Bickerdike | 0 14 32 |
| J. E. Plummer | 0 14 33 |

Event No. 19. Hurry-scurry, Aug. 24:

| | |
|---|---|
| A. A. Conger | 1 |
| R. A. King | 2 |
| D'Arcy Scott | 3 |
| Thos. Hale, Jr. | 4 |
| H. McDougal | 5 |

Event No. 2. Record paddling, Aug. 25, ½ mile; start 10:46:30:

| | Elapsed. | Points. |
|---|---|---|
| Eel, J. W. Sparrow | 0 06 00 | 5 |
| Kite, C. P Moser | 0 06 05 | 4 |
| As Is, J. R. Stewart | 0 06 04 | 3 |
| Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr. | 0 06 05 | 2 |
| Garganey, A. M. Lindsay | 0 07 30 | 1 |

Event No. 15. Open paddling, Aug. 25, ½ mile; start 11:22:35:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| F. A. C. Bickerdike | 0 05 16 |
| A. H. King | 0 05 45 |

Event No. 16. Decked tandem, Aug. 25, ½ mile; start 11:51:35:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| King and MacDougal | 0 05 25 |
| Mowbray and Plummer | 0 05 35 |
| Hale and Wild | 0 06 40 |
| Noack and Sparrow | 0 05 57 |

Event No. 17. Open tandem, Aug. 25, ½ mile; start 12:24:20:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| Scott and R. Bickerdike | 0 04 59 |
| King and MacDougal | 0 05 14 |
| Mowat and Burns | 0 05 20 |
| Howell and F. A. C. Bickerdike | 0 05 50 |
| Plummer and Mowbray | 0 06 25 |

Event No. 27. Bow paddling, Aug. 25; start 11:40:

| | |
|---|---|
| F. A. C. Bickerdike | 1 |
| McDougal | 2 |
| Edwards | 3 |
| Hall | 4 |
| Conger | 5 |
| Mowat | 6 |
| Burns | 7 |
| King | 8 |

Event No. 28. Upset paddling, Aug. 25; start 12 M.:

| | |
|---|---|
| King | 1 |
| Stewart | 2 |
| Hale | 3 |
| Scott | 4 |

Event No. 6. Trophy sailing, Aug. 25; start 3:05:

| | 1st Round. | 2d Round. | 3d Round. | 4th Round. | 5th Round. | 6th Round. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | |
| Mab | 3 21 15 | 3 45 51 | 4 08 10 | 4 19 55 | 4 38 00 | 4 54 55 | 1 49 55 |
| | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | |
| Bug | 3 22 30 | 3 47 25 | 4 06 03 | 4 21 48 | 4 39 25 | 4 56 47 | 1 51 47 |
| | 7 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | |
| Pioneer | 3 26 15 | 3 50 05 | 4 09 12 | 4 28 05 | 4 47 50 | 5 08 47 | 2 03 47 |
| | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | |
| As Is | 3 23 23 | 3 50 10 | 4 10 00 | 4 28 20 | 4 48 00 | 5 09 40 | 2 04 40 |
| | 3 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 5 | |
| Wasp | 3 22 40 | 3 50 41 | 4 10 38 | 4 30 37 | 4 50 23 | 5 10 20 | 2 05 20 |
| | 6 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 6 | |
| Bee | 3 23 46 | 3 51 18 | 4 13 20 | 4 33 27 | 4 52 25 | 5 16 13 | 2 08 13 |
| | 8 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 7 | |
| Foggy Dew | 3 29 30 | 3 52 45 | 4 14 35 | 4 34 17 | 4 54 07 | 5 14 40 | 2 09 40 |
| | 9 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 8 | |
| Eclipse | 3 30 20 | 3 51 11 | 4 12 12 | 4 33 10 | 4 54 00 | 5 15 20 | 2 10 20 |
| | 4 | 3 | 5 | 8 | 7 | | |
| Torment | 3 22 54 | 3 49 45 | 4 10 15 | 4 33 30 | 4 53 07 | Disabled. | |
| | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | | | |
| Chiquita | 3 31 41 | 3 54 50 | 4 16 45 | 4 39 45 | Withdrew. | | |
| | 10 | 11 | 11 | | | | |
| Eel | 3 30 56 | 3 55 15 | 4 17 40 | Withdrew. | | | |
| Gull | Withdrew. | | | | | | |
| Kitt | Withdrew. | | | | | | |

Event No. 18 Club four paddling, Aug. 25, ½ mile; start 5:45:

| | Elapsed. |
|---|---|
| King, McDougal, Sparrow, Howell, Mowat | 0 04 46 |
| Britton, Burns, Bickerdike | 0 04 56 |

Event No. 3 Record sailing, Aug. 26, 3 miles; start 10:35:

| | |
|---|---|
| As Is, J. R. Stewart (race called by committee) | 1 |
| Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr. | 2 |

A. C. A. record, 1896:

| | Combined. | Pad. | Sail. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| As Is, J. R. Stewart | 5 | 3 | 2 | 10 |
| Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr. | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 |
| Kite, C. P. Moser | 4 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Eel, J. W. Sparrow | 3 | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Garganey, A. M. Lindsay | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |

Event No. 31. Passenger paddling, Aug. 27; start 5:30:

| Crew. | Passenger. |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Plummer | J. C. Mowbray 1 |
| Miss Swift | L. A. Hall 2 |
| Miss Stewart | A. A. Conger 3 |

Event No. 7. Dolphin trophy, Aug 27, 7½ miles; start 10:30:

| | 1st Round. | 2d Round. | 3d Round. | 4th Round. | 5th Round. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pioneer | 10 39 00 | 10 59 38 | 11 19 05 | 11 39 00 | 12 07 02 | 1 47 02 |
| Torment | 10 42 48 | 11 03 38 | 11 31 45 | 11 50 45 | 12 22 03 | 2 02 03 |
| Eclipse | 10 41 56 | 11 02 23 | 11 28 17 | 11 48 53 | 12 22 50 | 2 02 50 |
| As Is | 10 41 47 | Disabled. | | | | |
| Bud | 10 43 10 | Withdrew. | | | | |

Event No. 12. 100ft. limit of sail, Aug. 27, 3 miles; start 2:50:

| | 1st Round. | 2d Round. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| As Is, J. R. Stewart | 3 06 43 | 3 24 16 | 0 34 06 |
| Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell | 3 07 30 | 3 25 00 | 0 35 00 |

Event No. 14. Unclassified (old canoes with open cockpits), Aug. 27, 3 miles; start 2:50:

| | 1st Round. | 2d Round. | Elapsed. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mayflower, J. C. Plummer | 3 13 50 | 3 40 04 | 0 50 04 |
| Bud, H. H. Smythe | Capsized. | | |

## A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

| Name. | Residence. | Club. |
|---|---|---|
| W. H. Post | Ogdensburgh, N. Y. | —— |
| Charles Russell | Albany, N. Y. | —— |
| C. W. Lindsay | Rochester, N. Y. | —— |
| E. G. Gilbert | Rochester, N. Y. | —— |

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Robert Edgar | Yonkers, N. Y. | Yonkers. |
| Charles Stebbins | Newburgh, N. Y. | Shattemuc. |
| Louis H. May | New York City | New York. |

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mrs. G. C. Mackenzie | Elizabeth, N. J. | Canoe Chaperone |

# Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 23.—The scores given below were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

Gindele.

8 7 8 8 10 10 10 10 8 9—86 10 10 7 8 8 10 8 9 7 8—85
6 10 7 5 9 10 10 9 10 7—83 8 10 7 9 6 7 10 7 8 10—82

Weinheimer.

8 7 9 7 8 8 9 4 9 8—72 8 5 6 4 6 8 4 9 10 10—69
8 6 5 9 9 6 7 4 7 7—68 6 8 5 8 7 5 8 6 5 8—66

Payne.

10 7 7 10 8 7 10 8 10 6—80 8 8 8 10 7 10 6 7 9 7—80
8 8 8 7 4 6 7 7 10 10—75 10 5 7 5 7 6 6 6 10 10—72

Topf.

7 7 7 8 9 8 4 9 6 9—80 8 8 9 4 7 6 9 9 7 3—84
7 8 7 6 10 8 6 5 8 3—64 9 5 4 6 7 4 5 9 5 4—58

Louis.

6 8 7 7 8 4 8 6 3 7—64 6 6 7 5 5 5 6 5 8 8—62
5 8 8 4 7 6 8 4 4 7—61 6 7 6 10 4 6 3 7 5 7—61

Columbia target:

Gindele.

5 6 5 10 9 4 13 7 3 5—69 10 5 3 5 6 12 14 3 4 3—64
3 7 1 7 12 7 6 4 7 1—65 5 7 13 18 16 2 8 7 4 3—78

Weinheimer.

10 4 15 8 5 6 8 9 5 17—87 7 8 5 6 11 4 10 17 4 9—81
19 9 8 12 5 9 8 16 24 8—110 18 6 17 19 23 4 3 17 10 10—127

Payne.

4 6 13 20 5 6 12 11 15 2—93 5 8 12 8 3 3 10 14 7 7—77
22 11 9 10 8 6 18 4 5 13—106 9 13 7 1 3 8 10 9 15 5—80

Topf.

8 15 18 15 3 19 16 10 27 9—140 22 13 16 17 27 7 8 7 25 13—151
27 17 27 10 25 25 23 17 11 17—198

Louis.

9 17 13 8 16 13 24 4 10 5—118 2 7 14 16 13 6 12 13 9 22—114
6 13 18 16 24 12 7 14 18 21—149

## Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 29.—Scores made by members of the Presque Isle Rifle Club at to-day's practice shoot were as follows:

Two hundred yards, standard American target, 7-ring black:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| John Stidham | 8 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 4—72 |
| | 7 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 8—72 |
| | 7 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 9—71 |
| J G Germann | 8 | 5 | 9 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 6—72 |
| | 8 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 7—70 |
| | 8 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 7—69 |
| G C Rahn | 7 | 4 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 6—71 |
| | 6 | 9 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 10—69 |
| | 7 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 8 | 10 | 10 | 8—67 |
| W J Layer | 4 | 5 | 10 | 7 | 3 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 10—71 |
| | 9 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6—70 |
| | 7 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 5—64 |
| W F Treiber | 7 | 7 | 4 | 10 | 6 | 10 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 6—77 |
| | 6 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 9 | 10 | 5—84 |
| | 5 | 4 | 3 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 8—63 |
| Geo Shafer | 6 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 8 | 10—69 |
| | 5 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 10 | 5 | 6 | 6—68 |
| | 6 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 10 | 10—67 |
| Dr Wheeler | 10 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 10 | 5 | 9 | 8 | 4—73 |
| | 6 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 10 | 7 | 7 | 7—67 |
| | 6 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 8—60 |
| F Derby | 3 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 9 | 4 | 6 | 9 | 7—62 |
| | 6 | 6 | 4 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 9—59 |
| | 6 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 6 | 8—58 |
| J F Layer | 5 | 10 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 5—61 |
| | 5 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 5—57 |
| | 9 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 8—57 |
| Sid Ormsby | 5 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 3 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 7 | 5—56 |
| | 8 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 8 | 3 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 5—54 |
| | 9 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 7 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 5—50 |
| E S Noyes | 3 | 0 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 10 | 7—53 |
| | 3 | 3 | 5 | 2 | 6 | 10 | 8 | 5 | 7 | 0—47 |
| | 3 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 9 | 0 | 6 | 4 | 1 | 6—44 |
| F S Sackett (visitor) | 9 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 8—56 |

## San Francisco Rifle Notes.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 24.—Fine rifle sharpshooters and military marksmen assembled at the Shell Mound rifle range yesterday in large numbers. In fact, the targets were kept hot all day. Considering the many attractions in this line around the bay, the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's attendance was fairly good. Not a little interest was centered on the short range, 50yds., where the pistol and .22cal. rifle shooting was going on. Mrs. L. J. Crane made a very pretty score on the Columbia target for the Glindermann ladies' trophy. It was 5, 1, 4, 1, 4, 4, 2, 2, 5, 5—33. This shows an average of 8¼ points.

Miss Ada M. Olofson also came to the front with a very pretty practice pistol score, which for the first effort with this firearm leads to the belief that she will not take long in becoming an expert. Her run was 4, 4, 9, 7, 12, 10, 6, 5, 15, 13—85. When the ladies' auxiliary to this club is created there is no donbt but that many good shots will be developed with rifle and pistol. The scores in the 50yd. range were as follows:

Pistol, Blanding medal, 3 shots, open to all comers: F. O. Young, 3, 3, 3—9; J. E Gorman, 6, 2, 2—10; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 7, 1, 4—12.

Glindermann ladies' trophy, 10 shots, .22cal. rifle: Mrs. L. J. Crane 33.

All-comers' medal, 5 shots, .22-caliber rifle, 50yds.: E. A. Hovey 9, 12, 13; E. Jacobson 11, 19; Mrs. J. Crane 11, 16; W. E. Brooks vi, 26.

On the 200yd. rifle range the annexed records were made in the following re-entry matches, Columbia target:

Unfred diamond medal, 3 shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 11, F. O. Young 12, J. Utschig 17.

Military rifle, Glindermann medal, 10 shots, Creedmoor count: F. Poulter 46, F. O. Young 44.

Rifle record medal, 10 shots: J. Utschig 50, F. O. Young 50, A. B. Dorrell 84.

Most flags for centers: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 2, D. W. McLaughlin 1.

The chief public shoot of the year, lasting two days, closed yesterday. It was given by the California Schuetzen Club at their San Rafael range. The shooting was hardly up to the average in excellence owing to unfavorable weather conditions. About 150 marksmen participated. Shooting tickets to the amount of $2,000 were sold.

Some of the highest scores were:

Man target, 4 shots: 77, F. Baumgartner and L. Haake; 75, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, R. Finking and John Utschig; 74, D. B. Faktor; 73, C. Meyer, C. Thierbach; 72, D. McLaughlin, A. Strecker.

Honorary target, 3 shots: 71, W. Glindeman, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, J. Utschig and A. Pape; 70, D. McLaughlin, H. R. Brown, Faktor and Meyer; 69, N Ahrens.

Point target: Faktor 847, Schuster 827.

King target, 10 shots: L. Bendel won with 238 rings. HOEHL.

# Trap-Shooting.

**If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:**

## FIXTURES.

Sept. 1-5.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y

Sept. 7.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association.

Sept. 7.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Riverside Rod and Gun Club. Targets. E. D. Hicks, Manager.

Sept. 8-9.—MARION, N. J.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J.; $150 added money.

Sept 8-10.—GALT, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $800 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 11.—WEST LEBANON, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 19.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Fourth tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; League team race in the afternoon. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 3.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

*Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.*

We have received from Mr. Willard L. Simpson, chairman of the executive committee of the San Antonio Gun Club, the following circular, dated Sept. 1: "Our tournament last year is now a matter of record; that we fulfilled our promises has been attested to by all the shooters who attended. Last year we were open to the world, but at our next tournament we propose to give the amateur a chance. Our tournament to be held April 15, 16 and 17, 1897, will be strictly for the amateur shooter, professionals and manufacturers' agents will be barred from regular events, although we shall be glad to see them with us, and can assure them a good time and provide them with plenty of shooting. Everybody who attends will have a fair show; nobody will get rich, but you will all have a good time. Particulars of programme will follow later, but it will be a good one, with many new and novel features, and we will give the shoot on the finest and best equipped grounds in the State of Texas, if not in the South. It was our intention to hold the tournament on Oct. 15 16 and 17, 1895, but after making a thorough canvass of the Texas shooters and securing the expression of the leading clubs of the State, the executive committee, out of deference to the wishes of the majority, decided to hold the shoot in the spring of 1897, and chose April 15, 16 and 17 as the proper time to hold it. Let us hear from you. If you have any suggestions to offer we shall be pleased to receive them; we want to try and satisfy everybody, and any points you can give us will be thankfully received. A shoot for the exclusive benefit of the amateur shooters is a new departure, and we want you to understand that our shoot is for the amateur, "first, last and always," and his interest will be fully protected. Your assistance as well as that of every amateur will assure us of success, and we therefore submit the above to you and await your reply with any suggestions you may have to offer."

Mr. C. E. Brady, of Cuyahoga Falls, O., secretary of the newly organized gun club of that town, writes us regarding trap-shooting in that locality as follows: "A gun club has been organized by the younger men of this town which will be known as the Coast Pigeon Gun Club. It is composed wholly of amateurs and they will hold their shoot every Friday afternoon on their grounds in this village. There was also organized in this town a gun club which will be known as the Cuyahoga Shooting Association, which is composed not only of the sportsmen of this village, but also includes members of other gun clubs of surrounding towns, and bids fair to be one of the strongest organizations of this kind in the State. They have located and are fitting up grounds which are easily reached by the different steam and electric roads running into Cuyahoga Falls, where they will hold their shoot every Saturday afternoon, and will be pleased to entertain any visiting sportsmen that might be in this vicinity. It might be well to add that the success of this gun club is assured, as H. A. Penrose, the well-known sportsman, is one of the prime movers."

The three days' shooting next week on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, at Marion, N. J., ought to be productive of some good sport. The dates are Sept. 7-9. The first day is more of a practice, or preparatory, day. No regularly advertised programme will be run off, but events to suit the shooters will be kept going; this is the annual tournament of the club. On the next two days, however, the Interstate Association will give a two days' shoot under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club. The programme has been referred to at length in these columns on a previous occasion, so further notice is unnecessary. From advices received to date, it looks as if this, the last tournament given by the Interstate Association during 1896, will be the best of the series.

Mr. C. O. Gardiner, secretary of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League, writes as follows: "The next tournament of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' League of New Jersey will be held Sept. 19 at the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, Hackensack, N. J. This club is very conveniently located for visiting shooters, being situated within one minute's walk of the New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad and five minutes from that of the New Jersey & New York Railroad. A number of sweeps will be shot, commencing at 10 A. M., and the Bergen County Gun Club cordially invites the members of other clubs to participate in these events."

While attending the Interstate Association's tournament at Burlington, Vt., last week, Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, handed us the following note: "Please make mention in your paper that a Francotte gun, No 26,068, quality 3, was obtained from the firm of Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago, on a bogus draft tendered by a man calling himself R. J. Widner, Los Angeles, Cal."

The columns of FOREST AND STREAM are closed to challenges unaccompanied by a forfeit. Such has been and such still is our rule. The sooner this is thoroughly understood by all would-be matchmakers, the better we shall be pleased. Two communications of that nature, one of them good reading, have been laid to one side this week under that rule.

So far as we can ascertain, Edgar Gibbs Murphy's total of 198 out of 200 live birds, 21yds. boundary, is a record. If anybody knows of a higher score made under similar conditions, he will confer a favor on us and will put a stop to a lot of argument by forwarding full particulars of the same to FOREST AND STREAM.

SEPT. 1. EDWARD BANKS.

## Trap-Shooting Systems.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have eagerly perused the different writings on the trap-shooting systems now in favor, and while I concede their merit I am convinced that but a part of the ground has been covered—an important part, it is true, yet leaving equally important neglected.

Let us refer to the old system. It never contemplated any such application as that of the present day. When it was adopted its theory and practice were that there were no ties left to be divided as they are at present. Every event was shot to a finish, leaving one or two men in the places and the moneys. That practice fitted the times of a few years ago precisely, for the trap-shooting events in entries were then relatively small, and shooting off the ties occasioned but little delay and little inconvenience. Also, there were but few men who had skill enough to be in the ties. But the interest grew steadily. The number of trap-shooters multiplied to an astonishing degree, and the number of experts was increased in a still greater ratio. Then it was found in practice that shooting off the ties obstructed the tournament, there being so many in the ties. To idle about waiting for the ties to be decided entailed an expense, an irksome delay on those who did not shoot, which practically amounted to a suspension of the tournament for the time being. For those who shot off the ties there was so much added expense thereby that it absorbed the winnings.

On account of the clamorous objection against shooting off ten ties, the managements thoughtlessly permitted events to be shot without shooting off the ties, under a system which never contemplated such stupidity, and which in such application lost all semblance to a system. It was a good enough system when the events were shot to a finish; short of that finish it was no system at all. The manner of deciding the events was changed radically when dividing the ties was introduced, but the old system remained. The old system did not meet the new conditions.

Of course, with the changed conditions many shooters were not slow to perceive the weakness of an old system, and they took advantage of the situation. Why not? It required no great thought to perceive that if twenty men tied for first and there was but one man in the second hole, it was better to divide second money with one man than to divide first with nineteen. Many, many worse have been wasted on the crime of "dropping for place," or its unfairness, or whatever any one is pleased to term it. Without showing how it is a crime or wherein it is "crooked," the assumption is made that it is a crime, and the arguments have been in line accordingly. No one has seen fit to come out boldly and lay the fault where it belongs; that is, with the system itself. If we insist that a shooter must shoot honestly at his best, he on the other hand has an equal right to insist that he be furnished with an honest system, one which will not rob him because he is more skillful than his fellows and because he does his best.

In all contests from the time the world began the victor has been awarded honors and emolument, glory and reward, greater than were conceded to those he defeated, except in trap-shooting. It is an insult to a shooter's intelligence to make him shoot under a ricketty, patched-up system, with a resounding proclamation attached thereto, informing him that he must be honest to tide over the weak places of the system. What right has anyone to take such a system as a measure of any man's honesty? Who were the originators of that system who so imbued it with honesty that to violate it made a man "crooked?" Who are the interpreters of it who can find warrant from its very imperfections to brand his fellow "crooked?"

There is no honor in any event in which the ties are not shot off. In a championship or other event where there is a single victor there is honor, for then there is supremacy. In other events it is shooting for money pure and simple. A shooter has a right to expect that in a contest his winnings will be according to the skill shown by him; his reward should be in a ratio to his score. But he finds that he is shooting under a system which often enables a man to win more money with a less score than the one made by himself. And yet he is told that if he departs from shooting at his best under a rotten system he is "crooked" and will be barred. It is farcical too, for any man can miss a bird when he chooses to do so, and what man can take it upon himself to say that it was done intentionally if the shooter does not choose to say whether it was or not. Of course a man may be so unpopular as to be ruled out on any valiable pretext, be it right or wrong; but that is another matter. No man living, from his own observation, would dare to make oath that a shooter missed a bird purposely unless the shooter did it purposely to parade the fact, and surely the matter of any man's reputation is of much more value than the bare word of any other man or that of any dozen other men.

Here we shooters have been burdened for years with a rotten system, one which was never meant for the purpose as it is now applied, and our honesty is to be measured by the crazy old patchwork system which does not fit our needs and is not honest in itself, since the best scores are often of least value in winnings, although the shooter is told that he must shoot at his best to please his friends, who may shoot or who may not. NOVICE.

## Monroe Tournament.

MONROE, La., Aug. 25.—The tournament of the Monroe Gun Club, which was held on Aug. 19, 20, 21 and 22, was one of those interesting and successful tournaments that is conducive of much benefit to the sport of trap-shooting, it being strictly a gentlemen's shoot in the full sense of the term. Though one might say it was gotten up on the spur of the moment, as it was less than a month prior to the above dates that the club decided to hold a tournament, and its success speaks well for the hustling qualities of its officers and members. The workers at this tournament, and to whom much of the success of the shoot is due, are Dr. W. L. Jones, president of the club; Harry W. Stevenson, its efficient young secretary; Dr. A. A. Forsythe, Dr. T. Y. Aby, Dr. L. C. George, W. C. Williams and J. W. Wright. These worked incessantly, and carefully looked after the wants and comforts of the visiting shooters. Mr. John W. Hanna made an efficient, obliging and courteous cashier, always willing to answer questions, and one's money was ever forthcoming.

The grounds were located on the outskirts of the city, though not a great way from the hotel, and were reached by 'bus, the moderate charge of 25 cents being made for the round trip, and there were always ample conveyances for all. There were two sets of target traps (all bluerocks) and two sets of live-bird traps in position. One of the live-bird traps was the King automatic and the other some antique make, that were markers for their slowness. These, however, were little used, most of the live birds being shot from the King trap. The background was excellent, and no fault could be found on this score. Ample shelter had been provided for all, the shooters' score was decked over, and thus they were protected from the sun and weather. In the rear of the score were two large stands with plenty of benches, where one could lounge and talk when not shooting. Everything worked smoothly but the electric pulls, and they caused no little annoyance and delay. The live birds were a fine lot of good flyers, though of course not as strong as those in the winter.

In all there were about 11,000 targets thrown and 1,525 live birds trapped.

The programme announced that there would be five moneys in all of the target events, and that the purse would be divided on a basis of 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., and in the live-bird events there would be three moneys, divided 50, 30 and 20. The evening prior to the commencement of the tournament the shooters all met, and after the writer had explained the Rose system, and demonstrated its simplicity and fairness, it was unanimously adopted. THE FOREST AND STREAM had again advanced the cause of honest shooting at the trap. The points at first agreed upon were 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2. This was after the first five events changed to 7, 5, 4, 3 and 2, and proved very satisfactory. In the live-bird events there were three moneys, and the points in these were 6, 4 and 2. All events, with the exception of three extra events on the first day, were shot under this system. So well satisfied was the club with the system that they intend to use it at all their future tournaments, while a number of those present whose clubs contemplate holding tournaments said they would see that this system would be adopted.

*First Day.*

The first day of the tournament was a decidedly pleasant one, a heavy shower on the previous day having laid the dust and cooled the atmosphere to a comfortable degree. In addition to this it was hazy in the morning, and a fine breeze was blowing which continued throughout the whole of the day. This, coming after three weeks of extremely sultry weather, had a buoyant effect on everybody.

The attendance was not large, only 25 shooters participating, but most of them shot through the entire programme. Foote with his little 16-gauge Greener, carried off the honors of the day, making an average of 86.4 per cent. Will Miller was right after him with 86 per cent. In addition to the regular programme events, a 50-target sweep, with $5 entrance and 3 moneys, was shot; the purse in this being divided under the old system of 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

In this Will Miller took first on 46, Stevenson captured second on 43 and Jackson third with 42. All without a tie.

The rest is shown in the table below. The first ten events are the regular programme events at 20 targets each, and the last one is the 50-bird sweep.

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | Shot. | Broke. | Av. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Foote | 18 | 18 | 19 | 19 | 18 | 18 | 19 | 14 | 17 | 16 | 40 | 250 | 216 | 86.4 |
| Will Miller | 19 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 17 | 16 | 20 | 15 | 15 | 16 | 46 | 250 | 215 | 86 |
| Faurote | 18 | 14 | 17 | 19 | 19 | 15 | 19 | 18 | 20 | 18 | 39 | 250 | 211 | 84.4 |
| Jackson | 14 | 17 | 17 | 18 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 16 | 18 | 17 | 42 | 250 | 210 | 84 |
| George | 19 | 15 | 18 | 17 | 19 | 18 | 16 | 19 | 17 | 15 | 85 | 250 | 208 | 83.2 |
| W R Miller | 17 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 17 | 17 | 16 | 15 | 19 | 16 | 40 | 250 | 208 | 83.2 |
| Sumpter | 14 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 18 | 17 | 19 | 16 | 19 | 15 | 40 | 250 | 207 | 82.8 |
| Stevenson | 12 | 17 | 18 | 17 | 18 | 14 | 19 | 16 | 15 | 15 | 43 | 250 | 204 | 81.6 |
| Lloyd | 17 | 14 | 17 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 16 | 17 | 19 | 15 | .. | 200 | 160 | 80 |
| Dinkins | 18 | 15 | 15 | 16 | 16 | 16 | 15 | 14 | 18 | 15 | 41 | 250 | 199 | 79.6 |
| Forsythe | 18 | 16 | 19 | 16 | 16 | 18 | 18 | 13 | 14 | 14 | 40 | 250 | 197 | 78.8 |
| Boyett | .. | 18 | 16 | 14 | 18 | 14 | 16 | 15 | 16 | 15 | .. | 180 | 139 | 77.2 |
| Pinkston | 19 | 17 | 17 | 14 | 19 | 16 | 15 | 14 | 15 | 8 | .. | 200 | 154 | 77 |
| Daniels | 16 | 13 | 16 | 17 | 17 | 15 | 18 | 13 | 17 | 19 | .. | 200 | 153 | 76.5 |
| Arrighi | 16 | 17 | 13 | 15 | 17 | 12 | 13 | 16 | 14 | 18 | 40 | 250 | 191 | 76.4 |
| Dabney | 11 | 14 | 18 | 16 | 17 | .. | 16 | .. | 16 | 13 | .. | 160 | 121 | 75.6 |
| Aby | .. | 12 | 16 | 15 | 14 | 16 | 15 | 16 | 11 | 15 | 18 | 40 | 250 | 188 | 75.2 |
| Wells | .. | 13 | 14 | 14 | 17 | 18 | 13 | .. | 17 | .. | .. | .. | 140 | 105 | 75 |
| Ellis | .. | 13 | 17 | 16 | 17 | 19 | 14 | 17 | 11 | 15 | 17 | .. | 200 | 149 | 74.5 |
| Baker | .. | 18 | 15 | 16 | 13 | 16 | 11 | 15 | 16 | 13 | 14 | .. | 200 | 149 | 74.5 |
| Shott | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 12 | 16 | 16 | .. | 15 | 37 | 150 | 110 | 73.3 |
| Walton | .. | 17 | 14 | 17 | 17 | 18 | 16 | 13 | 8 | 11 | 12 | 40 | 250 | 183 | 73.2 |
| Hildreth | .. | 13 | 9 | 16 | 15 | 16 | 12 | 9 | 19 | 18 | 11 | 36 | 250 | 171 | 68.4 |
| Danforth | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15 | 19 | 13 | 11 | .. | 14 | 80 | 109 | 68 |
| W C Williams | .. | 14 | 12 | 13 | 11 | 11 | 14 | 16 | 14 | 14 | 10 | .. | 200 | 129 | 64.5 |
| J A Williams | .. | 10 | 10 | 6 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 13 | 9 | 18 | .. | 140 | 71 | 50.5 |

*Second Day.*

The weather to-day was again bright and clear, but the fine breeze of the previous day had abated. Old Sol therefore had things his own way and proceeded to make everyone uncomfortable. Altogether it was an extremely sultry day.

Twenty-eight shooters were present, and at the close of the day Jackson led with an average of 88 per cent., while Stevenson was second with 88 5 per cent. The following also shot in one or two events, though their names do not appear in the table below: Callender, Kennedy and J. A. Williams shot in two events, and Cooper in one, neither of whom made an average of 60 per cent.

There was also a 10 live-bird sweep shot after the target programme was finished. The scores of this are also given below:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | Shot at. | Broke. | Av |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jackson | 14 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 18 | 18 | 19 | 19 | 20 | 200 | 176 | 88 |
| Stevenson | 14 | 16 | 16 | 19 | 19 | 15 | 20 | 18 | 16 | 20 | 200 | 173 | 86.5 |
| Foote | 18 | 18 | 17 | 19 | 19 | 16 | 18 | 17 | 18 | 13 | 200 | 173 | 86.5 |
| George | 18 | 16 | 16 | 19 | 13 | 20 | 18 | 18 | 18 | 16 | 200 | 171 | 85.5 |
| Will Miller | 18 | 19 | 17 | 17 | 16 | 16 | 20 | 14 | 17 | 17 | 200 | 171 | 85.5 |
| W R Miller | 16 | 18 | 12 | 18 | 20 | 18 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 19 | 200 | 171 | 85.5 |
| Dabney | 16 | 17 | 16 | 15 | 19 | .. | 16 | 17 | .. | 19 | 160 | 135 | 84.3 |
| Sumpter | 17 | 15 | 19 | 18 | 18 | 16 | 17 | 14 | 18 | 16 | 200 | 168 | 84 |
| Forsythe | 15 | 16 | 19 | 18 | 16 | 19 | 18 | 15 | 18 | 15 | 200 | 164 | 82 |
| Wells | .. | .. | .. | 16 | 18 | 16 | 15 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 80 | 65 | 81.2 |
| Arrighi | 15 | 18 | 19 | 19 | 14 | 16 | 18 | 16 | 16 | 15 | 200 | 161 | 80.5 |
| Walton | 16 | 18 | 19 | 15 | 18 | 14 | 17 | 11 | 15 | 17 | 200 | 160 | 80 |
| Ellis | 16 | 15 | 16 | 18 | 16 | 13 | 17 | 14 | 17 | 19 | 200 | 159 | 79.5 |
| Hildreth | 13 | 17 | 18 | 15 | 15 | 18 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 16 | 200 | 154 | 77 |
| Aby | 15 | 13 | 17 | 16 | 18 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 16 | 13 | 200 | 152 | 76.5 |
| Faurote | 17 | 10 | 17 | 16 | 14 | 13 | 15 | 18 | 16 | 14 | 200 | 150 | 75 |
| Lloyd | 13 | 16 | 15 | 15 | 16 | 15 | 18 | 16 | 17 | 13 | 200 | 140 | 74.5 |
| Boyett | 16 | 18 | 16 | 15 | .. | 13 | .. | 16 | .. | .. | 120 | 87 | 72.5 |
| Dinkins | 16 | 16 | 16 | 14 | 11 | 11 | 16 | 16 | 15 | 13 | 200 | 144 | 72 |
| Daniels | 17 | 14 | 14 | 15 | 15 | .. | 15 | 10 | 14 | 13 | 180 | 127 | 70.5 |
| Pinkston | 15 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 16 | 12 | 16 | 11 | 14 | 200 | 139 | 69.5 |
| Baker | 17 | 11 | 11 | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 80 | 52 | 65 |
| Dr George | 13 | 15 | 17 | 12 | 15 | 9 | 13 | 12 | .. | 8 | 180 | 114 | 63.3 |
| W C Williams | 13 | 16 | 15 | 11 | 13 | 11 | 8 | 13 | 13 | .. | 180 | 111 | 61.6 |

LIVE BIRDS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sumpter | 1111122213—10 | Stevenson | 1102110021—7 |
| W R Miller | 2221221111—10 | Kennedy | 1112100102—7 |
| Wills | 2121122211—10 | Callender | 1201300111—7 |
| Faurote | 2111221111—10 | Boyett | 0122113021—7 |
| Will Miller | 1112212121—10 | Ellis | 2101101101—7 |
| Jackson | 2121011122—9 | Dinkins | 2012011011—7 |
| Forsythe | 2112211110—9 | Aby | 0101022210—6 |
| Foote | 2111121ee1—8 | Lloyd | 2ee110e212—6 |
| Walton | 1001211121—8 | Baker | 0212010012—6 |
| Arrighi | 0211111e21—8 | Pinkston | 1110112011—6 |
| W C Williams | 222e221012—8 | Hildreth | 0000120e11—4 |

*Live-Bird Days.*

The third and fourth days of the tournament were devoted to live-pigeon shooting exclusively. On Friday there were four 10-bird sweeps shot, with an entrance fee of $7.50, and three moneys. Later on in the day a 25 live-bird handicap was started, which, however, was not finished until some time the second day, after which three more 10-bird sweeps were shot. This event had 14 entries at $15, and birds extra, three moneys. Faurote captured first money, scoring 24; he shot a good, steady race and won strictly on his merits. Stevens and Kennedy tied for second on 23. Nearly all of Kennedy's birds were easy ones, with the exception of the last one, and this easily beat him out; his other lost bird fell dead out of bounds. Stevenson started off rather poor; he lost his first one and then ran 23 straight, having drawn a rather uniform lot of easy ones. His 24th caused him some trouble; it proved to be quite fast and escaped the first load, but was scratched down with the second at long range, close to the boundary. His 25th was a hot one, and carried both loads out of bounds.

Three men scored 22 and divided third. Miller drew his share of fast birds and was also handicapped by shooting all kinds of loads; he lost two birds dead out of bounds. Jackson and Forsythe both shot a good race, the former lost a bird by a shell hanging in his gun. Sumpter and Ellis both looked sure of a place. Sumpter started off well, but his 9th bird lingered about the trap, and just as he lowered his gun and was in the act of saying no bird it took wing, and being a very fast one the shooter never caught up with it. His 13th bird, a very strong one, fell dead out of bounds. Then he lost his 17th, a rank easy towerer that appeared to stand still in the air; then his 18th, though hard hit, went out of bounds. This virtually put him out of the race. Ellis shot along very well until about the finish; his 23d, an easy one, put him out of the money.

Walton entered on the first day, but that night he was taken sick and was unable to finish his score, though he had a chance to make 23. Foote withdrew when he saw that he was out of the money, as did Callender and Dinkins. The others finished their scores.

The scores in the handicap are given in detail, while those made in the sweeps have been tabulated. The first four were shot before the handicap and the last three after it was finished.

*Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*

*Live-Bird Scores, Third and Fourth Days.*

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sumpter | 8 | 8 | 8 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | Wells | 10 | 8 | 10 | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| W R Miller | 7 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 9 | .. | Will Miller | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Foote | 9 | 10 | 10 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | Forsythe | 8 | 4 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| Jackson | 8 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 8 | .. | Kennedy | 7 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 9 |
| Faurote | 8 | 10 | 10 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 9 | J M George | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Aby | 7 | 6 | 5 | 9 | .. | 8 | .. | Daniels | .. | 8 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Walton | 9 | 8 | 9 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | Baker | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Dinkins | 6 | 7 | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | Jones | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. |
| Arrighi | 7 | 5 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | Thompson | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 9 | 8 |
| Callender | 9 | 10 | 10 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | Stevenson | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 7 | 7 |
| Ellis | 8 | 10 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 9 | Dr George | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| W C Williams | 5 | 8 | 10 | 5 | 9 | 7 | .. | Hildreth | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 5 |

The Mississippi delegation consisted of H. L. Foote and J. L. Walton, Rolling Forks; Will Miller and R. L. Pinkston, Vicksburg; H. L. Baker and Frank Arrighi, Natchez, and H. L. Dinkins, Anguilla.

Texas had Wallace Miller and A. A. Jackson, Austin; J. M. George, San Antonio; John Ellis, Galveston, and F. M. Faurote, of Dallas, present.

From Arkansas came J. E. Wells, J. T. Lloyd and M. M. Boyett, Pine Bluff, and John J. Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs.

Then there was Tom Callender, of Nashville, Tenn., representing the W. A. powder; J. Hildreth, Jr., New Haven, Conn., representing the Winchester Arms Co.; J. A. Williams, Bonita, La., and J. L. Daniels, of Mer Rouge, La.

The Shreveport delegation was out of sight.

H. L. Foote made the best average in all target events, 86.4 per cent.; he also made longest straight run on live birds; 30 was the extent of it. Will Miller and Jackson tied for second average with 85.7 per cent.

Wallace Miller amazed the ladies as well as the natives by the dextrous manner in which he handled his Winchester; 2, 3, 4 and 5 targets tossed in the air at once were all snuffed out. The rapid manner in which he manipulated this gun was a revelation to the shooters in this section.

On the first day there were only two straight scores made in the target events. Will Miller and Faurote each got one. The second day there were six. Wallace Miller, Joe George, Jackson and Will Miller each got one, while Stevenson made two.

F. M. Faurote is a 20-bore crank, he lost but 10 pigeons out of 115 shot; he is one of the latest converts to W. A. powder.

The Rose system left no chance to drop for place. However, in the first live-bird sweep, after there had been four straights made, and only one 9, a shooter after running 9 straight turned around and inquired if this event was also shot under the Rose system; being assured that it was, he killed his last bird. Of course if the old system had been used he would have killed the bird just the same. He was only asking for information, not for a place.

Wallace Miller and Sumpter both sported their Chicago costume in addition to their Du Pont sweater; they both wore bloomers.

Tom Callender is rapidly developing into a fine pigeon shot; he scored 45 out of 50 in the sweeps, but fell out rather early in the handicap. His fine second barrel kills elicited rounds of applause.

Joe George was hardly up to his form, but this was not worrying Joe much. He was telling the boys about the Midwinter, when, as usual, he promised to show them a thing or two.

The marked improvement of J. Hildreth, Jr., the popular representative of the Winchester Arms Co., was the subject of much comment. He made no straights, but scored three 18s and a 19 during the tournament.

Dr. George showed his big brother a thing or two about shooting pigeons. Twenty-seven out of thirty was a trifle too fast for Joe.

F. M. Faurote says that there will be a big tournament at Dallas, Tex., some time during October or November, with at least $1,000 added money, open to all; but those who go up against this game will also have to accept the Rose system. PAUL R. LITTEKE.

## Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 23.—The trophy shoot of the Calumet Heights Gun Club was held to-day, the conditions being 25 targets, unknown angles. Lamphere won the Class A medal, Metcalf the Class B medal, and Black the medal for Class C. A high northwest wind was blowing, making the shooting conditions hard. In the rifle contest Spaulding won in Class A, 800yds. range, with score of 40. Miss Irwin won in Class B, 100yds. range, with score of 41. Scores in the trophy shoot were:

Class A.

| | |
|---|---|
| Booth | 1111011111111111011110101—21 |
| Lamphere | 1110101111111101111111111—22 |

Class B.

| | |
|---|---|
| Norcum | 1100101100010011100111000—12 |
| Copelin | 1101110001110011000111101—15 |
| Greeley | 1101100110110111010001110—15 |
| Metcalfe | 1110101101101111101101010—18 |

Class C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Harlan | 1011111111101101100001010—16 |
| Chamberlain | 0111101001110001111011000—14 |
| Black | 1101011011111111011001111—19 |

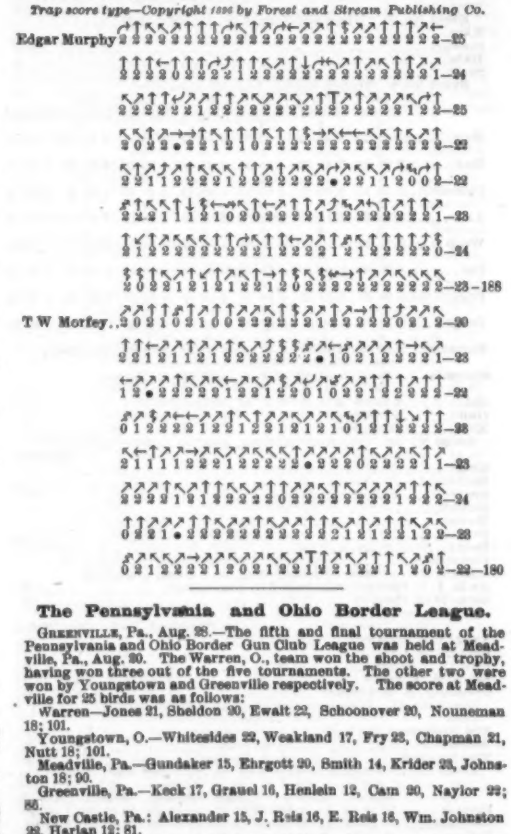
## Edgar Murphy in Great Form.

HOLLYWOOD, N. J., Aug. 26.—The match shot to-day on the grounds of the Hollywood Gun Club resulted in the display of splendid marksmanship on the part of both the principals. Edgar Murphy shot in such magnificent form that it is a question whether anyone could have beaten him. His score of 188 out of 200 birds is something remarkable under any conditions as to rise, boundary, etc. When it is considered that the conditions were 30yds. rise, 21yds. (actually we believe only about 18yds.) boundary, Murphy's score is phenomenal. He killed 96 out of his first 100, and 92 out of his second 100; Morfey scored 88 out of his first 100 but tied Murphy's score for the second 100, viz.: 92.

Edgar Murphy was handled by his brother, Walter Gibbs Murphy, while Neaf Apgar and Jack Brewer looked after Morfey's wants. Bland Ballard, of Louisville, Ky., was referee. There was quite a large attendance, among those present being many well-known shooters. Some of the names of the following spectators will be familiar to readers of FOREST AND STREAM: H. Godschalk, L. Finletter, Al Ivins, S. J. Held, J. L. Brewer, H. White, J. Davis, Col. Branch, L. Schortemeier, C. Livingston, G. Dunn, J. J. O'Donohue, Jr., B. W. Singer, W. R. Patten, H. T. Chanfrau, Dr. G. S. Gagnon, Fred Hoey, Joe Rothschild, H. B. Wallack, D. Johnson, J. E. Green, Tom Jolly, Phil Daly, Jr., Tom Kelliher and Dan Bradley.

The scores were as follows:

*Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*




## The Pennsylvania and Ohio Border League.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Aug. 28.—The fifth and final tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun Club League was held at Meadville, Pa., Aug. 20. The Warren, O., team won the shoot and trophy, having won three out of the five tournaments. The other two were won by Youngstown and Greenville respectively. The score at Meadville for 25 birds was as follows:

Warren—Jones 21, Sheldon 20, Ewalt 22, Schoonover 20, Nouneman 18; 101.

Youngstown, O.—Whitesides 22, Weakland 17, Fry 23, Chapman 21, Nutt 18; 101.

Meadville, Pa.—Gundaker 15, Ehrgott 20, Smith 14, Krider 23, Johnston 18; 90.

Greenville, Pa.—Keck 17, Grauel 16, Henlein 12, Cam 20, Naylor 22; 85.

New Castle, Pa.: Alexander 15, J. Reis 16, E. Reis 18, Wm. Johnston 22, Harlan 12; 81.

In the shoot-off between Warren and Youngstown at 10 targets per man, Warren won by a score of 47 to 38. Warren was heartily cheered when this remarkable score was announced.

The new officers of the League are: President, R. W. Ewalt, Warren, O.; Vice-President, M. Henlein, Greenville, Pa.; Secretary and treasurer, G. H. Jones, Warren, O.

Next year the League will be composed of teams from Greenville, New Castle and Meadville, Pa., Warren, Youngstown and Cleveland, O. The Cleveland club will be known as the Forest City Gun Club. The team will include Paul North, Saffold, Hogan, Snow and Elliott.

Seth Clover, of Erie, one of the best-known shooters in the East, has joined the Greenville Club, but is barred from shooting on the League team, as he is a 90 per cent. man; however, he will be in it when it comes to the other tournaments which will be given this season. Pope, of Corry, Pa., has also become a member.

The Meadville Club gives a two days' tournament at the Cochranton Fair, Sept. 17 and 18, at which a number of good purses are offered. On the team shoot, open to all, a $50 trophy cup is offered. Greenville will send a first-class team and hopes to win the cup.

A 100 live-bird shoot for $250 a side has been arranged between Seth Clover, of the Greenville Club, and Sheldon, of Warren. The match will take place at Erie within two weeks. ROBERT E. BRATTY.

## Fulton Gun Club of Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 27.—The following scores were made to-day at the weekly shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, of this city:

| | |
|---|---|
| Hollis | 10001111110010110000101l—14 |
| Orine | 11001010100010000111110000—11 |
| Brittan | 00101010110001111010101101—13 |
| Bonner | 00101000001011001111010l—12 |
| Everett | 11111111111010010011111—21 |
| Bissell | 11111100001110110101111l—18 |
| Crabb | 11100111011001111011111001—17 |
| May | 10100100000111000001101—10 |
| Alston | 10111111001101110111111l—20 |
| Richards | 01101110110010011011100—14 |
| Fuller | 01010011000000101001000— 7 |
| McRae | 01111110100111100010110—15 |
| Elliott | 01101010111011001011010—15 |
| Arnold | 00010111010111010011111—15 |
| Rawson | 11011010001110011010l101—14 |
| Mitchell | 00101100110101011011001—14 |
| McCune | 00000110001010100001000— 8 |
| Hall | 01011000111911100110111101—15 |
| Halland | 11001110010001111110011l0—15 |

## New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League.

THE third tournament of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League was held on Aug. 22 at Passaic, N. J., on the grounds of the Passaic City Gun Club. The weather was wet and decidedly uncomfortable for target shooting. There was a good turnout of shooters despite the unfavorable conditions, each of the five clubs composing the league being represented by a team of six men.

The team race is a handicap, the Boiling Springs Club being at scratch, its men shooting at 15 known angles and 15 unknown. The men on the teams of City and the Endeavor Gun Clubs shoot at 15 known angles and 17 unknown angles, 32 targets in all. The Bergen County men shoot at 15 known angles and 18 unknown angles; the Oritani men at 15 known angles and 19 unknown angles. The scores were:

Endeavor Gun Club: F. S. Edwards 29, Eddie Collins 29, G. H. Piercy 27, L. Piercy 26, Gus Greiff 25, Ingram 23—159.

Bergen County Gun Club: Goesser 28, Chaffee 26, Bell 25, Griffith 24 Conklin 23, Titterington 21—147.

Boiling Springs Gun Club: Neaf Apgar 28, W. H. Huck 25, Captain Money 24, P. A. Jeannoret 23, F. Krebs 23, Noel E. Money 21—144.

Passaic City Gun Club: C. B. Wise 28, C. F. Lenone 26, Furguson 24, Kelly 21, Coman 20, B. Abbott 19—138.

Oritani Field Club: W. Ricardo 28, G. Ricardo 25, Holberton 23, J. Ricardo 21, Snyder 19, J. R. Banta 18—134.

The Riverside Rod and Gun Club, of Rochester, N. Y., will hold an all day shoot at its grounds near South Park on Labor Day. All purses will be divided on the Rose system. E. D. Hicks is manager of the club and J. N. Bates is its secretary.

## Annual Shoot at Woo Sung, Ill.

WOO SUNG, Ill., Aug. 19.—The eleventh annual shoot at Smith's Farm was held to-day, and proved to be an entirely successful affair, both in point of attendance and the sport furnished. In the table of scores given below there was a variety of styles of shooting, while both live birds and targets were used. No. 1 was at 10 targets, 75 cents entrance; No. 2, 10 targets, $1; No. 3, 7 live birds, $2 50; No. 4, 4 pairs of live birds, $2.50; No. 5, 10 live birds, $3 50; No. 6, 8 live birds, $2.50; No. 7, 10 targets, $1, 21yds. rise, use of both barrels; No. 8, 5 pairs of targets, $1. Scores follow:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *10* | *10* | *7* | *8* | *10* | *7* | *10* | *10* |
| Pankhurst | 4 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 8 | 7 |
| Dr Morris | 8 | 4 | 7 | 5 | 8 | 6 | 5 | 7 |
| Kolancik | 6 | 7 | 7 | 3 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 6 |
| Law | 8 | 9 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 7 | 5 | 6 |
| Davis | 4 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| Tompkins | 6 | .. | 6 | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. |
| Blair | 5 | 3 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Cushing | 4 | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 7 |
| Staley | 7 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 7 | 4 | 3 |
| Williams | 8 | 8 | 5 | 5 | 10 | 5 | 9 | 5 |
| Woodford | 6 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 |
| Lawrence | 9 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 5 | .. | .. | .. |
| Jones | 4 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 6 | .. | 7 | 4 |
| J Ripley | 7 | 6 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 8 |
| McNeil | 7 | 9 | 7 | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. |
| Sterling | 1 | 5 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Lampkin | 4 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 4 | .. | .. | .. |
| Bartal | 7 | 6 | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *10* | *10* | *7* | *8* | *10* | *7* | *10* | *10* |
| Throop | 3 | 5 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 8 | .. | 8 |
| Forder | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 10 | 7 | 5 | 6 |
| Wickens | 5 | 7 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. |
| Pollock | 7 | 6 | 5 | .. | .. | 6 | 5 | .. |
| P Ripley | 7 | 3 | 7 | .. | 7 | .. | 4 | .. |
| Bailey | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Argraves | .. | 8 | 7 | 3 | 8 | 6 | 8 | 7 |
| Day | .. | 4 | 6 | 4 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 3 |
| Miller | .. | .. | 6 | 4 | 8 | 8 | 10 | 6 |
| Dr Kost | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. |
| Price | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 2 |
| O Ports | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| B Smith | .. | .. | 6 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 9 | 6 |
| Eick | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Dr Czibulka | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 8 | 3 | 1 | .. |
| Timmons | .. | .. | .. | 3 | 6 | .. | 4 | .. |
| Kalflix | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 3 | .. | .. |
| H Seavey | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. |

A club team race was also shot, the teams consisting of 4 men, each man shooting at 10 targets, $3 entrance per team. The scores in this event were as below, Dixon team No. 1 winning with 32 out of 40:

Dixon No. 1: Dr. Morris 9, Woodford 9, Law 7, J. Ripley 7—32.
Sterling: Forder 10, Staley 7, Williams 6, Day 5—28.
Hitt: B. Smith 8, Ports 8, Bradway 6, Wagner 5—27.
Compton: Miller 8, Argraves 7, Jones 7, Kolancik 4—26.
Montmorency: Wickens 8, P. Ripley 6, Bartal 6, McNeil 5—25.
Grand de Tour: Throop 7, Price 6, Dr. Pankhurst 5, Cushing 5—23.
Dixon No. 2: Lawrence 9, Lampkin 6, Dr. Czibulka 4, Blair 4—23.

Another event shot during the day was at 10 targets, incomers, $1 entrance. The scores were: Kolancik 3, Dr. Pankhurst 9, Dr. Morris 8, Argraves 6, Bradway 5, Dr. Czibulka 3, Davis 6, B. Smith 9, Jones 9, Miller 7, Williams 6, Cushing 2, Staley 4, J. Ripley 4, Blair 3, Forder 4, Price 7, Throop 1.

## The Interstate Association at Burlington.

THE success of a tournament cannot always be measured by the number of shooters taking part in the sport, although as a rule that is certainly a capital criterion of the success or otherwise of such an undertaking. There are other matters that have to be taken into consideration. For instance: The business of the Interstate Association is to boom trap-shooting by creating a love of the sport in comparatively virgin soils; this it does by holding tournaments under the auspices of local clubs in places where such meetings are rare, and where there is a likelihood of giving an impetus to the sport by bringing the boys together and furnishing them with an object lesson of how much genuine fun and amusement can be extracted from a few hours spent in cracking targets. In such localities it is only natural that the attendance of shooters is comparatively small, and that the average number of entries appears insignificant when compared with those of the big tournaments of the circuit.

Such was the case at the tournament given by the Interstate Association at Burlington, Vt., Aug. 26-27, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of that city. In point of numbers it does not show up very strongly, but it can safely be said that the tournament was an actual success. The missionary work of the Interstate Association will bear fruit, trap-shooting in Vermont having received a boom that will be felt in future gatherings of a similar nature in that State.

The Lake Side Rod and Gun Club when first organized had a very considerable roll of members; many persons joined it who have since fallen by the wayside, and the treasurer's books now show only about 20 paid up members. The officers of the club are: E. A. Worthen, who is, we believe, an uncle of B. H. Worthen, one of the best of the many good shots in the South, and a member of the Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C.; Vice-President, W. L. Stone, a corking good shot in the brush; Treasurer, W. S Phelps, the proprietor of one of the most taking sporting goods stores we have ever seen (of course it is the rendezvous for the boys who meet there nightly to swap stories); Secretary, J. S. Denning, and Captain, L. O. Harding, two of the most energetic members of the organization, both of whom worked hard all the time for the success of the shoot. The executive committee is made up as follows: E. E. Morgan, B. H Eagan, H. E. Spear (Blue Ribbon), C. F. Reynolds and E. H. Shattuck.

In choosing its officials for running the tournament the club made no error. Mr. Wright made a thoroughly capable cashier, while we have very seldom seen less mistakes made either on the blackboard or on the score sheet; W. E. Rorke chalked up the 1s and the ciphers on the blackboard, while Secretary Denning put them down on paper; Capt. L. O. Harding proved to be a referee who could see when a target was broken, his decisions meeting with very general approval. The duty of pressing the button was intrusted to John Kelly. The reception committee was composed of the club's president, Mr. Worthen; its vice-president, Mr. Stone, and B. H. Eagan. The management of the tournament was of course in the hands of Elmer E. Shaner, the Interstate Association's manager. Mr. Shaner found on his arrival at the grounds that he had very little work to do in the way of preparing for the tournament, the appointments of the club being about all that were necessary. Five bluerock expert traps were used for the tournament, bluerock targets being thrown; Paul North's electric pull released the traps.

When we first received notice that the Interstate Association had closed with the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club for a tournament in the latter part of August, we decided that when it came off we should be there if possible. We had been to Burlington before, and it naturally followed that we wanted to go there again. The trip from New York to Burlington in the summer months is about as pleasant a trip as can be made. Leaving the city on Monday evening, Aug. 24, at 6 P. M., the trip up the Hudson on the steamer Adirondack of the People's Line was an easy matter. From Albany to Caldwell, the head of Lake George, over the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, was little more than a two hours' run. From Caldwell to Baldwin, the foot of Lake George, on the steamer Horicon; from Baldwin to Fort Ticonderoga, the head of Lake Champlain, over a short five miles of track owned by the D. & H. R. R.; thence by the steamer Vermont of the Champlain Transportation Co. to Burlington, completed one of the most picturesque trips we have ever taken. Thanks to the courtesy of the Champlain Transportation Co., through its general manager, Capt. Rushlow, and Dan Loomis, of Burlington, our trips on the Horicon and on the Vermont were made extremely pleasant.

On the trip to Burlington our party consisted of Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co ; C. A. Cameron, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Guy R. Clark, etc. We arrived at Burlington at 5:10 P. M. on Tuesday evening, Aug. 25, just twenty-three hours and ten minutes from the time we left New York. The distance covered was about 310 miles or so, only about seventy miles of which were by rail Mr. W. L. Stone and Dr. French, both of Burlington, met us and took us up to the Hotel Burlington, headquarters for shooters. After registering, there was still time for a trip to the grounds and a little practice over the traps. We found quite a delegation of the Montpelier boys there, C. O. Barrett, of that city, having made quite a record during the afternoon's practice, scoring 96 out of 100 targets.

The grounds are conveniently located, being only about ten minutes' ride by trolley cars from the center of the city. It is true that the street cars only run on a half-hour schedule, but they are always on time, and that makes quite a difference. From the end of the car line to the club house is a matter of about 300yds.

The first day opened up clear and bright, but with a strong southerly wind behind the shooter's back, causing the targets to scoot and dip, making the shooting by no means easy. The background too, for extreme right-quarterers and extreme left-quarterers, was dark, a grove of pine trees to the left of the score making targets that got off that way very hard to locate. Everything was ready for the shoot to commence on schedule time—9 A. M.—but it was quite a quarter of an hour later before referee Harding got a chance to distribute squawks of the horn and rings of the bell for broken and lost targets.

Among those present from out of the State were: Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co.; Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, the United States agents for Schultze powder; J. S. Fanning, of San Francisco, representing the United States Smokeless (Gold Dust) Powder Co.; B. H. Norton, a representative of the Hazard (Blue Ribbon) Powder Co.; S. A. Tucker and O. R. Dickey, both representatives of the Parker gun, and both of them thoroughly well able to give object lessons in breaking targets; C. A. Cameron, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

The State of Vermont was represented by the following, the home delegation not being included: Montpelier—Clinton Town, Norman McLeod, J. G. Brown (Barrows No. 1), C. O. Barrett, Fred Standish, George Walton (Stub), Dr. H. A. Fiske, B. M. Shepard (Morris). and L. C. Cummings; White River—Batchelder; Kittell, of Cambridge; W. E. Denning, of Brandon; R. Ward, of St. Albans; W. Liddiard, the gamekeeper at Dr. Seward Webb's farm at Shelburne, about six miles from Burlington. The home club turned out well, the following being a partial list of those who shot in one or more events: E. E. Morgan, W. S. Phelps, Dr. J. C. French, H. Spear, Dr. H. S. Colvin, E. A. Worthen, W. L. Stone, Winchester, A. L. Barrows, J. G. Bellrose, Stratton, E. H. Shattuck, etc.

As the table of the first day's scores shows, there were thirty-eight names entered on the cashier's books. Many of these being only beginners found the targets hard to locate. It was a wise provision of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club to insert the announcement in the programme that anybody wishing to "shoot for the birds only" could do so. This undoubtedly kept many of the boys shooting and put many a dollar for target money into the coffers of the club. It was a pleasure too to see the way in which the squads of amateurs stepped up to the score and plated away; they wanted to learn to shoot, and they will learn if they only show in future a little of the interest they displayed before the traps on Aug. 26-27 last.

The first event on each day was practically a Hazard Powder event; that is, the Hazard Smokeless Powder Company added a 6¼lb. keg of the Blue Ribbon brand to first money, but required those who shot for the powder to use the same brand, loaded shells being donated free by Mr. Norton, the company's representative. And, by the way, Mr. Norton is a newcomer, this being, we believe, his first appearance at a tournament; although a stranger to pretty nearly everybody at the start, it was not long before he was received into the brotherhood, graduating with honors.

Scores ruled very low on both days. On the first day only 6 men made better than 80 per cent:

| | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. | | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dickey | 175 | 163 | 93.1 | Fanning | 175 | 153 | 87.4 |
| Tucker | 175 | 159 | 90.8 | Von Lengerke | 175 | 150 | 85.7 |
| Barrett | 175 | 153 | 87.4 | Edwards | 175 | 146 | 83.4 |

The table of the first day's scores is given below:

*First Day, Aug. 26.*

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *15* | *15* | *20* | *15* | *20* | *15* | *20* | *15* | *20* | *20* |
| Dickey | 13 | 15 | 18 | 15 | 19 | 12 | 20 | 14 | 18 | 19 |
| Tucker | 15 | 13 | 18 | 12 | 17 | 14 | 18 | 18 | 20 | 19 |
| Fanning | 13 | 11 | 16 | 14 | 17 | 15 | 17 | 18 | 18 | 17 |
| Edwards | 9 | 14 | 19 | 11 | 17 | 14 | 20 | 9 | 17 | 16 |
| Money | 10 | 14 | 16 | 12 | 17 | 13 | 15 | 7 | 15 | 16 |
| Von Lengerke | 14 | 11 | 18 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 18 | 13 | 17 | 19 |
| Barrett | 12 | 14 | 18 | 13 | 16 | 13 | 17 | 14 | 19 | 17 |
| U M C | 8 | 9 | 14 | 13 | 15 | 12 | 16 | 9 | 11 | 13 |
| French | 8 | 8 | 10 | 9 | 12 | .. | 16 | 8 | 11 | 8 |
| Blue Ribbon | 9 | 10 | .. | 10 | .. | 9 | 18 | .. | .. | 14 |
| Town | 8 | 4 | 9 | 6 | 13 | 8 | 13 | 6 | 6 | 11 |
| Barrows | 10 | 13 | 16 | 7 | 15 | 10 | .. | 7 | 16 | 14 |
| Shepard | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Stub | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. |
| Morgan | 11 | 9 | 13 | 6 | .. | .. | 8 | 9 | .. | 11 |
| Fiske | 13 | 13 | .. | 10 | 16 | 13 | .. | 14 | 16 | 14 |
| Standish | 11 | 11 | 17 | 12 | 11 | .. | 14 | 10 | 18 | 14 |
| Lowe | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| McLeod | 8 | 11 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 11 | 14 |
| Roberts | 12 | 12 | 11 | 12 | 17 | 12 | 15 | 12 | 12 | .. |
| Mosher | 12 | 12 | 13 | 11 | 13 | 10 | .. | 9 | 9 | .. |
| Norton | 4 | .. | 9 | 6 | 5 | 7 | 5 | 1 | .. | .. |
| Colvin | 11 | 8 | .. | 9 | .. | .. | 10 | 5 | 12 | .. |
| Ellsworth | 11 | .. | .. | 11 | .. | 6 | 7 | .. | 9 | .. |
| Worthen | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15 | .. | 14 | .. |
| Stone | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 5 | 7 | .. |
| Ward | .. | 2 | .. | 5 | 7 | 6 | 5 | .. | 9 | .. |
| Stratton | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Morris | .. | 7 | 12 | .. | 15 | .. | 12 | 12 | 16 | 13 |
| Cameron | .. | .. | 7 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Hatch | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | 5 | .. | 12 | .. |
| Kittell | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 7 | .. | 11 | .. |
| Bachum | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 7 | .. | .. | .. |
| Liddiard | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 12 | 11 | 14 | 12 |
| Eastman | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. |
| Houghton | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. | .. |
| Shattuck | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. |
| Burns | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. |

SECOND DAY, AUG. 27.

The conditions to-day were exactly reversed from those which prevailed yesterday. The wind was from the north, blowing in the faces of the shooters and causing right-quartering targets to soar, much to the discomfort of many of those shooters who steadily undershot them. If anything, the conditions to-day were harder than on the first day, the targets having to be watched very closely, a cipher being generally the result of a failure to "pay strict attention to business."

The attendance of spectators was very good, being slightly in excess of that registered on the first day. Among the lookers-on were many men who are "A No. 1" shots in the brush, but who have not as yet been bitten with the target-shooting fever. The work of Squad No. 1 was watched with the closest attention, the applause which at times greeted the shooting of that squad showing plainly the interest taken in that work by the bystanders. One member of that squad, Jack Fanning, is responsible for one of the best stories of the shoot. Fanning was cracking his targets in great shape, grinding them to dust and shooting in quick time; of course he was wearing his blue sweater, with the badge of the Olympic Gun Club, of San Francisco, on its bosom; the badge consists of a circle and two outstretched wings. An old backwoodsman was watching him intently, and was quite taken with his shooting. His curiosity was aroused, so he asked: "Who's that ar' fellow thar' with them wings on his wes'coat?" He was told: "That's Mr. Fanning, of San Francisco." "Wall," said he, "if he shoots b'ar as well as he does them things, I reckon thar' ain't many b'ar 'round whar' he lives."

The effect of the strong wind is shown in the table of scores which is given below. As on the previous day, there were only six shooters who made over 80 per cent.

| | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. | | Shot at. | Broke. | Av. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dickey | 150 | 137 | 91.3 | Von Lengerke | 150 | 133 | 88.6 |
| Tucker | 150 | 137 | 91.3 | Fanning | 150 | 128 | 85.3 |
| Edwards | 150 | 134 | 89.3 | Barrett | 150 | 126 | 84 |

The last event on the programme was a handicap event, 25 to 33 targets, $3 50 entrance, $25 added by the club. According to the terms of this event 25 was the highest possible, thus giving a scratch man a chance for his life. As a result there were four ties for first place, one of the number being Barrett, who broke his 25 straight in good form; Tucker got in for second money by breaking 24, losing his 24th target; Fanning was in third place with 23. The other men in first place were Dr. French, Dr. Colvin and Morris. Below are the scores with the handicaps:

Barrett (25) 25, Dr. Colvin (33) 27, Dr. French (31) 25, Morris (33) 25, Tucker (25) 24, Fanning (25) 23, Barrows (29) 23, Worthen (31) 22, Phelps (33) 22, Dickey (25) 21, Von Lengerke (25) 21, U. M. C. (30) 21, Standish (30) 21, Edwards (25) 20, Money (25) 20, Liddiard (32) 20, Morgan (33) 20, Blue Ribbon (33) 19, Town (33) 19, Ward (33) 18.

The Rose system was used in dividing all the purses at this tournament, and in the above event an excellent example of the beneficial effects of that system was afforded. Elmer Shaner says that using the example given in FOREST AND STREAM of July 11 and Aug. 22, it is actually easier to divide the purses under the Rose system than under the old one.

The scores in the second day's events were as follows:

*Second Day, Aug. 27.*

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *15* | *15* | *20* | *15* | *20* | *15* | *15* | *15* | *20* |
| Dickey | 14 | 13 | 19 | 15 | 17 | 14 | 15 | 14 | 18 |
| Tucker | 14 | 15 | 18 | 13 | 16 | 14 | 15 | 14 | 15 |
| Edwards | 14 | 14 | 18 | 14 | 17 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 17 |
| Fanning | 11 | 13 | 18 | 11 | 19 | 14 | 12 | 13 | 17 |
| Von Lengerke | 13 | 12 | 17 | 15 | 20 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 20 |
| Barrett | 11 | 14 | 17 | 12 | 17 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 18 |
| Money | 11 | 14 | 15 | 12 | 15 | 12 | 15 | 8 | 16 |
| U M C | 13 | 10 | 12 | 9 | 16 | .. | 11 | 11 | 16 |
| Morgan | 6 | 11 | 9 | 10 | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. |
| Town | 7 | 9 | 15 | 8 | 12 | 9 | 10 | 8 | 14 |
| McLeod | 8 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 10 | .. | .. |
| Barrows No. 1 | 13 | .. | 9 | 9 | 15 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 16 |
| Batchelder | 5 | 2 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 3 | 6 | .. | 8 |
| Phelps | 4 | 7 | 7 | 11 | 9 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 9 |
| Standish | 13 | 12 | 10 | 10 | 18 | 12 | 13 | 8 | .. |
| French | 9 | 11 | .. | 11 | .. | .. | 9 | .. | 15 |
| Stub | 9 | 10 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. |
| Fiske | 8 | 11 | .. | 8 | .. | 11 | .. | .. | .. |
| Blue Ribbon | 10 | 11 | 16 | 11 | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. |
| Morris | 8 | 11 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 10 | .. | 10 | .. |
| Colvin | 11 | 10 | 18 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 14 |
| Norton | 5 | .. | .. | 3 | 5 | .. | 4 | .. | 10 |
| Kittell | 11 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | 11 | 9 | .. | .. |
| Worthen | 12 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 | .. | .. |
| Stone | .. | 8 | .. | 6 | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. |
| Denning | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. |
| Ward | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 4 | .. | 10 |

EDWARD BANKS.

Chas. W. Tway, of Michigan City, Miss., and Mr. Drury, of Holly Springs, are booked to shoot a live-bird match some time this month.

## Pennsylvania and Ohio.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League held its fifth and last tournament for the season at our club grounds Thursday, Aug. 20, and there was an unusually large attendance. In addition to the regular set of expert traps in use by the club, we were reinforced by one of North's magautraps, and for one-half of the day two squads were kept moving at once, and 4,500 targets were thrown during the day. This club claims to have not only the finest and most approachable grounds in the State, but the best trap house in the country. The day seemed to have been made to order, and at 9 o'clock A. M. the first event was called. The entry fees were $1 for 10s and $1.50 for 15s. The division was made by the Rose system, modified so as to grade the points at 4, 3, 2 and 1 instead of 5, 3, 2 and 1, as Rose has it. If anyone was dissatisfied with the system he did not express it, as it would have been a confession that he desired an opportunity to drop for place. I do not think we had any of that kind of people, and I think we may congratulate ourselves on having given as nearly perfect satisfaction as can be done. This club shoots mostly for fun, and never allows a visitor to go away with the impression that he has been wronged.

The following are the scores in the sweepstake events:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *10* | *15* | *10* | *15* | *10* | *15* | *10* | *15* |
| Ewalt | 8 | 14 | 9 | 12 | 10 | 13 | 9 | 13 |
| Sheldon | 9 | 13 | 9 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 7 | 9 |
| Mingo | 8 | 14 | 9 | 14 | 9 | 13 | 9 | 11 |
| Grant | 8 | 12 | 5 | 11 | 7 | 12 | 6 | 11 |
| Cleve | 7 | 13 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 10 |
| Clover | 7 | 14 | 10 | 12 | 7 | 14 | 9 | 12 |
| Pope | 8 | 14 | 8 | 12 | 10 | 15 | 7 | 13 |
| Kyle | 6 | 13 | 5 | 7 | 9 | .. | 10 | 10 |
| McFoos | 9 | 14 | 9 | 13 | .. | .. | 8 | 13 |
| Nonneman | 7 | 13 | 4 | 10 | 4 | .. | 6 | 13 |
| Schoonover | 10 | 13 | 10 | 12 | 9 | .. | 8 | 10 |
| Dunn | 4 | 9 | 5 | 12 | .. | .. | 6 | 12 |
| Naylor | 7 | 10 | 8 | 13 | 5 | 9 | 7 | 10 |
| Cam | 7 | .. | 7 | .. | 9 | .. | 9 | 11 |
| Andrews | 6 | 11 | 5 | 12 | 7 | .. | 6 | .. |
| Nutt | 7 | 13 | 6 | 12 | 7 | 10 | 8 | 11 |
| Sutcliffe | 6 | .. | 9 | .. | 6 | .. | 5 | 10 |
| Grand | 4 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 |
| Shrom | 5 | .. | 8 | .. | 8 | .. | 5 | 7 |
| H Johnson | 7 | 11 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 10 | 9 | 14 |
| Chapman | 6 | 13 | 7 | 11 | 7 | .. | 5 | 10 |
| Whitesides | 9 | 8 | 9 | .. | 10 | .. | 9 | 15 |
| Weakland | 8 | 9 | 7 | 13 | 9 | .. | 9 | 11 |
| Lashells | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Ehrgott | 8 | 9 | 7 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 11 |
| Wenst | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Reis | 4 | 10 | .. | 11 | 6 | .. | 5 | 8 |
| Roy | 7 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 |
| Russell | 4 | 9 | 1 | 10 | .. | .. | 7 | 7 |
| Keck | 6 | 11 | 4 | .. | 7 | .. | 8 | 13 |

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *10* | *15* | *10* | *15* | *10* | *15* | *10* | *15* |
| M'ntg'm'ry | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| G B Henlein | 7 | .. | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 |
| Rush | 5 | 11 | 7 | 10 | .. | .. | 7 | 6 |
| W Johnson | 6 | 5 | 8 | .. | 5 | .. | 10 | .. |
| Alexander | 6 | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Speir | 4 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 12 |
| Graham | 6 | 12 | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 5 | .. |
| Harvey | 8 | 10 | 6 | 8 | 7 | .. | 7 | 10 |
| Bates | 9 | 10 | 7 | .. | 6 | 11 | 6 | .. |
| Lay | 4 | 11 | 7 | .. | 8 | 11 | 6 | .. |
| Fry | 9 | 12 | 7 | 12 | 9 | .. | 7 | 11 |
| Clark | .. | 5 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 |
| Foskett | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. |
| N Henlein | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Evans | .. | .. | 0 | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. |
| Robinson | .. | .. | 5 | 9 | .. | .. | 7 | 9 |
| Adams | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 9 |
| Hayes | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 |
| Rand | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Lashells | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. | 11 |
| Stein | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 10 |
| Gundaker | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 12 |
| Leberman | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 8 |
| Affantranger | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 | 10 |
| Reid | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 |
| Decker | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 |
| Harlan | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 |
| Smith | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 |
| Krider | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11 |

THE LEAGUE CONTEST.

The League contest for the silver trophy was the most exciting event of the day. In addition to the trophy, worth $60, the contest involved an $80 grade L. C. Smith hammerless gun and the same grade Parker gun, also a set of bluerock expert traps, the guns and traps having been generously donated by the manufacturers. In the four previous contests two had been won by the Warren Club, one by the Youngstown Club and one by the Greenville Club, and the only point on the part of the Warren Club was to prevent a tie with Youngstown or Greenville. The Youngstown boys were on their mettle and fought it out with the heroic determination which almost gave them a victory. The result of the shoot at 25 was a tie between Youngstown and Warren. This tie was shot off by the two clubs at 10 targets per man, and was won on a score of 47 out of 50, the Youngstown Club having broken but 38. The Warren Club was declared the victor and took the prizes, valued at $250. The following is the score in detail:

Warren.

Jones ... 1111110001111111111011111—21
Sheldon ... 0111101110111010111111111—20
Ewalt ... 1011110111011111111111111—22
Schoonover ... 1001111111101101111110111—20
Nonneman ... 1101101111110110111111110—18—101

Youngstown.

Whitesides ... 1011101111101111111111111 22
Weakland ... 0111111011100110011100111—17
Fry ... 1110111111111111111111101—23
Chapman ... 1111111110111110101111011—21
Nutt ... 0101001111111101110111101—18—101

Meadville.

Gundaker ... 1111111011000101010101001—15
Ehrgott ... 1111110110111010111110111—20
Smith ... 1001110000111011010101011—14
Krider ... 1011111111111111111110111—23
H A Johnson ... 1011100100111111011110111—18— 90

Greenville.

Keck ... 1111001101011111110111000—17
Grauel ... 1100011110101101001111110—16
Henlein ... 0011111100001000001011100—11
Cam ... 1011010011111111111111110—20
Naylor ... 111101111100111.111111111—22— 86

Newcastle.

Alexander ... 0110000001101111011011111—15
J Reis ... 0011001111110111010011011—16
E Reis ... 1100100100101101101011011—14
Wm Johnson ... 1111111110011111111111110—22
Harlan ... 1001101100001011111100000—12— 79

A meeting of the League was held in the evening after the shoot, and the following officers were elected to serve one year: President, R. H. Ewalt, Warren; Vice-President, N. Henlein, Greenville; Secretary, G H. Jones, Warren. A list of twenty-two names to constitute the Forest City Gun Club, of Cleveland, O., was submitted, and the gentlemen named were admitted as a club into the League. There will probably be a sharp contest next year, to the great benefit of the clubs participating.

J. W. H. REISINGER, Sec'y.

## Dayton Defeats Trenton.

DAYTON, N. J., Aug 27.—Twelve men representing the Dayton Gun Club shot a race to-day with twelve men from the Trenton, N. J., Gun Club on the Monmouth Junction grounds. After a very close fight, Dayton won by just two breaks, scoring 271 out of 360 against 269 made by the Trenton team. Scores:

Trenton Gun Club.

Dr Woolsey ... 111111111111111110111111111111—29
H Bumbough ... 111101111111111111111111011010—26
H Harper ... 101101010110000010010001110111—15
J Allen ... 111010010111101111011001110111—21
C Thomas ... 111011011111111110101001011011—22
W Girton ... 111110111100110111111110110001—22
Hutchinson ... 110111111110111011010111111111—25
Hicks ... 010000010001011111001101110110—15
W Williams ... 101111100111111110110010111111—23
W Mickel ... 111011011110111101101111110110—23
E Wilson ... 111111111111010111010111111110—25
C Allen ... 111111111001011111011101101101—23—269

Dayton Gun Club

McDonald ... 111111111111011111111011110111—27
Snook ... 011001111111100100111110011111—21
J Emmons ... 011011011111101100101101111001—20
Blackwell ... 110110111111111111110111111111—27
Carroll ... 111011111111001110011001101111—22
R Farr ... 110100110011011111111011100011—20
M Farr ... 111111111111111011111111111101—28
P Emmons ... 111100111011111111011000111110—22
Barclay ... 001111011110111111111111111111—26
Groendyke ... 111111111111011111111011100110—25
Rightnour ... 011111111010010011011110111110—21
Lyons ... 001000001110001101010010101010—12—271

## Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I.—First three of a series of eight shoots for a set of Frost shooting pictures, divided into six pairs, three prizes to each class; best four scores to count; 25 unknown empires, A. S. A. rules:

Class A.

| | Aug. 8. | Aug. 15. | Aug. 22. | | Aug. 8. | Aug. 15. | Aug. 22. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sheldon | 17 | 20 | 24 | Mooney | 18 | 13 | .. |
| Wilson | 14 | 19 | 23 | Chapman | 16 | 18 | .. |
| Whitaker | .. | 20 | 20 | Greene | 15 | .. | .. |
| Waterman | 17 | 17 | 16 | Hammond | 13 | .. | 11 |

Class B.

| | Aug. 8. | Aug. 15. | Aug. 22. | | Aug. 8. | Aug. 15. | Aug. 22. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Graves | 16 | 14 | 16 | G Cann | .. | 12 | .. |
| Armstrong | 15 | .. | 15 | Bain | .. | .. | 11 |
| Arnold | 16 | 8 | 14 | W Hawkins | 5 | 5 | 8 |
| A Hawkins | 15 | 18 | .. | J Cann | 8 | 4 | .. |
| King | 9 | 15 | .. | Andrews | 8 | .. | .. |
| Badmingt'n | 8 | 15 | 8 | Kenyon | .. | .. | 8 |
| H Horton | 13 | 9 | 10 | J Horton | .. | 7 | .. |

W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

## South Side Gun Club, of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Only a few days ago our mutual friend and shooter F. P. Stannard, formerly of Milwaukee, now of Chicago, conceived the idea that a friendly contest at the traps in a team race with the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, would prove interesting as well as agreeable; hence he set about to round up, and with the assistance of Mr. De Wolf was able to start by the steamer from Chicago on Friday evening with nine men, some of whom had the company of their wives.

The greater part of the evening on the boat was spent in singing. All retired early, and awoke to find themselves on boat tied to dock in Milwaukee. The following members of the South Side Gun Club, Henry Seifert, John Burnham, Thos. Grant, Adolph Gropper and Dr. J. P. Carmichael, were on hand and relieved the boys of their guns, shells, etc., transferring them to the depot of the railroad preparatory to going to the grounds. Arrangements had previously been made for breakfast, and the party were escorted to the St. Charles Hotel, where a bountiful supper of good things was partaken of.

At 9 o'clock the team was taken for the grounds, which are located at Lake, on the C. M. & H. P. Road, seven miles south of Milwaukee. Shooting commenced immediately on arrival and continued during the day until train time in the evening; the only lull the entire day was when first call came for dinner, which was served in the spacious dining room of the main building. Here is where the straight scores were made with the utmost ease.

Among those present were the 2-men teams from Columbus, Wis., and Oconomowoc, of the Wisconsin League, who contested for the Burnham and Pfister medals.

After dinner there followed the team race between the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, captained by Henry Seifert, and the Eureka, of Chicago, captained by F. P. Stannard; 9 men on each team, 50 targets, 25 known and 25 unknown.

Much interest was shown by those present on account of closeness, and was won by the Eurekas only by hard work

On the announcement of the result, the boys of the South Side Club sent up three hearty cheers and a tiger for Chicago.

The day's sport ended with a snipe shoot of singles and doubles which created no end of merriment among the participants.

All returned to their homes well satisfied.

A return match, to be shot in Chicago, is looked forward to with great pleasure.

The following are the scores:

Sweep, 15 bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Anderson | 011101111010111—11 | Jasper | 111110111111111—14 |
| Steck | 111111111111111—15 | Paterson | 110011011101111—11 |
| Carmichael | 110111111111111—14 | Sheppard | 100111111110111—12 |
| Kuss | 111110111111111—14 | W D Stannard | 101111110111111—13 |
| F P Stannard | 001011111111111—12 | G Delter | 111110111111111—14 |
| G Deering | 111111111111111—15 | Hammerstein | 110011111111101—12 |
| Rockwell | 111011111111111—14 | De Wolf | 011111111011101—12 |
| Stone | 110111011110011—11 | | |

Burnham medals, Columbus team, 15 known, 15 unknown angles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Maxwell | 111111111111111011111101101111—27 |
| Rockwell | 110111111111111111011100101111—25 |
| Deering | 111111111001111110100111011111—24 |
| Leath | 010100110110101101110111010110—18 |
| Peck | 011011111101111011101011011101—22—116 |

Fifteen bluerock sweep, unknown angles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Steck | 101110111101111—12 | Johnson | 101111111111111—14 |
| F P Stannard | 111111111111111—15 | Draught | 011111011111001—11 |
| Meixner | 111111111111111—15 | J Maixner | 111101111111110—13 |
| Sheppard | 111001111011111—12 | G Anderson | 101101111111111—13 |
| Deering | 110111011101111—12 | Hammerstein | 101011110111111—12 |
| Carmichael | 111111011111101—13 | Furber | 111111001011111—12 |
| Kuss | 111111111110101—13 | Burnham | 011111111110111—13 |
| W D Stannard | 111111111 11111—14 | Potter | 110010100111111—10 |
| Jasper | 011111111101011—12 | Yahr | 1111 1111111111—15 |
| P Stone | 111010111111110—12 | Paterson | 111110100111111—12 |
| Rockwell | 111111110100011—11 | Maixner | 111111111111101—14 |
| Delter | 111010111101111—13 | | |

Hotel Pfister medals, 25 known, 25 unknown angles:

Columbus Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rockwell | 11101111111111111111110111—23 |
| Deering | 1101111111111111011101111—22—45 |

Oconomowoc Gun Club Team.

| | |
|---|---|
| P Stone | 1101111011111111101111011—21 |
| C Stone | 0111011111111111111111111—22—43 |

Team shoot, Chicago (Eureka Gun Club) vs. Milwaukee (South Side Gun Club), 25 known angles:

| | | C. | Mil. |
|---|---|---|---|
| F P Stannard (C.) | 1111111111111101101111111—23 | 23 | |
| F Meixner | 1111111101111111111111111—24 | | 24 |
| De Wolf (C.) | 0010101101111111011111101—18 | 18 | |
| Field | 0111011111110110011111111—20 | | 20 |
| R Kuss (C.) | 1111111111111111111111011—24 | 24 | |
| G Delter | 1100111111011111010111111—20 | | 20 |
| J Glover (C.) | 1111111101111110111111011—22 | 22 | |
| P Hummsten | 1110111110110111111111101—21 | | 21 |
| W D Stannard (C.) | 1111111111111010011011111—21 | 21 | |
| J E Furber | 0111111111111111111011111—23 | | 23 |
| G Deering (C.) | 1111111111111111111111110—24 | 24 | |
| Anderson | 1111011111111111111111111—24 | | 24 |
| E Stick (C.) | 1111101111111111111111111—24 | 24 | |
| Johnson | 1111100111111111110111111—22 | | 22 |
| A C Paterson (C.) | 1111101111111111101111111—23 | 23 | |
| Yahr | 1011101101111111111111111—22 | | 22 |
| Sheppard (C.) | 0111111101111110111101111—21 | 21 | |
| J E Bush | 0111111111111110111110111—23 | | 23 |
| | | 200 | 199 |

Totals: Milwaukee 199, Chicago 200.

Twenty-five unknown angles:

| | | C. | Mil |
|---|---|---|---|
| F P Stannard (C.) | 0111111111111111111111110—23 | 23 | |
| F Meixner | 1111111111111110111111110—23 | | 23 |
| De Wolf (C.) | 1000101011100110010111100—13 | 13 | |
| Field | 1011101111111111011011111—21 | | 21 |
| R Kuss (C.) | 1111111111111111110111111—24 | 24 | |
| G Delter | 1010111111111110111101111—21 | | 21 |
| Glover (C.) | 1111111111111111111111111—25 | 25 | |
| Hummelsten | 1111111111010110101101011—19 | | 19 |
| W D Stannard (C.) | 1111011110101110111111011—20 | 20 | |
| Furber | 1101111111010111111111101—21 | | 21 |
| Deering (C.) | 1110110111011111111101111—21 | 21 | |
| Anderson | 1110100110111010111111011—18 | | 18 |
| E Steck (C.) | 1111111111111111111111111—25 | 25 | |
| Johnson | 1111111111011111111100111—22 | | 22 |
| Paterson (C.) | 1111111111011111110111101—22 | 22 | |
| Yahr | 0011111111101101111111111—21 | | 21 |
| Sheppard (C.) | 1111110111111111111011110—22 | 22 | |
| J E Bush | 1111111101111111111111111—24 | | 24 |
| | | 195 | 190 |

Totals: Chicago 395, Milwaukee 389.

Pfister Hotel medals, 25 known, 25 unknown:

Oconomowoc Club.

| | Known. | Unknown. |
|---|---|---|
| P Stone | 1110011110111011111011111 | 1111111111111111111111111—45 |
| L Stone | 1111101111110101011111111 | 1111111111101111111111111—45—90 |

Columbus Club.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Rockwell | 1110111111111110111111111 | 1111111111111111111111010—46 |
| Deering | 1111111110110111111110111 | 1111111111111111111111111—47—93 |

Sweep, 20 bluerocks:

| | 10 Known. | 10 Unknown. |
|---|---|---|
| E Steck | 1111111111 | 1111111100—18 |
| Stannard | 1111111111 | 1111111111—20 |
| J Dickens | 1111011011 | 1110111111—17 |
| Johnson | 1111111111 | 1111111110—19 |
| Field | 1110111111 | 1111110111—18 |
| G W Drought | 1111111101 | 0110110111—16 |
| Cash | 0010100101 | 1110101110—11 |
| Carmichael | 0011111111 | 1111111111—18 |
| Potter | 1110101111 | 0111100011—14 |
| P Stone | 1011101111 | 1110111111—17 |
| Jasper | 1111111011 | 1111111011—18 |
| Henry | 1110111111 | 1111111111—19 |

Regular score:

| | |
|---|---|
| T M Drought | 1101101111111110111011111—21 |
| Potter | 0111110110111111101100110—18 |
| Johnson | 1111101011111111111011111—22 |
| Siefred | 1110111111111111110111110—22 |

Ten birds, walk-up:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P Stone | 1110111011—8 | Potter | 1100110111—7 |
| J Dickens | 0010101001—4 | Rockwell | 0001111111—7 |
| Jasper | 1100111000—5 | Deering | 1111110111—9 |
| Leith | 1011001111—7 | Burnham | 1101100110—6 |
| Carmichael | 1001011111—7 | T Drought | 1111101011—8 |
| Patterson | 0001000111—4 | Henry | 1010111001—6 |

Snipe shoot, 10 bluerocks:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Patterson | 0100110100— 4 | Deering | 1111111111—10 |
| Burnham | 1010000001— 3 | T M Drought | 0110011110— 6 |
| Steck | 0001111110— 6 | W C Holtz | 1011110001— 6 |
| Henry | 0001001011— 4 | Steck | 1100001001— 4 |
| Jasper | 1110111111— 9 | Stannard | 0001011001— 4 |
| Drought | 0101100110— 5 | Johnson | 1011111101— 8 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Potter | 0100000110— 3 | Carmichael | 1010001011— 5 |
| P Stone | 0101100111— 6 | Collins | 1101101010— 6 |
| Rockwell | 0010111111— 7 | | |

Snipe shoot, 5 pairs:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Patterson | 00 10 10 11 00—4 | Rockwell | 00 00 11 11 01—5 |
| Deering | 10 11 11 00 10—6 | Steck | 10 10 11 10 11—6 |
| Jasper | 10 10 10 10 10—5 | Carmichael | 10 11 00 00 00—3 |
| Stone | 00 00 00 10 11—3 | Henry | 01 01 10 00 11—5 |
| Potter | 00 00 10 00 01—2 | Drought | 10 10 11 10 11—7 |
| Burnham | 00 00 10 10 10—3 | Wood | 10 11 10 00 01—5 |

Regular score:

| | |
|---|---|
| Wood | 1110110011010110110000001—14 |
| Potter | 1111110001111100111111111—20 |

Ten unknown angles and traps:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Deering | 1010000011—4 | Carmichael | 0111000100—4 |
| Stone | 0101101001—6 | Steck | 1110111111—9 |
| Burnham | 1101000000—3 | Rockwell | 1111111110—8 |
| Patterson | 1110011101—7 | Potter | 1000000101—3 |
| Jasper | 0111100100—6 | | |

PATTY.

## The Binghamton Tournament.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Aug. 27.—Favored by fine weather, the loyal support of the home shooters and a few visitors, the tournament which closed to-day can be voted a success. The weather on the first day was perfect for target shooting, and scores ruled high considering that there were no professionals present, this being an amateur shoot. On the second day a high wind prevailed and played havoc with the totals. Rain fell that night, but it cleared toward morning, and a brisk northwest wind blowing made it an ideal day for live-bird shooting. The birds were furnished by Louis C. Kistner, of Baltimore, and were an excellent lot. George Mosher, of Syracuse, did some great shooting, scoring 63 out of his 67 birds. Kendall was also in good form and dropped only 8, Adams being 1 behind him with 58 out of 67. All shooting was at 30yds rise.

Among the visitors were: Willard A. Adams, of Chicago; George Corning, Jr., and Knapp, of Auburn; McCormick, of Ithaca; George Mosher, of Syracuse; Ripley, of Owego; Paddleford, of Sherburne, and Brush, of Susquehanna. The Rose system was used in the division of all purses and gave perfect satisfaction. Scores of the three days follow:

FIRST DAY, AUG. 25.

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 10 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 20 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 15 | 10 |
| Adams | 9 | 8 | 15 | 6 | 7 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 14 | 10 | 8 | 14 | 7 | 19 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 12 | 6 |
| Kendall | 8 | 9 | 12 | 10 | 8 | 13 | 10 | 10 | 12 | 9 | 9 | 13 | 8 | 19 | .. | 8 | 8 | 9 | 9 |
| Hobbie | 10 | 8 | 14 | 8 | 10 | 14 | 7 | .. | 14 | 10 | 7 | 15 | 7 | 19 | 9 | 8 | 8 | .. | 8 |
| Boss | 8 | 9 | 12 | 9 | 9 | 14 | 8 | 10 | 13 | 10 | 6 | 12 | 10 | 18 | 7 | 7 | 9 | .. | 7 |
| Johnson | 8 | 8 | 10 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | .. | 8 | .. | .. |
| Waldron | 9 | 8 | 15 | 10 | 9 | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | 8 | 9 | 8 | .. | 9 |
| Stone | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 7 | 8 | 14 | 8 | 10 | 12 | 9 | 15 | .. | 8 | 9 | 13 | 9 |
| Brown | 10 | 9 | 14 | 10 | 8 | 14 | 10 | 9 | 14 | 10 | 9 | 15 | 10 | 19 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Corning | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 11 | 6 | 16 | .. | 7 | 8 | 13 | 7 |
| Knapp | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 7 | 10 | 11 | 10 | 17 | .. | 8 | 8 | 14 | 8 |
| Ripley | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 |
| Treadwell | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Brush | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 11 | .. | 4 | 6 | .. | 8 |
| Wheeler | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 8 | 12 | 8 | 16 | .. | 9 | .. | .. | 8 |
| Millard | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 7 | .. | 7 | 7 | 8 | .. |
| Snell | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17 | .. | 9 | 9 | .. | 9 |

SECOND DAY, AUG. 26.

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | 10 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 20 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 15 |
| Adams | 9 | 6 | 14 | 7 | 7 | 11 | 10 | 7 | 12 | 8 | 8 | 13 | 7 | 17 | .. | 8 | 7 | 9 |
| Kendall | 8 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 13 | 10 | 8 | 14 | 7 | 9 | 14 | 8 | 16 | .. | 7 | 8 | 12 |
| Hobbie | 8 | 9 | 12 | 10 | 7 | 14 | 10 | 7 | 14 | 8 | 9 | 13 | 8 | 18 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 15 |
| Brown | 7 | 8 | 15 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 8 | 9 | 14 | 9 | 8 | 12 | 8 | 18 | 10 | 9 | 9 | 15 |
| Stone | 9 | 9 | 12 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 9 | 8 | 12 | 6 | 8 | 11 | 10 | 16 | 9 | 9 | .. | .. |
| Waldron | 9 | 9 | 15 | 10 | 6 | 14 | 8 | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 14 | 8 | 15 | 9 | .. | .. | .. |
| McCormick | 8 | 8 | 13 | 6 | 8 | 13 | 8 | 9 | 12 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 14 | .. | 8 | 5 | .. |
| Wheeler | 9 | 8 | 13 | 8 | 10 | 13 | 6 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 7 | .. | 10 | 16 | 9 | .. | 7 | .. |
| Brush | 6 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 13 | 7 | 9 | 14 | 7 | 6 | 11 | 7 | 13 | .. | 7 | 9 | .. |
| Boss | 9 | 9 | 12 | 6 | 10 | 12 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 8 | .. | 7 | 13 | 9 | 8 | .. | .. |
| Corning | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 10 | 12 | .. | 10 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 11 | 5 | 14 | .. | 9 | 7 | .. |
| Paddleford | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 13 | 8 | 9 | 14 | 8 | 18 | .. | 10 | 7 | 13 |
| Knapp | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 | 13 | 8 | 8 | 13 | 9 | 15 | .. | 7 | 7 | .. |
| Millard | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 3 | 8 | 8 | 11 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Vance | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 | 5 | 14 | .. | 7 | 9 | 10 |

THIRD DAY, AUG. 27.

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Birds: | 5 | 7 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| Adams | 4 | 7 | 9 | 13 | 9 | 8 | 8 |
| Kendall | 4 | 6 | 10 | 13 | 7 | 9 | 10 |
| Paddleford | 4 | 6 | 10 | 5 | .. | .. | .. |
| Mosher | 5 | 6 | 9 | 14 | 10 | 9 | 10 |
| Boss | 4 | 6 | .. | 8 | 6 | .. | .. |
| Hobbie | 1 | 4 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 10 |

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Birds: | 5 | 7 | 10 | 15 | 10 | 10 | 10 |
| Brush | .. | 6 | 6 | 9 | 5 | 5 | 6 |
| Brown | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Corning | .. | .. | 8 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 8 |
| J O K | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 | 9 | .. |
| Knapp | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 |

## Trap at Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug 29.—The regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was held to-day. Event No. 1 was the club badge contest; Harry Kirkover broke 25 straight and won in class A; Tom Tidler was the winner in Class B, Eaton taking the honors in Class C with 22 breaks. Scores:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *25* | *10* | *15* | *15* | *15* | *18* | *20* | *20* |
| EBurkhar't | 18 | 9 | 12 | 11 | 9 | 8 | 14 | 19 |
| McArthur | 18 | 7 | 11 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 19 | 19 |
| Forrester | 24 | 9 | 11 | 11 | 13 | 8 | 10 | 18 |
| OBurkhar't | 23 | 8 | 13 | 11 | 12 | 9 | 17 | 19 |
| Kelsey | 24 | 10 | 13 | 12 | 14 | 10 | 19 | .. |
| J J Reid | 19 | 8 | 11 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 14 | 15 |
| Eaton | 22 | 7 | 10 | 9 | 7 | 4 | 12 | .. |
| L Bennett | 20 | 10 | 12 | 12 | 13 | 8 | 15 | 18 |
| Kirkover | 25 | 10 | .. | 14 | .. | .. | .. | 18 |
| Norris | 20 | 6 | 10 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| J Potts | 19 | 8 | .. | 11 | 9 | 8 | .. | .. |

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *25* | *10* | *15* | *15* | *15* | *18* | *20* | *20* |
| B F Smith | 23 | .. | .. | 12 | 10 | 6 | 14 | 20 |
| Diagens | 18 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Tom Tidler | 21 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Bird | 17 | .. | 10 | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. |
| Hines | 17 | .. | .. | 10 | 8 | .. | 14 | .. |
| Coombs | 19 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| McCarney | 18 | .. | .. | 8 | .. | .. | 8 | .. |
| Frieze | 17 | .. | .. | 10 | 13 | .. | 13 | 18 |
| Sherwood | .. | .. | 10 | 9 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Snell | .. | .. | 15 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. |

## The Blieman Cup at Elkwood Park.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 27.—The Max Blieman preliminary handicap shoot, 25 live birds per man, $15 entrance, birds extra, was decided to-day at Elkwood Park. P. Daly, Jr., from the 28yds. mark, was the winner, his score being 25 straight. Four others tied with 24. These were: J. L. Brewer, L. Finletter, A. L. Ivins and Charlie Zwirlein. Bland Ballard scored 23 out of 25. Scores were as below:

| | |
|---|---|
| P Daly, Jr (28) | 2212112222222222222222222—25 |
| L Finletter (29) | 1222212022122222222221122—24 |
| J L Brewer (31) | 2022222222221222222222222—24 |
| C Zwirlein (30) | 2222202212122222112122211—24 |
| A L Ivins (29) | 2222221212012221122211222—24 |
| B Ballard (29) | 2202211021222222122221222—23 |
| Houston (28) | 0221122122011111201122 —19 |
| G S McAlpin (29) | 2222220122222220212 —16 |
| Geo Cubberly (30) | 112001021111222 —11 |
| Fred Hoey (30) | 0022222200 — 6 |

## Blue Rock Gun Club.

TUCSON, Ariz., Aug. 23.—Our monthly medal shoot brought out only six competitors, many of the boys being off in the country. Meyer won by a handsome margin:

| | |
|---|---|
| C Weber (16yds.) | 1111111010001101111111111111—25 |
| | 10 11 00 11 00 11 10 10 10 01—11—36 |
| F Wilding (16) | 11111011011101111101111111111—26 |
| | 10 10 10 11 10 10 10 00 01 01—10—36 |
| C Meyer (16) | 1011111111111111111101101111111—27 |
| | 10 10 11 10 11 11 10 10 11 11—15—42 |
| J Jernigan (14) | 1101001000100001110110111111101—17 |
| | 01 11 10 10 11 10 11 00 00 01—11—28 |
| C Aldridge (16) | 0111011101111111001110011101 01—21 |
| | 00 01 00 01 00 10 11 00 11 10— 8—29 |
| J J Hallowell (16) | 1100011111111001110110111100011—20 |
| | 00 10 11 10 00 10 10 10 11 11—11—31 |

J. J. H.

## Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 25.—The scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club were as below, all events being at unknown angles:

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *20* | *20* | *10* | *25* | *25* |
| Nelson | 18 | 16 | 8 | 20 | 10 |
| Terry | 16 | 19 | 6 | 22 | 20 |
| Dornin | 18 | 20 | 8 | 22 | 24 |

| Events: | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Targets: | *20* | *20* | *10* | *25* | *15* |
| Moorman | 16 | 18 | 7 | 16 | 17 |
| E Miller | 17 | 18 | 9 | 18 | 18 |
| J Miller | 8 | 16 | 5 | 14 | 11 |

The Silverthorn badge was won by Dornin.

F M. D.

## Grimm-McMurchy versus Heikes-Gilbert.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 19.—To-day, as a little practice for the championship contest between Heikes and Gilbert (which takes place to-morrow), a team race was made up a follows: Charlie Grimm and Harvey McMurchy against Rolla Heikes and Fred Gilbert. The conditions of the race were precisely the same as in the championship contest: 50 singles, unknown angles; 50 singles, expert rule; 25 pairs. The result of the race was rather a surprise, Grimm and McMurchy easily beating their opponents by a grand total of 275 to 268.

Heikes and Gilbert led by two breaks in the unknown angles; then Grimm with 46 out of 50 in the expert rule series, and McMurchy with 47 out of the same number in that series, ran away ahead with a total of 93 to 86. In the doubles Grimm did some excellent work, breaking his first 20 pairs without a miss; he finished with 47 out of the 50 targets shot at in this style.

The longest runs were: Unknown angles—Heikes 36, Gilbert 27, and McMurchy 23 Expert rule—Grimm 21 and 16, McMurchy 21 and 20, Heikes 19. Detailed scores were as below:

Unknown Angles.

| | |
|---|---|
| Grimm | 11111111111011111110111111111111011111010111111111—45 |
| McMurchy | 11111111111111111110111111111111111110111111111111—48—93 |
| Heikes | 11111111111111111111111111111111111011111011111111—48 |
| Gilbert | 11101101111111111111101111111111111111111111111111—47—95 |

Expert Rule.

| | |
|---|---|
| Grimm | 01111110111111111111111010111111111111111111111111—46 |
| McMurchy | 10111110111111111111111111111111011111111111111111—47—93 |
| Heikes | 11111111111111111110111110011101011111111101111111—44 |
| Gilbert | 11101111111101101111111111101111111111101010110111—42—86 |

Doubles.

| | |
|---|---|
| Grimm | 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 |
| | 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 01—47 |
| McMurchy | 01 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 01 11 11 11 |
| | 11 10 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 01 11—42—89 |
| Heikes | 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 10 11 10 |
| | 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 00 11 11 11—42 |
| Gilbert | 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 10 11 10 10 |
| | 11 11 10 10 11 10 11 11 10 10 11 11 10—39—81 |

## Answers to Correspondents.

**No notice taken of anonymous communications**

T. T. C., New York.—Landlocked salmon are indigenous to some waters in Maine, and have been planted successfully in many others. Eggs have also been sent from Maine to waters in other States. The Maine law permits the transportation or exportation from the State of not more than 25lbs. of landlocked salmon when accompanied by the owner.

M. F. J. C., Manchester, N. H.—My bull dog is shedding his coat and apparently is growing very poor. What is the best diet for him to increase his weight? How will I treat him to improve the growth of a good coat of hair? Ans.—Treat for worms. Give a Weyth compound sulphur tablet twice a day. Rub all over the dog twice a week the following: Cocoanut oil, sperm oil, castor oil, kerosene, of each one part.


## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### Bass and Trout.

MR. W. B. KNISKERN, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, sends us the following letter from Mr. W. M. Brinkerhoff, of Auburn, N.Y., written under date of Aug. 15:

"My Dear Sir: I send you by this samples of some of the pictures I took while in the vicinity of Camp Franklin, Wisconsin. My trip from Chicago via the Northwestern to Woodruff, thence by wagon twelve miles to Camp Franklin, was thoroughly comfortable and enjoyable. I went up there this year for bass—black bass—and, like the lake trout fishing the last time I was there, I beat all previous records. There are lots of lakes in the vicinity of Camp Franklin that are filled with black bass to overflowing. I fished four days on Palette Lake (or you might call it a pond), about one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and caught nearly 500 black bass in that time; but I let most of them go, as I was too far away to take them out of the woods. If any of your friends are fond of that kind of fishing, and want to get at it quick and have lots of it while they are at it, send them to Camp Franklin and have them get one of the guides that I had, either Judd, Blaisdell or Alexander Gillies, and have him take them to Palette Lake, and they will forget for the time being everything except the genuine pleasure that is incidental to black bass fishing on that beautiful sheet of water. In order to be certain of securing accommodations and guides they should write in advance to Mr. C. J. Coon, Camp Franklin, Woodruff, Wisconsin."—*Adv.*

### September on the Lakes.

ALLURING ATTRACTIONS HELD OUT BY NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

IN closing its third season before Sept. 15, the Northern Steamship Company, ever mindful of the comfort of its passengers, calls attention to the fact that September's early days are the finest of the year to spend on the water. During this season storms are practically unknown on the Great Lakes, and no trip can be made in greater comfort or safety. Added to these features low excursion rates are offered, which cannot fail to bring those who, for various reasons, have postponed their summer's outing.

Sailing schedules, card of rates and general information can be obtained by communicating with E. D. Spencer, General Agent, 375 Broadway, New York, or A. A. Heard, G. P. A., Buffalo, N. Y.—*Adv.*

### September Excursions.

A TRIP over the Great Lakes is one of the finest on the continent and a duty for all patriotic Americans who wish to understand the resources of their country and to become acquainted with its beauties. The Northern Steamship Company furnishes luxurious means for accomplishing this trip, and just now it offers unusual inducements for those who have to consult their purses when traveling, making special excursion rates from Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit to such points as Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie, Duluth, St. Paul and Minneapolis. The magnificent steamers of this line are of 5,000 tonnage, and have accommodations for 500 passengers. They carry no freight, and for these special September excursions the excellence of the cuisine and high standard of the service, as well as the present fast schedule, will be maintained.

Tourists who wish to take advantage of these excursions should apply at once for particulars, as the season closes Sept. 15.—*Adv.*

### Florida.

THE coming season the Florida travel have in store for them a most elegant Pullman Vestibuled Limited Service between New York and Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, via the Southern Railway, Piedmont Air, the New York and Florida Short Line. The new route since its opening two years ago has fast gained in popularity, and today offers the most superb service between New York and Florida. Double daily limited fast trains are run the year round. On account of quick and prompt service is awarded the mail service by the Government for the transportation of the United States Fast Mail. Descriptive literature on Florida or any information regarding the South are furnished upon application to General Eastern Office, 271 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

### Harvest Excursions.

IN order to give every one an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: July 21, Aug. 4 and 18, Sept. 1, 15 and 29, and Oct. 6 and 20, at the low rate of $2 more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

### Marlin Rifles.

THE Marlin Fire Arms Co. are out with a new catalogue, which gives particulars with reference to all their various styles of arms in compact compass. Among other changes it will be noted that the company now have ready a .38-55 repeater in the model of 1895, and that the model of 1895 is now furnished in all forms and styles, including the "take down." The company is also prepared to furnish muskets in two calibers in the model of 1894 and also in .30cal.—*Adv.*